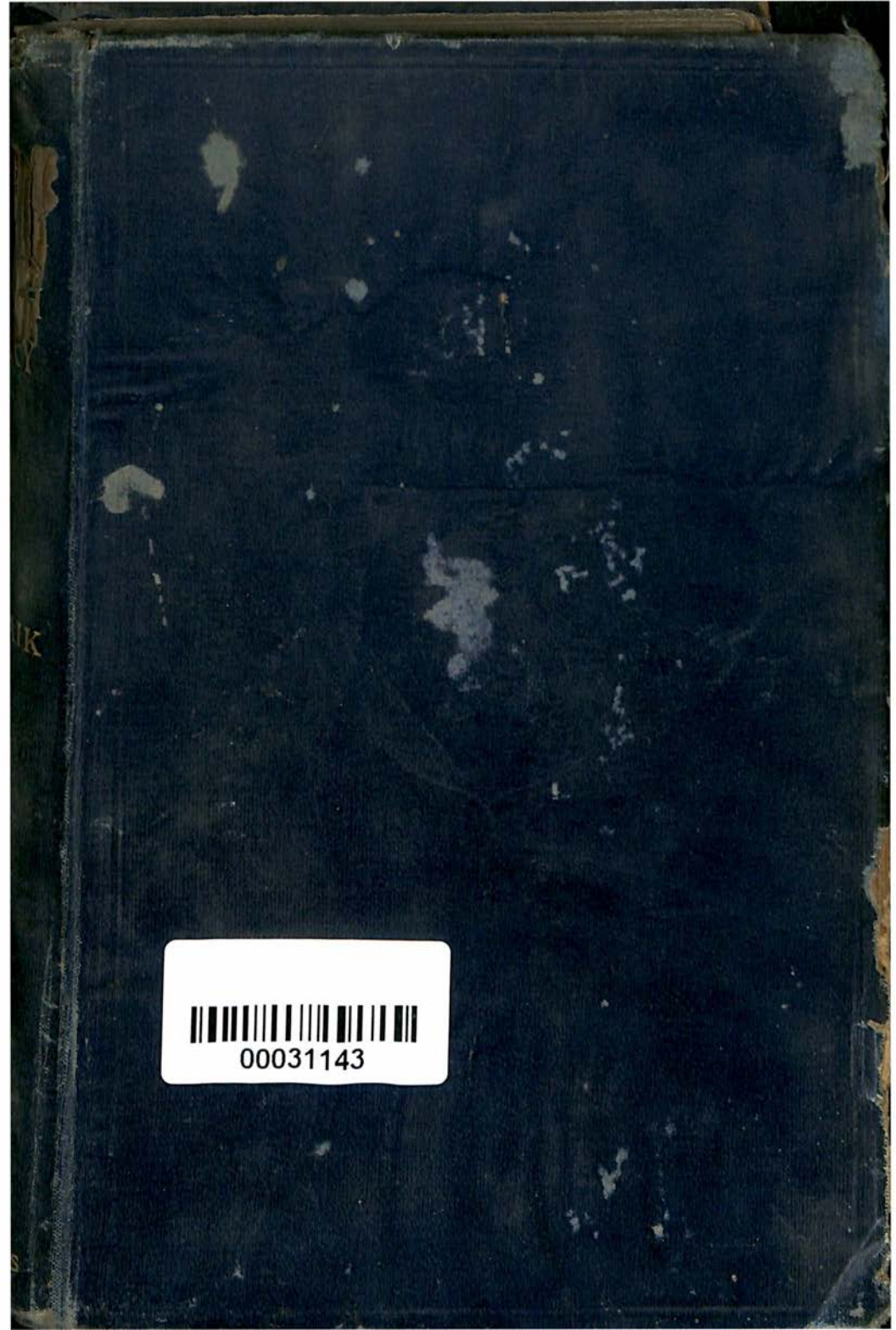
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A CENTURY OF SCOTTISH HISTORY

A CENTURY

OF

SCOTTISH HISTORY

FROM THE DAYS BEFORE THE '45
TO THOSE WITHIN LIVING MEMORY

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BY

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VOL. I.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MCMI

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PREFACE.

It is the object of these volumes to follow the course of Scottish history from the time when Scotland was divided from its southern neighbour by well-defined lines of demarcation, alike in religion, in politics, in tradition, and in social habit — when, indeed, the points of contact were but few and unimportant— down to the period when the Scottish nation, while preserving some valuable and durable national characteristics, became, as regards all its main interests and in the main current of its history, absorbed in one stream with that southern neighbour, with whom it has now formed a partnership so close as to share a common life, and, in the eyes of Europe, to be almost identical. The history of Scotland down to the Jacobite rising of 1745 has been treated very fully in previous works. But in those works the first half of the eighteenth century has been dealt with chiefly as the concluding chapter of her national history—not as it affected the period which was to follow. It has therefore been found necessary in these volumes to recapitulate shortly the leading

events of that half century, as opening the new chapter in Scottish history which began with the Revolution and the Act of Union—episodes, indeed, complementary to one another. From that point Scotland began to shape a new phase in her national life.

As the plan of the present work is to give a chronological narrative of the leading historical events down to the middle of the nineteenth century, it has been necessary to include in it an account of the rising of 1745. But as that dramatic and romantic episode has formed the subject of many detailed narratives, and as the personal history of many of the chief actors has been fully told, the present account of it has been confined to the main events, which alone may be held to come within the history of the nation as a whole.

From 1745 onwards the history of Scotland has hitherto been treated for the most part only as subsidiary to the history of the Empire, and as forming a subordinate chapter in the history of England. Besides this we have, as illustrating Scottish life, a large and most interesting series of memoirs, of accounts of social traits, of pictures of manners, and of contemporary reminiscences. The history of the great ecclesiastical struggle, which culminated in 1843, has been treated as an episode apart, and not as a phase of national history, with its origin in the past and with its permanent influence on national character. The object of these volumes is to give a

chronological narrative of all the principal incidents —political, ecclesiastical, and legislative, as well as literary, social, and commercial — which form the history of Scotland throughout a very momentous century, in the course of which the character of her permanent contribution to the common life of the Empire was chiefly shaped.

H. C.

January 1901.

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A CENTURY OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE REVOLUTION SETTLEMENT AND THE UNION.

It is the object of these volumes to give a detailed account of the history of Scotland during the century which begins with the year 1745. During all that period there is a national history; and although, as the present century has advanced, the history of Scotland has been more and more merged in that of England and of the Empire, she has yet preserved many of her distinctive national peculiarities, which may be traced as the products of her own history. Never perhaps, on so small a scene, has there been so much of dramatic incident and of strongly marked contrasts in character and in conditions as in the history of Scotland during this period. But before entering on the detailed history from 1745, it is necessary to sum up very shortly the results of certain phases of Scottish history which preceded those with which we are specially to deal.

The union of the crowns of England and Scotland in 1603 had closed one long and tragic epoch of Scot-

tish history. For centuries Scotland had been little but an armed camp, in which a long struggle for national independence had been varied only by the fiercest internecine quarrels between contending factions. Every Scotsman had been born and inured to arms, and the whole social organisation of the country rested upon a military basis. The Crown had maintained its power only by balancing one faction of a turbulent aristocracy against another; and the aristocracy, whom the very necessity of existence forced to be tyrannical and rapacious, vied with one another in insolence to the Crown, and in oppression of the people. Each member of it maintained himself in an armed garrison, and moved about attended by a formidable military array. Behind this turbulent and disordered camp, which closed its ranks from time to time to resist the encroachments of England, and to maintain its own independence, there lay a wide and unexplored mountain territory, inhabited by a race of different origin, speaking an unknown tongue, and alien alike in social customs, in religion, and in sympathy. These hordes were known chiefly by their ever-recurring plundering forays, and by an occasional pitched battle, from which they returned to their mountains defeated but not subdued. They were known to live under a system which combined the feudal and the patriarchal character—banded together in great clans, which embraced large numbers and covered a vast territory, but were knit together by the closest ties, and by unquestioning submission to their chiefs. But the system of government ended with the chief. Beyond him they knew no authority; and the danger with which their existence constantly threatened that part of Scotland which owned a

certain allegiance to her kings could only be averted by the makeshift policy of playing off one clan chieftain against another.

Such a system could neither encourage industry nor promote the growth of population or of wealth. The resources of the country were few, and such as they were had not been developed. Agriculture could scarcely flourish when its products were liable to frequent plunder and destruction, and when those who pursued it were subject to the constant demands of military service and exposed to the dangers of military occupation.

But the Union of the Crowns brought many of the distinctive features of this state of things abruptly to a close. The wars of independence were now ended. The Scottish nobles no longer had to deal with a king dependent upon their will, and compelled to maintain the semblance of authority by a degrading submission to their factions. They found a new arena open to their ambition in attendance at the English Court. They found also that advancement in that Court was not to be attained by the means which had served them in their own domains. They could no longer be attended by an array of vassals, and the maintenance of such an array had no longer the excuse which it formerly found in the defence of national independence.

The effect of this was speedily found in the decay of the military spirit. The power of the feudal barons rapidly diminished, and their influence was maintained only by dexterous combinations, by attaching themselves to some cause which commanded the enthusiasm of the people, and by changing and balancing, with little regard either to principle or consistency, their

own attitude towards every section of the multitudinous factions into which Scotland was divided. Their territorial influence, their high-sounding titles, the hereditary respect which was ungrudingly paid to them, and, not least, the intense and eager vigilance which their situation demanded, all combined to maintain a certain sway; but that sway rested no longer upon the ultimate basis of military command. The only part of the country which remained practically unaffected by the change was the vast region of the Highlands, whose borders pressed up to their own doors, but whose more remote fastnesses remained impenetrable to outer influence, and guarded by the bulwark of the mountains.

But while the epoch during which Scotland had maintained her independence by the sword had now closed, and while the sword was growing rusty in the scabbard by disuse, it must not be assumed that the two nations were brought more close in sympathy. In everything that constitutes national life the Scotsman stood in sharp contrast to the Englishman. His language was then, and continued for long to be, marked by such strong dialectical peculiarities that it was to the Englishman, to all intents and purposes, a foreign tongue. His notions as to religion and church government entered very deeply into his mind and character; and they were notions which the Englishman neither understood nor cared to understand. This was not, indeed, due to anything abnormal in their development. It is a commonplace of English witticism to profess a derisive horror of the complications of Scottish ecclesiastical disputes. The truth is, that no other range of human interests appears to follow laws so regular and uniform in their development as

those which operate in regard to religion; and the operation of these laws was never more distinctly traceable than in the course of Scottish religious struggles. It was only the history of the country which gave to them a shape so alien to anything which English history reveals to us.

The contrast between the Scotsman and the Englishman extended to every sphere of life, and to every phase of character. The result of this, in the history of the seventeenth century, was a strange one. Two nations, which for a thousand years had been bitter foes, were now compelled to share a common history. For England at least, if not for Scotland, the opening scenes of that common history were of unprecedented importance. The generation which followed the Union of the Crowns saw a new scheme of government attempted by Strafford, to be followed by the outbreak of determined parliamentary opposition, of a kind hitherto unknown in English history. That opposition won a brief triumph in the Civil War, only to be crushed under a military despotism. When that military despotism fell to pieces, it was followed by a powerful but unthinking burst of national feeling, under the influence of which the monarchy was restored in a form which contained within itself the seeds of decay. Another generation passed before these seeds of decay yielded their fruit; and the century closed with the final triumph of parliamentary government in the Revolution.

In this common history Scotland had her share; but throughout it all her motives were different, and she worked out her own development in her own way. The salient events therein were not the products of Scottish history, and that history was no more affected

by them than the character of the liquid it contains is affected by the shape of the bottle. She felt the pressure of the royal prerogative under Charles I. and his Minister: but the pressure told in a different direction; the resistance to it was prompted not by the Parliament, but by the Church; its topics were not financial, but ecclesiastical. Left to herself, Scotland would not have sought a remedy in the abolition of the royal power, and zeal for parliamentary independence was, in her view, a meaningless anachronism. She was compelled to submit to the conqueror, and felt the iron heel of the military despotism under Cromwell: though on the whole that despotism brought to her a prosperity to which she had hitherto been a stranger. She shared commercial privileges which she was destined afterwards to lose, and not to recover for more than one generation; and it may fairly be doubted whether the Restoration would have come at the time and in the way that it did had Scotland only been concerned in it. There it certainly was accompanied by no such indubitable outburst of popular feeling as in England, and its effect was to produce a state of things fiercely resented by a large part of the population. It may be doubted whether in Scotland the dominant feeling was not that of a personal loyalty to the race and name of the Stuarts which gradually identified itself with national independence. It did not mean to Scotland, as it did to England, the restoration of ancient landmarks, the return of a free parliament, the rebuilding of the national Church, the renewal of old bonds of hereditary affection between a territorial aristocracy and their dependants. Although the name was borrowed by the party in Scotland which attempted for another

century to maintain the Stuart family, the character of the English Cavalier was something of which no counterpart was to be found in Scotland. Apart from all political questions, the Restoration appealed to feelings that lay very deep in the heart of the yeoman on every village green in England. He knew little, and he cared less, for discussions about the Petition of Right, about the Grand Remonstrance, about the control of the militia; but he knew that the King was come to enjoy his own again, and that he would help his faithful friends to recover what was theirs. The reign of the Saints was over: the May-pole would be again set up in the village green; the squire would again be seen in his old haunts, and go in and out amongst his people; the familiar sound of the liturgy that had soothed their fathers and grandfathers would be heard once more, and the old round of custom that had taken root in the very soil would spring up luxuriantly, and obliterate the ugly marks that the Roundheads had scarred upon the face of the land.

But we would search in vain for any similar feeling in Scotland. There, no doubt, as in England, the Restoration was acceptable to the majority, and was warmly welcomed by a few. But it was ushered in by no such outburst of popular feeling as in England. Even to those who received it most gladly it could not appear, as it did in England, a ray of light from heaven, sent in answer to the enthusiastic prayers of chivalrous devotion, and piercing with its brightness the clouds and thick darkness of oppression. Scotland was doubtless glad to get rid of what she felt to be a foreign yoke, although the yoke had been in no way very galling in its pressure. She was satisfied with the restoration of a line which had its origin in

Scotland, and which Scotland had for a time assisted against its foes — not so much from any devoted loyalty to the Crown, as from jealousy of those in England who had crushed its power. Loyalty was a plant which had not as yet taken any very deep root in the Scottish soil, nor had it yielded very abundant fruit: and the tangible results of the Restoration were not such as to favour its growth. The re-establishment of Episcopacy was doubtless welcome to many in Scotland, and was enthusiastically desired by a few. But in no part of the country was it entwined with the associations of the people or rooted in their affections. Its restoration in 1660 was largely the work of the most shameless tergiversation and the basest intrigue. It found its defence not in its association with the central fibres of national life, but in the sword of the dragoon. The finer strain of Scottish Episcopacy, as of Scottish loyalty, was only developed at a later day.

So it was with the Revolution. When the course of English politics brought the fitting season for the Revolution, it was inspired by ideas altogether alien from any that were to be found in Scotland. Amongst the leading actors in that momentous national crisis were the prelates of the national Church, who were resolved to defy, in defence of her liberties and privileges, the Crown to which their principles bound them to show a strict obedience. But that Church could count upon no support amongst those who might be well affected on other grounds to the Revolution in Scotland, and indeed the chief object which the Revolutionary party in Scotland might hope to attain was the overthrow of an Establishment which was linked most closely to that of England both in Church

government and in liturgy. But the opponents of that Church had just as little to hope from the accession of William III. They had no love for toleration, which in their eyes assumed the guise of trafficking with the accursed thing. Even the more moderate forms of Presbyterianism were suspected in their minds, and they feared above all things a lukewarm Erastianism, which might by degrees tamper with the pure faith of which they and their fathers had been the martyrs, and the subtleties of which they had refined to suit their own special ideas under the guidance of leaders who seemed to them to speak by direct inspiration of Heaven, and from which they had eliminated all taint of heresy in the harsh crucible of persecution, torture, and wanderings amidst the hills, pursued by Claverhouse's dragoons. Amongst the leading men in Scotland there was not one who had not trafficked deeply with different parties in the State, or of whom it could with any certainty be predicted what action he might take in a crisis such as this. Even amongst those who afterwards showed the most enthusiastic devotion to the exiled house, or who displayed the greatest valour in its cause, there was scarcely one who had not indicated some readiness to acquiesce in the new settlement, and who had not hoped to find in supporting the accession of the son-in-law of James some means of reconciling their loyalty and their interests.

The fighting power of Scotland lay in the disciplined forces of Claverhouse, which had so long maintained (in spite of all the indomitable fierceness of the sects which they had to keep in awe) the authority of the Stuart kings, and in the Highland clans. Accident, their own innate love of independence,

the complete want of sympathy between themselves and the Lowlands, and the fierceness of their internal struggles, which led them to see in the chiefs of Argyle—the leading opponents of the later Stuart tyranny—their own most inveterate enemies, combined to bring these into one camp with Claverhouse; and Claverhouse maintained, by his consummate military skill, the resistance to the Revolution Settlement until he fell, in the hour of victory, at Killiecrankie.

Meanwhile, in his absence, the Convention had carried through the Revolution at Edinburgh. The earlier stages had been fiercely contested, and his closest adherents had, by the express orders of James II., attended these earlier sittings in the hope that the deliberations might turn in their favour. But that hope was soon dispelled. The withdrawal of Claverhouse had left them without defence; and the Convention was overawed, not only by the throng of Cameronian enthusiasts who crowded from their western conventicles into the cellars of Edinburgh, but also, before long, by a body of troops fresh from the discipline of foreign wars under the command of Mackay. With an opposition so silenced, there was little doubt as to the verdict of the Convention. The Revolution was carried out in terms even more stern than those adopted by the English Convention, and James II. was pronounced, in terms as to which there was no mistake, to have forfeited the Crown, which was then offered to William and Mary.

So far, in outward form, there was little difference between the solution for the crisis which had been found for England and for Scotland. But there remained in Scotland questions which she must settle

on lines entirely her own. In Scotland, as in England, the Episcopal Church was that which embraced the landed aristocracy and many of the educated classes; and in the north of Scotland at least it commanded, by tradition and inheritance, the affection of the great mass of the people. Was that Church, which stood in the forefront of an honourable resistance to encroaching prerogative in England, to be deprived not only of privileges, but even of toleration, by the same settlement which placed William III. on the throne of Scotland?

The history of the last generation was a sufficient answer to any claim for a retention of the privileges of the Episcopal Church: and it is hardly possible that they could have been retained without a civil war, in which the authority of William would have been exerted to crush his own most important adherents. But the question of toleration of different creeds was a much more difficult one. To refuse it was repugnant to all the principles to which William III. was most heartily attached. To deny it in Scotland when it was granted in England was to draw a line of demarcation between the two countries which he was called upon to rule, so logically indefensible as to make his own position almost absurd. To grant it to the Episcopal Church was a means of conciliating the landed gentry, whose influence was so considerable as to be dreaded. It would not have been distasteful to the wiser and more enlightened representatives of Presbyterianism, who were not without hopes of a union of the two Churches under the auspices of the State, and who dreaded, much more than they dreaded the Episcopalians, those sectaries who exaggerated the tenets of Presbyterianism, and who

were ready to fling at their heads the charge of a time-serving Erastianism.

But it was not to be. The tenets and the worship of the Episcopalians were associated in the minds of the Scottish people with those of the Roman Catholics, and were accordingly proscribed. Those who had suffered persecution became themselves its prompters. Episcopalians were almost forced to cling to those principles of Jacobitism to which they were already well inclined: loyalty to the exiled family became one with loyalty to their Church; and the union was cemented by their long sufferings for these associated causes.

But even in the establishment of Presbyterianism, and in the proscription of Episcopacy, measures might have been observed that would have secured considerable allegiance from the landed aristocracy. The rights of Church patronage were vested in that aristocracy, and their preservation might have tended to produce a closer sympathy between the natural leaders of the nation and the national Church. Within the Church itself a large and not the least enlightened part of her adherents looked upon a system of patronage as likely to secure for the Church a succession of pastors of more temperate wisdom and of a wider charity than that which would arise under a system of popular election. But here also it was found impossible to steer a middle course. The triumph of the dominant Presbyterian sect must be complete. The landed proprietor was to be taught that in his own parish and at his own gate there was another who had a tenure as secure as his own, who owed nothing to his patronage; would not be backward in scanning with painful minuteness the particulars of his private life, and subjecting them, if need be, to the chastisements of

ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and who would not be likely to overlook any lapses on his part which savoured of affection to the exiled family.

All these steps, it may be fairly argued, were necessary in the circumstances. Scotland was forced to reconstruct her Constitution at a juncture the epoch of which was fixed, not by her own, but by England's exigencies. In that reconstruction she had to deal, suddenly and decisively, with questions of her own which were not ripe for settlement. No healing hand was present to pour balm upon the wounds which the rough process of reconstruction had left. In the fever-heat of the struggle men sought to disable their enemies and to provide for their own safety; and in the story of their own tergiversation, in the consciousness of their own selfishness, they read the dangers to which the new settlement was exposed—dangers which were to be averted, not by a slow and painful process of developing new institutions by sound and conciliatory methods, but by a rapid application of the principle that the spoils must fall to the victors. That their adherence to the victorious cause was a thing of yesterday did not render the application of the principle less urgent, or in their eyes less meritorious.

One thing at least may be said: the effect of this policy was to plant a root of Jacobitism very deep in the soil. It would not be too much to say that whereas the Cavalier party in England rose with the Civil War, and died, as an effective or dominant element in the nation, with the Revolution, on the other hand the Jacobite party in Scotland began to attract to itself a certain portion of national sympathy, and to find its opportunity in every occasion

of national discontent, only with the Revolution; and that it ceased to exist as a real and effective power only when the Highland clans were scattered on the moor of Culloden.

But the very sustenance of that party depended upon its being fed with sufficient occasions of national discontent. These were administered with no stinting hand. Whatever blessings the "glorious Revolution" had in store for the nation, there was certainly at first little sign in the horizon of the silver lining behind the clouds. The reign of William III. was in Scotland a time of almost unmitigated gloom. For some of the blackness of the sky it would be unjust to blame the Government. The nation was sunk in poverty, and there was little sign of dawning commercial prosperity to relieve the gloom. For a population of about a million, a circulating medium which has been calculated at £600,000 was sufficient for all its commercial transactions, and this was eked out by no paper currency. The total revenue did not exceed £100,000, of which customs and excise contributed about £65,000. Barren as it was over vast tracts, the cultivation of the soil was little advanced, even where the conditions were most favourable, and for manufactures there was, in the absence of capital, but little opportunity. A succession of bad seasons reduced vast numbers of the population to the utmost straits of poverty, and even the meagre subsistence to which long habit had inured them utterly failed. The misfortunes of the country were indeed too heavy to find relief in any short space from the efforts of Government, even had all its energies been directed to the task. But the Government was supine and listless, and such energies as it possessed were employed in

less worthy tasks. A succession of men of great ability and restless ambition, but mutually suspicious and clothed in a very scanty garment of political rectitude or consistency, held the administrative offices, and either served or pretended to serve their English masters by governing Scotland in the manner least likely to give either trouble or offence to the central authority, by whom they were nominated and upon whom their dependence lay. It is hard to distinguish in the seething mass of faction all the ramifications of parties, or to trace the various gradations of adherence to the principles which they professed. But three main parties evolved themselves from the confusion. The first was the so-called Court party, which strove to maintain itself in power by a dexterous manipulation of affairs in obedience to the behests of their English masters. The second was the Jacobite party, whose sympathies were hardly concealed, and who cloaked only their active participation in the schemes of the exiled king. Between these two lay a third party, which was known by the cant name of the *Squadrone Volante*, which professed a pure patriotism and a sole devotion to the interests of the nation, but which covered by such professions an ambition and a greed of office which in no degree fell short of that of their rivals.

One of the first acts of the Government lives in history as a monumental instance of unparalleled baseness and treachery. Attempts were at first made to secure the allegiance of the Highlands by a systematic bribery of the chiefs. This had some success; but the agents were suspected both by the bribers and the bribed, and in 1691 it was deemed expedient to name a day—the 1st of January 1692—before which

submission should be made, on pain of the most dire penalties.

For all these Highland clans, loyalty or submission to any established form of government in the Lowlands was an almost meaningless form of words. Their loyalty was given entirely to their chiefs, and their steadfastness was shown only in adhering to the hereditary feuds between clan and clan. To those who knew the circumstances best, it was a matter of disappointment which they did not care to conceal, that the money which was to be spent in securing their allegiance was not employed in their extirpation, and they openly expressed their regret that any terms should be suggested which did not leave these aliens to be dealt with as avowed and irreconcilable enemies.

The ablest and most trusted of William's adherents was Dalrymple, the Master of Stair, then Lord Advocate, the son of Viscount Stair, who was President of the Court of Session. The family had rapidly risen from obscurity to the highest political influence; but while it commanded distinguished respect for unquestionable ability, it was distrusted and detested as no other family within the Scottish Border. It had known how to trim its sails to every breeze of political exigency; and in the years immediately preceding the Revolution, the father and the son had secured themselves against forfeiture of their property by taking opposite sides. None was associated more closely with the deeds which had brought about the forfeiture of the Stuart family than the Master of Stair. Even those who were their political allies distrusted them, and their rapidly acquired ascendancy was ascribed, in accordance with the current belief of the day, to their having buttressed the family fortunes

by more than mortal alliances. The wife of the viscount was a woman whose powerful character and successful schemes of ambition lent themselves to the common report that she was involved in unhallowed compacts, and was not free from the taint of witchcraft; and the repeated tragedies which surrounded the house of Dalrymple, one of which the genius of Scott has made to live for us in a picture which repeats the fateful issues of Greek tragedy, seemed to support the view that the wrath of Heaven was seeking vengeance for the deeds of darkness that had secured for the family the rapid realising of its worldly ambition. The viscount was now an old man, and the fortunes of the house rested chiefly on the Master, Sir John Dalrymple, who had foresight sufficient to reveal to him the certain result of the political contests of the day, and who was determined to show that previous compliance with the exiled dynasty did not moderate the zeal with which he was prepared to serve the new power.

Amongst the Highland clans there was one, that of the Macdonalds of Glencoe, which threatened little danger to the Government either from its numbers or its alliances, but which was well known for the bitterness of its feud with the Campbells — a feud which carried with it as a necessary consequence adherence to the exiled family. The name of its chief—MacIan —stood high; and the clan, although it practised to the full that habit of raiding which its hereditary instincts held to be no dishonour, was a fit representative of much that redeemed the Celtic character by a romantic loyalty and by a high-souled, albeit a fantastic, code of chivalry. Upon the destruction of this clan the Master of Stair now directed all the forces of his legal subtlety and of his relentless hate. He chafed at the

possible loophole that was left to them, of acquiescence in the edict of submission before the appointed day. He waited with impatience the expiry of the period, fearful lest a timely submission should snatch them from the vengeance due to troublers of his statecraft. He gloated over the increasing probability that they might allow the time to slip by, and pictured to himself with a grim perspicuity their certain fate. One feature — and one only — demands a certain respect, even in the loathing that his mood creates. It is that the very keenness of his intellect prevents him from glozing the matter over, or covering it beneath a cloak of smooth verbiage. There is at least no paltering in the unmeasured barbarity of his hatred.

The 1st of January drew near, and Dalrymple already saw the hapless clan delivered into his hand. Their fate was to be such as to strike terror far beyond the mountains that hemmed in the lonely valley where they dwelt—a region which nature has made desolate, but which to later generations has now the weird aspect cast by a shadow as of death.

Before the time, MacIan made up his mind to accept the oath. He explained the position to his clan, and counselled them, by their loyalty to himself, to do nothing which might throw a doubt upon the fidelity of the oath which he was about to take. Towards the end of December he came to Fort William to tender his oath; but the fort was commanded by a military officer who had no power to accept it. The officer, however, gave him a letter to the Sheriff of Argyle, and MacIan hastened to offer his submission to that judge at Inverary, not delaying on his journey even to visit his own house, which lay scarcely a mile

distant from the road." But the snows of winter fell before he could cross the mountains to Loch Fyne, and January had begun before he reached the sheriff, who agreed under protest to administer the oath, and at once sent information to Edinburgh of the circumstances that had caused the delay. The facts were either ignored or suppressed — and the guilt varies very little whether inquiry in such a case was stifled, or whether—as appears more likely —the indubitable evidence of the oath having been taken was actually destroyed after its full effect was understood.

Efforts, more or less ingenious, have been made to distribute amongst the various agents the responsibility for what followed, and to lessen their share of the guilt. In such a case these efforts lead to very small results. We can only release each actor in the tragedy from full responsibility to the very limited extent of supposing that at certain stages of the case he did not have all the facts before him, but only resolved, in order that his action should not be stayed, to close his eyes to what he might easily have known. It is one of those crimes in which history declines to see any mitigation, and for which she must condemn all the actors—from William and his agent, Stair, down to the meaner tools of their cruelty—to one equal sentence of execration.

Before January was past orders were issued to the military authorities as to which no doubt was possible. One hundred and twenty men of Argyle's regiment, under a Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, who was connected by a tie of relationship with the doomed clan, were sent to Glencoe. There they were received, on their own assurances, as friends, and treated with

all the hospitality that the Macdonalds could afford. For fifteen days the soldiers dwelt amongst them, under conditions that in all ages, and even amongst the most depraved savages, have been taken as a pledge of friendliness and security. Meanwhile the passes from the Glen were secured; full instructions, which admitted of no gleam of mercy in the execution of the murderous design, were issued. The instructions—from the responsibility of which it has vainly been sought to exculpate William on the ground that he had not read or considered the order—were not only superscribed, but, by an almost unprecedented excess of caution, had been subscribed by the king. Stair himself supplemented them by severe threats against any insufficient execution of the orders, and by detailed warnings to his agents against any possible lapse into mercy. Down to the most minute arrangements the scheme was accurately planned beforehand, and the very house at which the work was to begin was prescribed.

It was at four o'clock on the morning of the 13th of February that the deed of murder began. The day before had been spent in friendly intercourse. Some of the officers had agreed to dine the next day with MacIan. Others had been playing cards in the evening with his sons. Ominous preparations were noted, and murmurings were heard amongst the soldiers, who shrank from the accursed task; but suspicions were lulled to rest by appeals to kinship, and to the bond of hospitality, of which the breach might well seem impossible. Some of the band presented themselves at the house of the chief, and as he ordered refreshments for his guests he was shot upon his own threshold, while his aged wife was so brutally ill-

treated that she died the next day. Presently the glen rang with the shouts of the murderers and the shrieks of their victims. Neither age nor sex was spared. Men of eighty years of age were struck down, and a child of five, who clung to Glenlyon's knees, was stabbed by one of the officers. The houses were set on fire, and the inhabitants were either butchered at their doors or fled to the mountains. It had been part of the plan that every outlet from the glen was to be stopped by troops which were to arrive at the time when the carnage began. But during the night a storm of snow set in and the troops were unable to approach. The survivors escaped to the hills to die amidst the snow-wreaths, or to wander through the mountain-passes to distant shelter. Thirty-eight were struck down beside their houses, and about one hundred and fifty, with women and children, fled from the glen. The design of Stair had been accomplished, but—by no fault of his—his vengeance had been baulked of its full aim.

The story spread slowly but surely. It was published in the Paris Gazette of the 7th of April, and soon repeated in London with greater detail. It was seized upon by the Jacobites as an admirable weapon in their fight with the Government, and it raised, not in one faction only, but throughout the nation, a storm of indignation. An administration which worked by such methods could not but be discredited even amongst its own supporters. In 1695 a commission was appointed to inquire into the report, and all the documents were laid before it. That commission was sufficiently compliant to acquit William of full privity to the deed; but Stair's part in it was condemned as having exceeded his commission, and the subordi-

nate actors were demanded for prosecution. If the guilt of William were doubtful before, his action upon this report leaves no room for doubt. Stair presently obtained a remission from the king, and his agents were not prosecuted, but received promotion. To plead for a suspense of judgment before such evidence is not argument but chicanery: it is to palter with plain facts, and to reduce the tribunal of history to contempt. The conscience of humanity will for ever brand the massacre of Glencoe as a heinous and unpardonable crime.

Such action played into the hands of the Jacobites. But it did not stand alone. In 1695 the rising commercial enterprise of Scotland sought to obtain an outlet which should give them some advantage equivalent to that which England obtained from her colonial trade. This scheme was followed out with the daring speculation which is as characteristic of the nation as its dogged perseverance, although less generally recognised. The prime mover in the matter was William Paterson, who had led at one time a roving and adventurous life, and who had latterly been the leading spirit in the foundation of the Bank of England. From all the advantages which the sagacity of this banking scheme and its complete success would have naturally secured for him he had been excluded by the jealousy of his English coadjutors. In the course of his wandering life he had visited the Isthmus of Darien—once again, in our own day, to be the grave of an audacious scheme and of reckless speculation—and had conceived the idea that successful colonisation might make of it the central emporium of trade between the East and the West. He had obtained for his scheme the

powerful support of Fletcher of Saltoun, one of the ablest and most eloquent Scotsmen of the day, who was himself an unflinching republican, but in whose eyes all party distinction waned into insignificance compared with the supreme duty of maintaining against any external domination the independence of the Scottish nation. Between them these two men attracted the devoted allegiance of their fellow-countrymen; and their scheme, which, however bold in conception, was reckless and absurd, united in its enthusiastic support every phase of Scottish feeling. Courtier, nationalist, and Jacobite, all rushed with one impulse into the scheme, which was not only to realise for themselves the wealth of Eldorado, but was to recover for their country by the native enterprise of her sons a new glory which was to replace that sun of national independence of which the last rays were setting amidst clouds and thick darkness. Within a few weeks, so enthusiastic was the nation in the cause where patriotism was linked with the hope of gain, that £300,000 was subscribed in a country whose whole circulating medium little, if at all, exceeded £600,000; and all who possessed savings, or could realise any property, were eager to have a share in the new venture.

The fabric of their dream was indeed a baseless one, and the difficulties were such as a country unaccustomed to distant enterprise and wholly ignorant of complications with foreign nations entirely failed to realise. But for the credit of the nation, as well as of the projectors, it must be said that no accusation of designed delusion, much less of the nefarious malpractices of selfish cupidity, was ever brought against this, the first speculative effort of a nation seeking,

by no ignoble effort, to escape from the bondage of poverty.[1]

The blame of its failure cannot be laid upon England. The malarious soil, the tropical climate, the absence of the vast capital necessary to secure native labour, and the jealousies certain to be aroused amongst foreign powers, whose colonial influence seemed to be threatened — all these would have assured failure, even had the influence of the English Government not led to the withdrawal of the English subscriptions which had already been paid, forced the merchants of Holland and of Hamburg to turn away from an enterprise in which they had at first cordially joined, and encouraged, by the example of the orders given to their own colonial governors, the hostility of the Spaniards. But English misgovernment and neglect were responsible for even more than her jealousy and ill-will. The company had been created by an Act of Parliament and a charter from the Crown; and the grant of such legislative privileges (which encouraged the poorer nation to waste life and treasure upon a reckless scheme of which the last hopes were to be destroyed by a base compliance with English prejudices) was a high crime and a breach of the first duty of a government. In his subsequent vacillation William had again recourse to the most craven subterfuge of a ruler, that of laying the blame

[1] Dr Somerville of Jedburgh, in his 'History of the Reign of Queen Anne,' quotes from the MSS. of Sir J. Clerk of Penicuick the words as used of the Darien Scheme, "I always thought it not so much a foolish as a roguish project." But the ground of the opinion is not given, and Sir J. Clerk, who was only a youth when it occurred, had no personal knowledge of the affair, and would probably have given reasons for his opinion had it not been merely the expression of his own judgment—which he evidently represents as different from that which ordinarily prevailed.

on his subordinates—he had been ill-served in Scotland. But this was no excuse for the crime. On the ill-fated and hopeless expedition Scotland had thrown away a great part of her scanty resources, and two thousand seven hundred of her best lives. Of all who sailed, only a handful survived the horrors of pestilential malaria, the pressure of fatigue and famine, and the bullets of the Spaniards. Baseless as the dream of vast colonial wealth had been, Scotland not unnaturally laid the blame for the disaster on the apathy and shifting policy which had sacrificed her hopes to English selfishness, and left her sons as a defenceless prey to the Spanish troops.

These did not exhaust the evils which Scotland suffered under the rule of William. The overturn of the Episcopalian Church in Scotland had been followed by the domination of the strictest sect amongst the Presbyterian clergy—men whose religious notions were steeped in fanaticism, whose ideas of ecclesiastical government were bound up with a tyrannical invasion of the privacy of domestic life, and who were determined to exercise to the full the rights of domiciliary inspection. Smarting from a recent experience of martyrdom, they set their faces against anything that savoured of religious toleration. They revived once more, in all their savage barbarity, the prosecutions for witchcraft, which had fallen into abeyance under the later Stuarts, and from which the consciences of the more intelligent part of the nation shrank in horror. But the alliance of these fanatics had to be cultivated by the Government, and any attempt to curb their tyranny was interpreted as veiled Jacobitism. Meanwhile the Government, for their own purposes, pursued those whose disaffection they suspected with

vexatious persecution, even although many of the agents of that persecution had been distinguished for their own tergiversation. No one could travel through Scotland without special permission. The suspects were hunted from place to place, and evidence against them was procured by a full use of that power of torture which the law of treason in Scotland still permitted. Many of those against whom no satisfactory evidence could be found lay in prison for years without the power of pleading the rights of *habeas corpus* in their favour. To be suspected of a lurking sympathy for that family which had but lately held undisputed power, which was still identified with Scottish independence, and against whose ultimate reassertion of their rights no permanent statutory prohibition, such as the English Act of Settlement, had yet passed the Scottish legislature, was treated as a crime no less heinous than would have been an interference with a long-established government, safely rooted in the hereditary confidence of the nation.

It is no wonder, then, that disaffection was widely spread, and that even those who saw most clearly the faults of the exiled family thought the national independence of Scotland had the first claim upon their loyalty, and were careless how they swelled the discontent which was the chief prop of the Jacobite cause. The position of affairs was indeed critical; and in the early years of Queen Anne's reign it might well seem doubtful whether the Revolution Settlement in Scotland might not be swept away, or maintained only at the expense of a war between England and herself.

The accession of Queen Anne presented a favourable opportunity for the Jacobites, or, as they called themselves, the Cavaliers. She belonged to the family

which possessed the claim of hereditary right, and her advent to the throne was received with an outburst of loyalty that acclaimed her as the "rightful sovereign." This had the advantage of offering a middle course. On the one hand, it argued no opposition to the Revolution Settlement by virtue of which alone Anne sat upon the throne, which by strict hereditary right belonged to her brother. But, on the other hand, her reign might be considered a stopgap, which suspended indeed, but did not extinguish, the hopes of the exiled family. Her known predilections in favour of Episcopacy might flatter the hopes of the Jacobites, and family affection might be hoped so far to prevail with her as to lead her to pass on the Crown to one of her own race, if in the course of her reign they should secure the allegiance of the nation. This double aspect of her tenure of the royal power preserved the hopes of the Cavaliers, while it rendered needless any open acts of rebellion. To add to their confidence, they had in their favour the strong sense of national independence, which made even a republican like Fletcher of Saltoun feel a certain sympathy with the Jacobites, as sharing in a common detestation of English tyranny, and in a determination to resist compliance with the English Act of Settlement, which fixed the Crown upon the Hanoverian family. The events which followed, although it is hard to trace their course amongst the subtle windings of party machinations, yet prove almost more than anything else the consummate adroitness of the leading English minister Godolphin. Absorbed, as he well might be, in a European war which strained all the resources of England, and beset by the jealousy of English factions, he yet managed, with singular skill, so to play off one

party against another in Scotland as to secure, what at one time seemed absolutely hopeless, that Union of the Parliaments without which England could never have been a great European power.

His chief agent through the arduous struggle of these years was the Duke of Queensberry, a man who owed much to the favour of the Stuarts, and who had comparatively little support in his own country. He was a man full of resource, ready in debate, courteous in manner, who knew how to attach to himself, by favours adroitly placed, the confidence of a few, even although his subtlety was suspected and his sincerity doubted by many whom he sought to gain by allurements and by promises.

The Jacobites were led by two men, the Dukes of Hamilton and Athole, both of great ability and great influence, but regarding each other with jealousy and suspicion. The Country party, or, as they were soon after called, the Squadrone Volante, were nominally led by the Marquis of Tweeddale, a man of inferior capacity, who was not gifted with the faculties which enabled him to steer a successful course in such a seething current of faction, and who commanded such confidence as he attained chiefly from the fact that he was looked upon as a simple and well-meaning man. The party of which he was the nominal director was heterogeneous in its composition, and was rendered unstable not only by the variety of its elements, but by the selfish aims which animated many of its members.

The Cavalier or Jacobite party were not powerful enough, strong as their influence appeared, to undo the Act which re-established Presbyterianism in Scotland. But they secured a certain amount of practical

toleration at least for Episcopacy, and this might be taken as a good harbinger of future hopes. They gained the support of the nation, and the alliance of the Country party, by a strenuous assertion of Scottish independence, and by pressing forward what was known as the Act of Security, which declared that on the death of the Queen the succession should be settled by the Scottish Parliament, but that the same person should be incapable of holding both crowns unless Scotland were admitted to full rights of trade and navigation, providing for national independence by ordaining that all men capable of bearing arms should be trained in monthly drills.

The Act passed the Scottish Parliament, but it was fraught with too much danger to obtain the assent of the English ministry. Queen Anne refused to give it royal sanction by the ceremony of the touching of the Act by the Royal Commissioner, who was the Duke of Queensberry. The crisis was evidently desperate; and, as a first expedient, it was resolved by the Government agents to fix upon some of the opponents of the Ministry the stigma of a charge of treason, by bringing against them an accusation of trafficking with the power of France for the restoration of the exiled family. A tool for this was obtained in Simon Fraser, afterwards Lord Lovat, of whose strange career we shall see much more, and who carried on some negotiations between Louis XIV. and the Jacobites in Scotland, in which he acted the double part which he played in so many incidents of his life. The agent, however, was too discredited, and the game of the Jacobites was too evidently a waiting one, to make the scheme answer the ends for which it was intended. The Duke of Hamilton, whom it was sought to involve

in the suspicion of treason, was able to repel it with ease, and the machination recoiled upon Queensberry.[1] Foiled at one point, Godolphin and his agent had to resort to another plan.

Their main object was to drive a wedge between the Country party and the Jacobites. Able and versatile as he was, the Duke of Hamilton was too timid and vacillating for the part he had to play. He suffered himself to be led into a support of what appeared to be the rising power of the Country party under Tweeddale; and when Tweeddale was nominated Commissioner, and appeared to have displaced the Duke of Queensberry from power, the Jacobite party conceived that their own hopes were promoted by the change. The Act of Security was again pressed forward, and this time it obtained the assent of the Crown. But in permitting this, Godolphin only allowed the crisis to come to a head. The jealousy of the English Parliament was fully aroused. Fresh impetus was given to the scheme of a union, and it was seen that without such a union, not only the Protestant succession, but the very existence of England as a power in Europe, was threatened. Before long Godolphin was justified in what was a bold but hazardous policy. The Squadrone Volante was soon discredited. Its selfishness was detected, and the hollowness of the alliance between it and the Cavaliers was exposed. Its short-lived tenure of power soon came to an end; the enmity between its leaders and those of the Cavaliers, who had very different schemes in view, became more marked than ever. Tweeddale was succeeded, as Commissioner,

[1] Lovat also attempted to bring a similar charge against Athole, with whom and whose family he had a lifelong feud of the bitterest kind.

first by the Duke of Argyle, then a young man of unrivalled territorial influence, and fresh from his military laurels in Marlborough's wars, who was the close adherent of Queensberry; and afterwards by Queensberry himself. The opposition to the English ministry in the Scottish Estates, which had gone perilously near to absolute resort to violence, dwindled away and was disconcerted; and the path seemed clearer for the realisation of his aims by Queensberry.

But the task was one which demanded all the skill in statecraft, all the boldness in emergency, that Queensberry could summon to his aid. If his allies in the English ministry were sincere in their desire to accomplish the Union, and so to get rid of a danger which threatened their country, they were at the same time far from sanguine in their hopes. It seemed too much to expect that an aim which had been so long sought in circumstances which appeared more opportune should now be achieved, when the two nations were exasperated against one another, and when a great gulf of jealousy and hatred had to be bridged over.

The Scottish nation was to the last degree proud and intractable, steeped in the traditions of centuries of independence. The inhabitants of a large portion of it were separated by race and language, as well as by fundamentally dissimilar social habits, from the English; and even the Lowlanders of Scotland, if they were remotely akin to the English race, were marked off from that race by the indelible brand of centuries of inveterate hostility, and by a difference both in constitutional and civil law. Scotland was in no sense a commercial country; and the very absence of the wealth that commerce might have brought had

increased the influence of a territorial class whose power, built up on the ruins of the power of the Crown, and fortified by the possession of hereditary jurisdiction, kept alive a feudal aristocracy, the very memory of which had passed away from England. Their poverty made them cling all the more tenaciously to that weapon which they possessed in the allegiance of vassals who had not yet lost either the habit of fighting or the taste for its indulgence. The religious differences divided Scotland into sects which clung to their distinctive tenets with an enthusiastic devotion; but they seemed to forget their differences in the common antipathy to their southern neighbours. The Established Presbyterian Church feared that her very existence might be imperilled by union with a nation whose national Church was Episcopalian. The dissenting sects, who stood aloof from an Erastian Establishment, even although its religious creed was Presbyterian, dreaded still more any trafficking with Prelacy, which they scarcely distinguished from rank Papacy. The Episcopalians, who might have looked with sympathy to the English Church, yet detested a union with England, because it would rivet more firmly the chains which the Revolution Settlement had fastened upon them. The aristocracy dreaded the downfall of their ancient pride of authority; the commonalty dreaded lest the nascent hopes of their scanty commercial enterprise might be nipped as was the Darien Scheme. The Cavaliers saw in the Union something that would dissipate for ever the divinely sanctioned rights of the family which commanded their allegiance; and the Country party, many of whom were willing to push their opposition to those hereditary rights to the verge of republicanism, yet

joined in hatred of the Union, which would end that national independence which they had hoped to build on the downfall of the usurpations of the Crown.

On the other hand, the more powerful and wealthy nation regarded Scotsmen with a mixture of contempt and of indifference. With vast issues hanging on the successes of her armies abroad, England had little time to spare for thoughts of a country which, it seemed, could never be of much assistance, but which was only too likely to prove a thorn in her side. In her eyes Scotsmen were vaguely classed together as a half-civilised race, restless, grasping, turbulent, and dominated by a nobility whose pride was proportioned to vast authority, but whose rent-rolls were insignificant compared with the incomes of hundreds of London burgesses or of countless squires in every English county. Whatever injury Scottish pride and jealousy and Scottish intrigue with her enemies might bring upon England, what had a nation, whose merchant ships were on every sea, whose wealth was growing by leaps and bounds, and whose victories were making the greatest European powers tremble, to gain from the alliance of a race whose country was a barren waste, one-fifth of whose scanty population were beggars, and whose largest city did not contain a population of thirty thousand souls?

The spirit with which Scotland approached the question was that of fortifying her own independence by doing everything to embarrass her neighbour's schemes. England was equally determined to make the poorer nation suffer from the weight of a heavy hand. In 1704 an Act of the English Parliament declared that, if no union took place, every native of Scotland would be treated as an alien after

the 25th of December 1705. The exportation of horses, wines, and a great proportion of the appurtenances of civilised life, from England into Scotland, was prohibited, as well as that of cattle and coals (the one Scottish product which was—as yet but scantily—giving hopes of wealth) from Scotland into England. The loss to Scotland by the embargo on the cattle trade alone was reckoned at £100,000—equal to the whole of her public revenue. Scotland had no great commercial houses which might claim a place in the hierarchy of trade and concert measures of retaliation. Her trade was largely in the hands of pedlars, whose numbers were supposed to be more than two thousand, the aggregate of whose wares was considerable, and whose agency was almost the only means by which the middle class in Scotland could share in the luxuries of England. But not only did England close her own doors to Scotland, she sought to check Scottish traffic with other nations. All Scottish ships trading with any power at enmity with England were to be treated as fair prizes of war, and cruisers were put into commission for this special task. When the Scottish militia began its training pursuant to the Act of Security, England retorted by fortifying the northern towns, and throwing into them garrisons which were to terrorise the Scottish Border. Plausible apologies might be found both for the insolence of English contempt and indifference, and for the reckless intensity of Scottish pride and independence. But the impact of these forces might easily have produced a spark that would have kindled the flames of civil war.

The resources at the command of the Duke of Queensberry were few. The game he was to play

was one of the utmost hazard, and on its issue he risked not his fortunes only, but perhaps his life. From those whose prejudices he was to encounter in the struggle he had no mercy to hope in case of failure; and his position was often like that of the commander of a beleaguered garrison, compelled to submit all his schemes to the decision of an assembly of which half at least was composed of bitterly hostile foes. He no doubt had the command of such military forces as there were in Scotland, but these were scarcely three thousand in number, scattered over various parts of the country, and not always well affected to the measures of the Government. Two or three of the greater noblemen or of the Highland chiefs could easily have brought into the field an army that would have been more than sufficient to wipe out the scanty forces of the Crown; and though they had no money to pay their levies, the defect might have been met by the simple and hereditary device of plunder.

In the south-west of Scotland the Cameronians still retained the fighting power which their experience under the harrying of Claverhouse's dragoons had given them; and much as they hated the memory of Stuart rule, they hated still more the policy which would sacrifice the independence of their country to an unhallowed alliance which should bind them to a nation owning allegiance to a prelatical Church. They were ready to rise in armed resistance and join hands with the Highland clans; and it was only the adroit contrivance of Queensberry, aided as it was by the divisions and vacillations of his opponents, which prevented their junction in an armed march upon the capital.

The division of parties being such as has been described—the Presbyterians, anxious to push still further the liberties secured by the Revolution Settlement; the Squadrone Volante, resting chiefly on a vague assertion of Scottish independence; and the Cavaliers, keen for a Jacobite restoration, in alliance with prelacy—Queensberry had a hard part to play, and could only hope to succeed by sowing dissension amongst his opponents. The Scottish Estates had really ceased to represent the nation, as the Government had never ventured to appeal to a new election since the Revolution. But to have done so now would have been little short of madness. An election in 1706 would have produced a Parliament almost unanimous against the Union. He could not bribe, because the total value of all the offices under the Crown was only £20,000, and even if the scale of bribery might be proportioned to the national poverty, yet the crowd of hungry expectants was so great as to make this sum a scanty one for securing parliamentary support.

But even in the existing Parliament, which had become inured to faction and intrigue, and the temper of which Queensberry knew by long experience, he could not reckon on a majority. He had on his side the vast influence of Argyle; but Argyle was an ally whose temper craved wary management, and whose pride did not permit him to play with convenience the second part in any game. He had the support of the unequalled eloquence, the consummate statesmanship, and the profound legal knowledge of Stair; but Stair's name was execrated throughout the country as the representative of a family over which there seemed to hang a sort of unhallowed shadow, which had been deepened by his own association with the massacre of

Glencoe. Besides these, Queensberry had on his side the Earl of Mar. But Mar could bring to him no help in debate, and could command only a very limited stock of confidence. His family was indeed ancient and considerable, but he was himself of poor estate, insignificant in person, and with no share of that eloquence which was so powerfully displayed by many on both sides. Worse than all, he had already managed to inspire some of that distrust which haunted him through life, and for which his own acts gave only too ample reason.

Another of Queensberry's adherents was the Chancellor, Earl of Seafield, the heir to the Earl of Findlater. Like many others, his family boasted high descent, but was sunk in poverty, and he had been born only to the prospects of a younger son. He had been bred a lawyer, and to skill in his own profession he joined the arts that helped him to turn every phase of political change to his own advantage. He had moved through each step of professional advancement, was a profound lawyer, a skilled debater, and a past master in the art of political intrigue. Such qualities made of him a facile and useful tool; but "his mind," as a contemporary says, "was a blank sheet of paper, which the Court might fill up with what they pleased." His adherence might help in political exigency, but it could not attract one jot of popular respect.

Against Queensberry were banded almost the whole aristocracy of Scotland. Four-fifths of the nobility and gentry, even in the western shires, it is asserted, and more than half of the Commons over the whole country, were in sympathy with the Jacobites. At their head were the Dukes of Hamilton and Athole, who had at their beck and call between them the

power of the south-west and of the Perthshire Highlands, and who were eminently fitted by eloquence and character to lead a powerful and aggressive party. With them were joined such men as Fletcher of Saltoun, whose love of national independence amounted almost to fanaticism, and who could not be suspected either of political intrigue or of being carried away by the glamour of a romantic loyalty. In a parliament eminent for the high gifts and eloquence of its members, the opponents of the Government could boast no mean share of energy and ability; their weakness lay in the deep-lying jealousies and dissensions that might be glozed over, but threatened every moment to burst into flame. In their dissensions lay Queensberry's one hope of success or even of safety in his scheme for a parliamentary union.

It was in the summer of 1705 that the first act of the drama opened. The English Parliament had already agreed to the Commission for considering the Union, and had left the nomination of commissioners to the queen. When the discussion began in the Scottish Estates, the Duke of Hamilton moved a proviso which would have limited the commissioners to a federal, instead of an incorporating, union — to a scheme, that is, which would have allowed all the old difficulties to continue in a new form. The proposal of the Duke of Hamilton was fiercely debated, and in the end it was lost, in the absence of some of the Cavaliers, by a majority of two. So narrow were the risks in the game that no one could be certain of the issue, and it came upon the Cavaliers as a mortifying surprise. Boldness and successful management had won for Queensberry the first round in the fight.

But the hopes of the Cavaliers were not yet dis-

sipated. The next motion was one which declared that no treaty for union should be entered upon until the Act of 1704—which declared that natives of Scotland would, in the absence of an Act of Union, become aliens at a certain date—should be repealed. The Government were aware that this Act was intended rather as a threat than a reality, and that its repeal—which was presently obtained—could cause no great difficulty; and it was perhaps with no great pain that they found their opponents this time successful in the vote.

Then came what was, in the eyes of the Cavaliers, the great betrayal. The Duke of Hamilton was so far their trusted leader. He had been in constant communication with his party; but on that very day he had avoided a formal meeting, and had hastily answered the emissary who sought to arrange a plan for the nomination of commissioners, "that there was time enough to consider that affair; it was not for that day." When the vote on the rescinding of the English Act had passed the hour was late; business for the night seemed finished, and some of the Cavaliers, satisfied with their day's work, had gone home. Suddenly the Duke of Hamilton moved that the nomination of commissioners for the Union should be left to the queen. What were his motives—whether a desire to secure a seat on the Commission for himself, or to conciliate the favour of a sovereign whom he thought not altogether ill-disposed to his own party—it is idle to guess. His own party felt that they were betrayed, and were at no pains to conceal their indignation at the surrender of the very stronghold of their position. But they were taken at a disadvantage, and even the protests of the Duke of

Athole could not retrieve the position. The motion was carried by a majority of eight, and Queensberry might well congratulate himself on a victory more than half won. Not only was the Union well launched, but a wedge had been driven into the ranks of the Jacobites and those who were half inclined to support them, and their broken ranks were never completely closed.

Parliament was prorogued in September 1705, and in March 1706 the commissioners (thirty-one for each country) were appointed by the queen. Whatever flattering hopes the Duke of Hamilton entertained that his dexterity would be successful were doomed to disappointment. Only one commissioner—Lockhart of Carnwath—was not an adherent of the party of the Court.

It was on the 16th of April 1706 that the commissioners began their sittings at the Cockpit, Westminster. To save appearances, and not to seem entirely to neglect a scheme which represented the wellnigh undivided adherence of Scotland, the question of a federal union was put forward; but it was put forward only to be withdrawn with what looked like an apology for the proposal. The scheme of a united kingdom, with one Crown and one Parliament, and a settlement of the succession in the terms of the English Act, was unanimously passed,—Lockhart's dissent being unrecorded, as those for whom he acted deemed that it was the best policy for their representative to listen in silence to proposals against which he could not have protested without surrendering any further part in the business. But, indeed, after the first resolution, the rest was comparatively trifling detail. Scotland's share in the representation was

restricted to a thirteenth in place of the sixth part, to which her population would have entitled her. Her share in English taxation was declared, and to recoup her for the future burden of her quota of the English National Debt, a present payment of £391,000[1] was agreed upon. On many of the details a show of discussion was made, but the spirit was gone out of the fight, and those who represented Scotland felt that they were there for little purpose but to register the decrees of their English colleagues. The treaty was signed on the 22nd of July 1706.

The last act of the drama began when the Scottish Estates met to consider the Treaty of Union in October 1706. For the one side it was a struggle to secure a victory which had long seemed hopeless, but which was now within their grasp; for the other it was a last despairing resistance to what many honestly believed a fatal blow to their country, and to what others knew to be a deadly menace to their own secret designs. At first the opponents of the Court strove to maintain that the consideration of the treaty was beyond the scope of their commission, and that to alter the Constitution without an appeal to their constituents was a betrayal of their trust. This was defeated by a large majority, showing how success had contributed to Queensberry's parliamentary strength, and the divisions never again show that even balance between the parties which had prevailed in the previous session. The opposition was indeed chiefly

[1] It is odd that one of those employed in the actuarial calculations upon which this payment was based was William Paterson, the projector of the Bank of England and of the Darien Scheme. He was one of the few ardent supporters of the Union whose opinions were outswayed by the hope of ministerial favour, and yet it was his own Darien Scheme and its treatment by England which did much to influence Scottish animosity.

that of the rabble out of doors. A military guard had to be planted round the Parliament House, and the Commissioner went to and fro escorted by a troop of Horse Guards, and with his carriage surrounded by soldiers, who could not protect him from the curses—even from the assaults—of the populace, whose sympathies, whatever they were worth, were all on the opposition side. The climate even told in Queensberry's favour. A continuance of stormy weather prevented the Edinburgh contingent from being swollen by accessions from the provinces. But the exasperation of the whole country was none the less pronounced because it did not choose to brave the fury of the elements or the bullets of the Guards.

It mattered but little to the Duke of Queensberry that the curses and threatenings of the Edinburgh rabble obliged him to walk between hedges of soldiers to his coach, and that his coachman, to escape a shower of stones, was forced to gallop "at top speed" with his train of Horse Guards from the Parliament House to his own mansion near Holyrood. The grim front of the many-storeyed buildings that line the High Street had looked upon many a riot, and a Scottish noble who mixed in the politics of these days could not indulge in the luxury of nerves. The Government majorities were growing, and they were a better safeguard of his power, his property, and even his life, than the swords of his escort. The soldiers made a brave show in the streets of Edinburgh; but Queensberry knew well that they would form but a thin defence were the Duke of Athole to rouse the Highlands, or the Duke of Hamilton to lead from the west a force of Jacobite lairds and Cameronian enthusiasts. His game must be played in Parliament,

and each new turn of the cards there made him more secure of English support.

When the Articles of Union were taken into consideration, a long debate took place upon the first, which united the two kingdoms into one. The time for vacillation was now past; nothing was now left but the resistance of despair; and the Duke of Hamilton, whose previous change of front had so baffled his party, now surpassed his previous efforts in a powerful and eloquent speech, which moved his audience to tears, as he appealed to the glorious past of his country, and protested against surrendering in a brief half hour all that the struggles of centuries had achieved.

This and the articles which immediately followed, providing for the succession in the Hanoverian line, and for the union of the Parliaments, were pressed rapidly on, and even the tactics of dilatory debate were disconcerted by a repeated use of the closure. The remaining articles were of comparatively little importance, relating to the incidence of taxation and the payment of the Equivalent Grant in respect of Scotland's future share in the National Debt, the largest part of which was to be used to recoup the African company for its losses in the ill-fated expedition to Darien. The objectors had much to urge, but remonstrance was now useless, and there was little spirit to fight a losing battle within the Parliament. Protests and petitions were promoted in every burgh throughout the land, and various associations were formed with more or less overt purpose of armed resistance. But divided counsels frustrated their action, and their indignant outcry fell upon heedless ears. The whole Treaty was embodied in an Act to come

into force on the 1st of May 1707; and the ill-chosen jest with which the Earl of Seafield as Chancellor returned the Act to the clerk when he had signed it—"Now there's ane end of ane old song"—remained as a contemptuous epitaph on the grave of Scottish independence.[1] The Ministry won a conspicuous victory all along the line; and, by a strange stretch of power, the representative peers and the forty-five members who were to sit in the united House of Commons were selected not by free election, but by the nomination of the Estates, which could do little but register the choice of the Ministers.

On the 2nd of April 1707 the Duke of Queensberry set out for England, attended by a splendid retinue as far as Dunbar. When he crossed the Border, each town through which he passed vied with the others in the pomp and solemnity with which he was received, and the lavish hospitality with which he and his suite were entertained. His advance southwards was like a royal progress; the nobility and gentry gathered on his route; and when he reached Barnet, the Ministers of the Crown, and a long train of members of both Houses, met him with a triumphal welcome. A thousand horsemen and a long train of

[1] A story of tragic horror is told of one member of Queensberry's household at the period, which shows the dark cloud that overhung his public triumph. His eldest son, Lord Drumlanrig, was a hopeless and dangerous lunatic, and was kept guarded, according to the cruel custom of the time, in a cellar in the mansion. One day when feeling ran most strongly, and riotous bands were gathered in the streets, the household servants had gone out to view the proceedings. Meanwhile the lunatic escaped from his cell, and wandering through the house came upon a boy who was turning the spit in the kitchen, With the rage of an infuriated wild beast he killed the boy, and spitting the body, roasted it before the fire. The madman, concealed from every prying eye, and consequently made the subject of wild reports, survived his father, but his succession was set aside in favour of his younger brother.

coaches accompanied him to his house in London, and the same night he waited on the Queen to receive her thanks for his services. In the outburst of a popular thanksgiving, the curses of the Edinburgh mob, the prophetic dirges in which the ruin of Scotland was proclaimed, and the nights when he ran the gauntlet down the High Street of Edinburgh, protected by his guards from being torn to pieces by the rabble, might well fade from his memory.

But the wrath of the Scottish nation continued for more than a generation to burn as hotly as ever. The benefits of the Union were of slow growth and gradual development; its evils were quick to show themselves, and were within the observation of all. The emblems of independence suddenly vanished; the Parliament House no longer echoed to strains of indignant eloquence; the streets of the capital were no longer crowded with the members of the Scottish Estates and their retainers, and it seemed as if the profit which their presence brought was transferred for ever from the pockets of the Edinburgh to those of the London tradesmen. The allurements of fashion and the attractions of social vanity drew the aristocracy to London; and the poorer nation found that to this material injury there was added the insult of a callous and contemptuous indifference on the part of those who, as they conceived, had robbed them of their independence with the help of traitors in their own camp. Suspicions of bribery further exasperated the general rage. Certain sums of money were undoubtedly distributed amongst those who lent their aid to the Government scheme; but the total amount was small, and it may be doubted whether the popular belief

was altogether well grounded, and whether payments for arrears of salary and necessary expenses were, at least in many cases, fairly to be reckoned as bribes.[1] Such suspicions, however, find a ready credence when a political change eminently likely to arouse popular indignation is accomplished. The Union was brought about contrary to all expectation; it could never have been attained by the ordinary machinery of government; and no man of ordinary foresight could have hoped that it would have been accomplished without sowing seeds of hatred which would only slowly die away.

There is another aspect of the whole struggle which it is more easy for us than it was for contemporaries to estimate at its full importance. The history of Scotland for the first half of the eighteenth century is a history of obstinate rebellion, often indeed slumbering,

[1] The matter was made the subject of a report to Parliament by Commissioners on the Public Accounts in 1711; and although the circumstances are suspicious, and there was admittedly some secrecy in the transaction, yet the proof of actual bribery in the ordinary sense of the term does not appear conclusive. The fact is plain that a payment of £20,000 from the English to the Scottish Treasury was contemplated for the payment of arrears of salaries and allowances accrued since the accession of the queen. This was avowedly proposed in order to smooth the way for the Union, and the fact affords no ground for a charge of moral turpitude. An ideal standard of political rectitude might require a man to give as ardent a support to a government which did not pay him what it owed as to one which met all its obligations. But human nature will not often show such cordiality to a defaulting creditor; and at least we must admit that the man who bargains that he shall be paid his wages before he lends his support in a doubtful cause is entitled to have his case distinguished from that of one who sells his vote for a bribe. To avoid the suspicions which any payment from the English to the Scottish Treasury must certainly arouse at such a juncture, it was arranged that the payment should be made to the Commissioners of the Treasury personally, and that they should give a personal discharge for it. Such an arrangement was undoubtedly open to objection on the strict principles which now regulate public accounts; but it may safely be said that irregularities much more serious were matter of everyday

but never dead, and now and then bursting out in open war. During all that period the fundamental question of dynastic allegiance overwhelmed all other interests, and gave its own colour to all other divisions and disputes. There were many important side-issues involved; but they were all for the time forced to appear as aspects of the one dominant struggle, and to rise and fall with the fortunes of the side which espoused them. As years went on it became evident that all the strongest forces of the nation—its growing commercial prosperity, its best intelligence, its essential prudence and moderation—were gradually cast into the scale of the party which supported the Hanoverian Settlement. The glamour of a romantic loyalty cannot blind us to this fact; and the gradual waning of Jacobite hopes brought with it the downfall

occurrence down to a far later date and in exigencies far less grave. To urge, as Lockhart of Carnwath seems to do, that the payment of arrears is as blamable as the creation of posts, and that this may be merely a veiled bribe, is contrary to common-sense. The acceptance of a post, under however heavy a pledge of support, differs from the acceptance of a bribe because it is open and avowed and must be arraigned and judged before the bar of public opinion. That after a post has been accepted and its duties discharged arrears of salary should be paid can only be called a bribe by a strain of language that is absurd. But it is further argued that the payment of arrears was only made to selected persons. The appearance of the Duke of Athole's name in the list for one of the largest payments (£1000) amply disposes of this. His support could not have been hoped for in the Government's wildest dream. The most serious part of the charge is that, to some of those who received the money, all arrears are stated to have been already paid, while in the case of others no proper discharge was given to the Treasury, and they afterwards received a further payment from the Equivalent Grant in the name of arrears. But estimates of arrears are apt to prove somewhat elastic, according as they are measured by the debtor or the creditor; and on the whole the evidence is scarcely sufficient to prove a charge of flagrant venality. We must not forget that the Report was made at a time when party feeling ran high. If bribery there was, it seems to have been restricted to a settlement — possibly capricious and sometimes over-generous—of claims which had a real existence.

of many causes with which the Jacobite party had identified itself. The first of these side-issues which suffered from this fatal alliance was that of opposition to the Union. It is not more certain that the hereditary jurisdictions were swept away by the ill-fated exploits of 1745 than it is that the question of the Union became from 1707 mainly one between Whig and Jacobite. The first battle of Jacobitism was fought over the Union; and the issue of the fight was the first irreparable blow to their cause. It was complicated, indeed, by other issues, but so was every subsequent attempt of the failing party down to 1745. The failure of the resistance to the Union marked a distinct downward progress in the fortunes of the Jacobites; and it was an accident only, and not an essential, that the battle was fought not in the field but in the Parliament House. Armed resistance was, indeed, contemplated, and came very near to being realised; and had the issue of arms been appealed to, it would have been on a larger scale than in any of the subsequent attempts. But the abandonment of any plan of armed resistance in 1707 proved rather the comparative strength of the Jacobite party than their weakness. Down to 1707 they might well hope that by weight of numbers and by fervour of national dislike to the Union they would yet reverse the Revolution, and retrieve the fortunes of the exiled house: after the Union that hope was gone, and nothing remained to them but armed rebellion. Had the narrow majority of two which affirmed the incorporating against the federal union been reversed, the anti-union party would have become as clearly identified with the Jacobites in appearance as they were in fact; and

within the borders of Scotland their numbers would have been too overwhelming to force them to have recourse to arms. The preponderating strength of their fighting power would have enabled them to leave that power in abeyance. For a time they would have held secure authority north of the Tweed. The ultimate issue would doubtless have been conquest by England; but such a strain on English resources as conquest would have implied might have changed the position of England in Europe, and had portentous results on European history far beyond the shores of Britain.

It is this which links 1707 to 1745 so closely in the chain of cause and effect; and before entering upon the detailed history which begins with the latter year, it is necessary to pass briefly in review the salient events of the intervening period, which were all phases of the one central struggle which engaged the chief attention of Scotland, and which coloured all her divisions about lesser things. Jacobitism in England survived as a romantic but scarcely avowed partisanship, whose adherents were scattered, and whose plans never sought realisation. The passing flicker of animation which it now and then attained was stimulated by Scottish example, and sank into ashes when that stimulus was removed. Other and far larger questions engaged the attention of parties, and Jacobitism was rather the ghost of a dead memory than the creature of a living impulse. But in Scotland for more than one generation Jacobitism remained a real and living creed, lying close to the hearts of a large section of the nation, more or less openly avowed, and dividing the people, in spite of all the habits of social intercourse, into two camps, one of which regarded the

other as owning allegiance to an authority which they themselves detested and disavowed. The one camp never wholly could rid themselves of the fear, the other never ceased to cherish the hope, that rebellion might some day be successful. We should misread the history of these forty years were we to look upon these successive events as spasmodic revivals of Jacobite ardour. That ardour was never absent from its supporters, never ceased to be a source of uneasiness to its opponents; but the story of these years is that of its gradual decay and its final extinction. With such a cause of dissension, so unsleeping, and at the same time so fundamental, eating at the very vitals of her corporate life, the wonder is, not that Scotland did not prosper more, but that she prospered as she did.

CHAPTER II.

THE EARLIER SCHEMES OF THE JACOBITES.

It is curious to observe how soon the new phase of the struggle was to be entered upon. The parliamentary arena was now closed. Such hopes as the Jacobites could cherish for the future lay in armed resistance. On the eve of the debates that were to issue in the Union, suspicions had been aroused of plans concocted with France for armed intervention. Undoubtedly there had been grounds for such suspicions; but they had been indignantly repudiated, and there are reasons a good deal stronger than any such formal repudiation for believing them to have no very solid foundation. At the most any such scheme had been tentative only; and so long as the Jacobites had been able to muster, even in the Estates which had long ceased accurately to represent the feeling of the electorate or of the country, a party which was outnumbered by their opponents only by two voices, such schemes would have been not only a mistake but a folly. That period was now past; and it had hardly disappeared before more definite plans were arranged for putting their opinions to the arbitrament of war. Their hopes were high; their resources in mere numbers of fighting men were vastly superior

to those of their opponents within the borders of Scotland; and they were secure of the sympathy of the great majority of the nation. But the test of arms could not be applied without risks which had not yet been faced. Defeat in Parliament might mean loss of power and influence; defeat in battle brought with it the axe and the gibbet. However high the hopes with which they entered on the new phase of the struggle, those who took part in it knew well that they burned their boats behind them, and that defeat would leave them at the mercy of a foe who, for his own safety, would be compelled to treat them, not as an out-voted faction, but as criminals and traitors. This danger was not sufficient to deter men who felt themselves strong in the sympathy of the nation; but it was ominous of the future when we find that in the first attempt to bring about an appeal to war the nation was treated only as the tool of those who had their own designs to serve.

Even before the Act of Union was placed upon the statute-book, the new scheme had been set on foot. Towards the end of February 1707, one Hooke, an emissary of Louis XIV., had landed in the north-east of Scotland on a mission of inquiry. He found the Duke of Athole and his adherents ready to rise in arms for the exiled family and confident of success—so confident, indeed, that they were ready to place their arms at the disposal of their rightful sovereign without demanding any further promise of assistance from the French king than an army of some 6000 or 7000 men. The number was small when compared with the vast extent of European armaments, but, as subsequent events showed, it was quite enough to have turned the scale in any of the later struggles. But when Hooke

moved farther south he met with others whose loyalty was possibly not less sincere, but whose caution prompted conditions as to assistance which were more stringent. Ten thousand men was the least force from France which promised, in their opinion, success to the enterprise. They must have a supply of artillery and, above all things, of the commodity most scarce in Scotland—money—before it would be prudent to rise in arms. But if their king were to land with such an army and with such sinews of war, they could promise to join him with 25,000 foot and 5000 horse at their back. The extent of their demands was measured, not by their weakness, but by their confidence in the strength of their own cause; and indeed the appeal to arms was never afterwards made with the same prospect of success. For one cause or another, almost every section of the nation was embittered against the existing Government. The Presbyterian Church had assented to the Union as the price of security for itself; but its preachers now found themselves compelled by the apparently unanimous opinion of their congregations to denounce the Union in every utterance from their pulpits. Even the enthusiastic Cameronians, who detested Prelacy, and looked upon the papistical tenets of the Stuarts as an accursed thing, were fain to hope that the exiled family might repent of its heresies, and were ready to make common cause with the Episcopalians in resistance to a Union that was fraught with degradation to their country. The landed aristocracy could count upon the support of their followers; and in almost every burgh the Union had been burned at the common cross amidst the execrations of the crowd. The whole forces of the Crown in Scotland

scarcely numbered 2500 men, and of these it was expected that at least 2000 would desert to the standard of the exiled king. The garrisons throughout the country were practically unmanned, and the castle of Edinburgh was held by a handful of men without the munitions of war. Within that castle there lay the treasure paid by England in terms of the Union, and such a treasure would supply just what was wanting to secure the success of the enterprise. Nothing could be easier than to march upon the northern towns of England, and, by holding Newcastle, to deprive London of her coal supply. One element of weakness there was, and that was disunion amongst themselves. The agent of the French king knew nothing of the state of the country, and he would, indeed, have been possessed of unusual political acumen had he acquired that knowledge. He committed the fatal mistake of dealing separately with the different leading members of the party, and this was the very means best calculated to confirm their mutual jealousy and distrust.

But indeed the conditions of the country were little studied save as they affected the plans of the French king. To conceive that the Grand Monarch would interfere in the affairs of Scotland from an abstract regard for hereditary principles, or for sympathy with a loyal but defeated party, was nothing but midsummer madness. The extension of French influence could be the only aim either of the king or of his Ministers. Nothing proves more conclusively that Jacobitism had stepped down to a lower position, and was no longer a powerful and avowed parliamentary opposition, than the circumstance that, with all the support which they found in national indignation, its

adherents were ready to abate their pride, and submit to terms which made them tools and dupes in the hands of Louis. This is visible throughout the whole of Hooke's negotiation. This obscure soldier who, born in England, had accepted service in the army of her deadliest foes, yet assumed towards the proudest members of the Scottish aristocracy the tone of a plenipotentiary who did not seek to disguise the fact that he considered their cause only as it affected his master's designs. Their reasonable demands he met with a haughty condescension. "I begged of them," he says, "to remember that they had to do with a prince of the utmost penetration, who will never suffer himself to be imposed upon; that it would not look well in them to be teaching him what was his interest"—and so on. They were expected to imperil their fortunes and their lives on a mere hypothesis that it might suit the French king's purpose to make some attempt upon Scotland, mainly designed, not to realise their aims, but to divert some of England's military force from the Continent, and to shake the stability of English credit. His tone towards the Duke of Hamilton, whose honour was never impugned, but whose constitutional hesitation made him shrink from the danger to himself and his followers of entering upon an enterprise of an entirely new character, was that of overweening insolence. "I was not," he reports himself as having said, "come into Scotland to ask the Duke of Hamilton's advice about the king's affairs: his Majesty did not want it. The duke did not deal fairly; he used tricks unbecoming to a person of his rank; he pretended to want to treat, but did not take any measures for it. I was tired of all his shuffling and evasions; and if he could not do any-

thing, I should perhaps find means to save Scotland" ("save it," that is, in the sense of making it another pawn in the French game) "without him." Nor was the tone of this obscure adventurer, so far as we can gather, resented. The national feeling was ready to catch at any hope of assistance, however doubtful its promise and however degrading its conditions. They strove to support their cause by a flattery that was almost servile. "They have directed me to represent that the French are as much loved in Scotland as they are hated in England. . . . That they still preserve several French idioms and terms of expression; that France is therefore always dear to them." It is odd to find little traits of social and linguistic form gravely put forward as make-weights in the balance of European intrigue!

Louis, however, appeared to think that Scottish loyalty might be used to good purpose for furthering his own schemes. It was arranged that the exiled king should start from Dunkirk with an army of some 5000 men in a fleet commanded by the Comte de Forbin. The illness of the titular king delayed the expedition until an English fleet appeared before Dunkirk, and when that fleet was driven off by stress of weather the French expedition started on the 6th of March 1707. A storm once more drove them for shelter to the Newport-pits, from which they sailed again on the 8th. The voyage was unusually long, and instead of sailing straight to the Firth of Forth the fleet made a detour as far as thirty miles north of Aberdeen, and it was only on the evening of the 12th that they cast anchor before Crail, on the northern coast of the Firth of Forth. The Chevalier was anxious to land at once, but he was

prevented by the French commander. In a few hours the English fleet, under Sir George Byng, which had started in pursuit, entered the Firth. The French fleet cut their cables, and by a skilful manœuvre managed to elude the far stronger English fleet, and to escape with the loss of a single vessel. The French ships rendezvoused in the North Sea. The entreaties of the Chevalier to be put on shore at any point on the Scottish coast were disregarded, and within three weeks of the day from which, with every semblance of sincerity, which it was thought convenient to assume, the French king had despatched the expedition for the invasion of Scotland, the fleet returned to Dunkirk—not a man of the expedition having set foot on Scottish soil.

Meanwhile the alarm amongst the supporters of the Government in Scotland had been extreme. Every Jacobite was in a state of elation, and moved about the streets of Edinburgh with a haughtiness that he took no pains to conceal. Messengers were sent all over the country, and the Jacobite adherents threw off all disguise, and hastened with their followers towards the capital. The sands of the detested Union seemed to be fast running out, and a Jacobite restoration, to be received with far greater fervour of national enthusiasm than that of 1660, seemed about to be realised. The Hanoverian adherents were a wretched minority, and the Earl of Leven, who commanded a handful of soldiers on whose fidelity he could not rely, was in a state of nervous fear. He drew up his troops on the sands of Leith when ships of war appeared in the Firth, but it must have been with heavy misgivings as to his power of offering any effective resistance to the landing of the French contingent.

It soon, however, appeared that the ships which had been sighted were not those which brought the exiled king to the arms of his subjects eager to show their loyalty, but Byng's fleet, before which the enemy had already fled. Never were hopes so confident more cruelly shattered. On the eve of what appeared an easy and certain victory the Jacobites found themselves cowed by the presence of an English fleet. Their elation was suddenly changed to discomfiture, and instead of the secure leaders of the nation's impulse, they found themselves a baffled and discredited faction, steeped in treason, and with little to expect except forfeiture, imprisonment, or death. Whether the French king had intended more than a feint which was to disturb the English Government, or whether he had only given orders which forced upon his commanders an excess of caution, it is useless to conjecture; but it is at least certain that the allurements of his proffered aid had misled the Jacobite hopes when they were highest, and converted what had been a proud and confident party, commanding all but unanimous national support, into a defeated faction, to be associated hereafter, in the mind of the English nation, with treason and intrigue, for which the gibbet and the axe were the proper remedies. It is not the least tragic element in the history of that ill-fated party, that in its first attempt, as in its later efforts, it was the sport and plaything of the irony of fortune.

The full force of the blow did not fall at once. A few gentlemen were arrested in Stirlingshire who had actually gathered together in arms, and against whom it would appear to have been easy to prove an overt act of treason. They were brought to trial; but hard

swearing, sympathetic juries, and a court which contained not a few judges who were more or less implicated in designs of the sort, resulted in their acquittal —an acquittal which the Government probably did not regret. The alarm had been real and well founded, but its collapse was so sudden and so complete as to have a certain comic aspect, and it was not impolitic to allow the incident to pass without increasing discontent by punishing men who had on their side the sympathy of the great majority of the nation. Many other men of influence were arrested on suspicion and were taken as prisoners to London, but they were soon after released. The release was partly due to the influence which for the moment that unstable politician, the Duke of Hamilton, had with the Whig party, now dominant in English politics, and this was the beginning of the intimate connection of the Scottish Jacobites with one or other of the English political parties. Their history during the next six years consists mainly of their attempt to advance their own schemes by subtle combinations now with one and now with the other party, and of their tortuous windings amidst the troubled waters of English politics. The arena of their own parliament was now closed to them. The high hopes which they had founded upon the assistance of the French king had left them stranded as dupes of his selfish schemes. For a time they endeavoured to retrieve their hopes and recover their influence by making themselves essential to one or other party in England, although with no scrap of sympathy with the main points of dispute which divided one from the other.

At the outset they had some reason for confidence. The elections in Scotland had gone strongly in favour

of the Jacobites, and although the number of Scottish members—based on the proportion of revenue instead of that of population—was unduly small, they were compactly knit together. The representative peers also belonged largely to that party, and although their influence was comparatively small, they acted for the most part, except in some points which affected the privileges of their order, in close concert with the House of Commons managers. Parties being fairly balanced, a compact body of forty-five members could seriously influence a division in the House of Commons, and although English selfishness and prejudice often united both parties in flouting the aspirations of the Scots, yet their alliance was worth cultivating. The discontent in Scotland was becoming even more pronounced, and in it the Scottish members had a powerful sustenance and support.

The chief manager of the party in the House was George Lockhart of Carnwath, whose 'Memoirs' form a most important source of information as to the whole course of the transaction. He is an undisguised partisan. He makes no secret of his bias, and of his detestation of all who were adverse to the claims of the exiled family. By that touchstone he forms his judgment on all who took part in politics, and according to it, and it alone, he applies praise or blame. But allowing for this bias, which is never misleading, because it is never concealed, we may accept his account of the transactions of the day with implicit confidence. He can recognise and discriminate as to the ability of his opponents, and even as to the extent to which their character merits respect, as detached from the black smudge of Hanoverian sympathy. He avows that from first

to last his single object in all his intrigues was to promote the interests of the exiles, and that all other political questions weighed with him only as they could be used to advance or to injure these interests. His own position and his own character —nay, even the very candour with which he tells his story—are sufficient to acquit him of any mean or sordid notion. Of a descent which made him rank with the proudest of the aristocracy, he was at the same time one of the wealthiest of Scotsmen, and his influence in Lanarkshire, and throughout the south-west of Scotland, was second only to that of the Duke of Hamilton. He spared no time or trouble, and shrank from no danger and no loss, which could help the cause he had adopted. He sought no reward either in title or in money, and stood scrupulously aloof from the network of selfish intrigue which surrounded the exiled court. He was physically and morally fearless, and spoke his opinion with equal freedom to friend and foe. He was not only a ready and forcible speaker, trained in the stimulating atmosphere of the Scottish Estates, where eloquence was a common gift, but he possessed what is an even more valuable parliamentary faculty, the power of rapid perception and quick decision in a parliamentary crisis. He joined to all these qualifications the absence of any ambition for personal glorification, and a rare faculty for playing upon the hopes and fears of other men. He was, in short, by birth, by position, and by character, a man eminently fitted to play a decisive part in political affairs. By friendship and relationship he was connected with the leading men of both parties. His grandfather had been ambassador to France.

His father had met with a tragic death at the hand of a disappointed litigant, when President of the Court of Session. He was nephew to the Duke of Wharton, who, though deemed by Swift "the most universal villain I have ever known," was head of one of the proudest families in England, and a man of mark amongst the Whigs. He was the friend and intimate from childhood of the Duke of Argyle. His wife was a daughter of the Earl of Eglinton. To all these advantages he added a fearless, and, so far as we can see, a disinterested spirit. Only the baneful circumstances of his time depressed him. He was one of those strong characters whose very forcibleness narrows their range. Devoted to a cause which became more and more identified with all the dark devices that weave themselves about political intrigue, all his powers of character and intellect were driven into an underground channel, and all his moral principle became involved and twisted by conspiracy. There is in truth nothing more tragic in the history of Jacobitism than the degree to which the canker of intrigue penetrated the very life of men such as Lockhart, when they were involved in its meshes.

The united Parliament met in November 1708. The Scottish members soon found themselves called upon to resist encroachments on Scottish commercial privileges—or what they conceived to be encroachments; and even such small matters as the refusal of the usual drawbacks of duty on the export of fish cured in Scotland, on the ground that the salt with which it had been cured before the Union had not paid the English duty, gave rise to bitter discussion. The Scottish members of the House of Commons were

deprived of the aid of the representative peers, because they opposed certain privileges which gave these peers an undue influence in elections—an influence which was dreaded, because the peers were more disposed to truckle to the English Ministry than their countrymen in the Commons. This division made the English Ministers less chary of showing their contempt for Scottish opinion; and no great difficulty was found in passing an Act which assimilated the Scottish law of treason to that of England, and prevented such sympathetic treatment of prisoners as had been seen in the late trials. Treason was no longer to be tried at the Scottish Court of Justiciary, but by a commission of Oyer and Terminer, to be specially named, from which all could be excluded whose leniency there might be reason to fear. The power of extracting evidence by torture, which had been used to the full by the supporters of the Revolution Settlement, was abolished; but this was a poor consolation to the Scottish members, who saw in the new Act a serious menace to the independence of their own courts.

Parliament was prorogued in the spring of 1709. So far the Jacobites had not cast their lot very decidedly with one party or the other. To forecast the political horizon in that year would have been difficult for any one; most especially was it impossible for those who had no knowledge of the main elements in the complicated tangle of party warfare in that day. But during that year Harley's influence grew in proportion as that of Godolphin and the Duchess of Marlborough waned at Court. The Queen was anxious to rid herself of a galling tyranny, and sought a release by throwing herself on the support of Harley

and the Tories. The ill-judged prosecution of Sacheverell for the sermon in which he attacked Godolphin, and advocated the theory of Divine Right in such terms as seemed to condemn the Revolution Settlement, precipitated Godolphin's fall. An outburst of popular indignation hard to explain, and stimulated chiefly by unthinking prejudice, ranged itself on the side of Church and Crown, of which the Tories professed themselves the defenders. The battle was fought over the really insignificant body of this obscure and unworthy divine, whom ill-timed prosecution converted into a national hero.

The Scottish members seemed now to have found their opportunity. The Government of Godolphin were not only responsible for the hated Union, but had flouted the Scottish members and made light of their discontent. They were baulked in the blow which they had aimed at the Tories through Sacheverell, and their failure was the signal for their fall. The Scottish commoners threw themselves heart and soul into the contest, and by their influence the Duke of Hamilton was persuaded to vote against Sacheverell's conviction. The Earl of Mar, who had been one of the chief agents of the Union, but was now become one of its bitterest opponents, took the same course; and although the Duke of Argyle did not actually vote against the Ministry, he helped to shelter Sacheverell from their wrath. Harley and his present associate, St John, triumphed. The famous Ministry of "the Last Four Years of the Queen" was established; and it was under no small debt of gratitude to the compact band of Scottish members that had aided the victory.

At first it seemed as if this novel method of ad-

vancing the aims of Scottish Jacobitism, by skilful combination with an English party, was to prove successful. The union between Harley and the Scotsmen seemed cordial. But perseverance in the pursuit of a bold line of politics was not in keeping with the character of Harley. His political wisdom never rose higher than adroit management, well-assumed hesitation, and a perplexity of aim which managed to baffle detection by its very obscurity. He had no fixed and definite aim; and in pursuing a tortuous course amidst the confused sea of contending factions, he neither could, nor would, maintain faith with his Scottish allies. His only device for securing influence was to conceal his aims — a concealment all the more easy because he knew them not himself. The only power of the Scottish members lay in the intense and rigid simplicity of their purpose. Between such elements, permanent coalition was impossible.

The experience of the Scottish members under Godolphin was repeated on each new occasion. A proposed tax upon the export of linen — Scotland's staple trade—was met by their most angry protest; but their efforts led to no result but a slight modification of the tax. Harley defended the proposal with a bluntness of phrase that was almost brutal. "Have we not fought the Scots," he said, "and have we not a right to tax them?" Such an appeal to the unthinking prejudices of his supporters of the October Club does not deserve to be dignified by the name of arrogance—it was only the vulgar bullying of a purblind intriguer, who caught at any pretext that served for a moment. It met with a dignified rebuke from Lockhart, who knew how to turn it to admirable account. "He was glad to hear a truth, which he

had never doubted, now publicly owned—that Scotland had been sold. But he admired that it should be held that the Equivalent Grant should be named as the price. That Equivalent was paid because Scotland took upon herself a share of England's debts. It would, therefore, be interesting to know what price had been paid for Scottish independence, and into whose hands that price had passed." A Bill promoted by Scotsmen, for the encouragement and regulation of the Scottish linen trade, was successful in the House of Commons, but only after bitter opposition from many English members and lukewarm support from the Ministry; and in the House of Lords it was thrown out.

The same fate attended every attempt. A Bill for encouraging the importation of Scottish timber also failed; and when Lockhart and his friends conceived that the time was ripe for a Bill for the Toleration of Episcopacy in Scotland, it was thwarted and delayed, because Harley dreaded any complete rupture with the Presbyterians.

The Duke of Queensberry, whose skill and statesmanship had steered the bark of the Union through troubled waters, was now dead. Harley had no such statesman on his side to manage Scottish affairs. The Duke of Argyle and Lord Mar were now the leaders of the Scottish party; but though they seemed to be acting with Harley, their support was not secure. The Duke of Hamilton was not unfriendly; but he was in the first place a Jacobite, and only in the second place a Tory of Harley's school. Lockhart, who was the heart and soul of the Jacobite party, was daily becoming more suspicious of Harley's evasions and subterfuges. For a time Harley managed to

avoid a rupture. The projected mission of the Duke of Hamilton to France seemed to portend some purpose of negotiating for a Jacobite restoration; and the subsidies granted to certain of the Highland chiefs, which enabled them to maintain the military discipline of their clans, seemed to point the same way. The tragic death of the Duke of Hamilton, in his duel with Lord Mohun, on the eve of setting out on his mission—a death in which foul play had certainly a part, and in which political enmity, perhaps, was not without its influence—defeated these hopes; but the Bills for tolerating Episcopacy, and still more that for restoring Patronage in the Presbyterian Church, were accepted as earnests of a more cordial attitude on the part of the Tory Ministers towards their Jacobite allies.

The latter of these Acts requires more than a casual mention, as it had far-reaching influence. In its inception it was certainly planned to increase the influence of the landed gentry, who were well disposed to the Jacobite interest, and might be counted on to favour that interest in the nomination of incumbents. Since the Reformation all the fiercest struggles in the Scottish Church turned—as they were to turn down to a far later day—upon the question of the selection of her ministers, as was only natural where religion penetrated so deeply into the heart of the people. But as the question presented itself to the Scottish people, it was not one of popular against territorial influence; it was in truth one involving the maintenance of what was believed to be purity of doctrine. The gifts which commended a preacher to a congregation were not those which would naturally be supposed to attract the favour of the less educated.

They were rather those of stern and unbending rigidity of doctrine, of fierce disciplinary zeal, and of powerful appeals to the passion of enthusiasm. In the eyes of a people who had suffered the direst agony of persecution, who absorbed the metaphysical aspect of religion to a degree which has never been equalled in the history of the world, and who felt that the very existence of their creed depended upon the maintenance of its doctrinal purity, such gifts in their pastor gave a sense of security and strength which far transcended the value of any other attractions. Had the choice of their ministers remained with the congregations, the ecclesiastical Establishment would probably have retained its iron discipline, and its stern rigidity of doctrine would have endured, and would have kept Scotland fundamentally divided from English feeling and English thought. To the English Ministry the Patronage Act seemed a fairly promising bulwark against democratic influence; and we find Swift claiming high merit in its enactment for the Ministry to the support of which he had devoted his genius. But in truth the measure was one the effect of which the English Ministers could not even remotely estimate. It was really the work of the Jacobite party, which hoped by its means to capture the Church. It remained upon the statute-book for one hundred and sixty years, and was almost the solitary monument of the influence of that party on the history of Scotland. But it wrought in a way absolutely opposed to their design. It was to that Act that the growth of the Moderate party in the Church of Scotland was due. The influence of that party we shall trace in future years. It was of another temper from that of

the rigid Covenanters, who sought to maintain an archaic rigidity of discipline unsuited to the age. It fostered in the Church a new type of clergymen, who attached small importance to niceties of doctrine, and boldly asserted a more liberal code of ethics. They claimed for themselves, and extended to others, a freedom from restraint that largely transformed the temper of the people. They passed beyond a conception of religion founded upon Hebraic models, and found interest and occupation in literature and in the general intercourse of the world. They broke down barriers that had previously kept the nation sternly aloof from modern thought, and in so doing they helped to cement the Union between England and Scotland. They refused to consider the distinction of Church government between Episcopacy and Presbyterianism as of more than minor interest, and were content to rest the framework of their ecclesiastical system upon grounds of expediency. It was only natural that they should often lay themselves open to charges of indifferentism and laxity; and the older instincts of the people again and again broke out in resistance to Patronage, and new currents of dissent took their rise from these epochs of resistance. But none the less, the work which the Moderate party performed for the country was a great one; and little as they anticipated the result, it was the Jacobite party which by this Patronage Act enabled the Moderate party to come into existence. The dominant party in the Church never became tainted with Jacobitism. It accepted the Revolution settlement, and not only acquiesced in the Union, but broke down many of the barriers of thought and sentiment which at first made that Union odious. Under its influence

Scotland assumed a place of her own in the front rank of philosophy and literature. And the bulwark which that party raised in its earlier years against the stern rigidity of an uncompromising and unyielding isolation of religious doctrine it afterwards maintained against the encroachments of demagogic allurements. It was a strange coincidence that the Act which made that party possible was repealed by the Conservative party in our own day, in one of those strange moods of compliance which sacrifice principle to popularity, and in a vain attempt to conciliate irreconcilable opponents.

So much for one Act which the Jacobite influence helped to place upon the statute-book, and which had far-reaching results of which they could have little dreamed. But their attempts to attain their own ends by the adroit management of English parties had really little success. Harley used their aid when it might be useful to him against the Whigs; but where purely Scottish interests were concerned he made little scruple of leaving them in the lurch. A proposal was soon after made that the malt tax should be extended to Scotland. Such a proposal was quite enough to unite all Scottish opinion against it, with little consideration of the real merits of the question. It was unprecedented: it was oppressive: it was a means of striking at the whole agricultural interests of the poorer country. Barley in Scotland was so poor that it could not support such a tax. Nay, more, rents were often paid in kind, and the heritors, who were often good Jacobites, would be the chief sufferers. The arguments from the Scottish point of view were specious enough to sway national opinion, and to make the impost the occasion of riots all over

the country; and the appeal to their own interests was quite sufficient to persuade the Scottish lairds to make themselves the champions of the national indignation. It was forgotten that the impost was distinctly provided for in the Act of Union, although it was stipulated that it should be deferred until the close of the Continental war. It would have been useless to point out, what was nevertheless the fact, that the argument from the inferiority of the crop had no application unless the tax was to be differentiated according to the fertility of each county, nay, of each farm, in England. Logic and political argument went for little in such a dispute; the broad issue alone was attended to, and the fight was waged on the one side with the obstinate tenacity of despair, on the other with much of the insolence of confidence and overwhelming numbers. Even on the merits alone the case for Scotland was not strong; but it was strong enough to bind together all the Scottish members of both Houses as one man. The divisions upon it were not complicated by any delusive alliances with the English Tories. Almost every English vote, whether Whig or Tory, was cast on one side: on the other the Scotsmen united with a cordiality they had never known before. Even had their cause been a worse one, it is impossible to refuse admiration to the sturdy defence of the handful of Scottish members against the overwhelming strength of a contemptuous majority. The taunts thrown on their own country never were more galling; but never were they thrown back with more passionate indignation. For long their fury had been restrained by the hopes that success might be achieved by strategy, and that party might be balanced against party. But their patience

was now exhausted, and the boldest spirits saw that the support of Harley and his friends could never be secure unless it were riveted by fear. The English members were told to their faces that their insolence might be safe in numbers, but that they would not dare to answer singly for the cowardly taunts which their majority inspired.

The fight was unsuccessful, as it was bound to be; but it served at least to define the future attitude of the Scottish members. Harley had played them false: he must be taught that if their friendship was not worth buying, their determined hostility might be dangerous. One point was gained: all sections of the Scottish party were knit together, and the benefit of this union might be reaped by those whose aims were most definite and most consistent, and who were the best masters of parliamentary strategy. If the Tories had proved fickle, what hopes might be cherished from the Whigs?

Had the Scottish contingent conceived themselves to be bound to the interests of the United Kingdom; had they felt any allegiance to party ties in the English Parliament, or any interest in party aims,—the indifference with which they changed their party allegiance might be deemed callous in its cynicism. But they had indeed no such thought. The majority had come to Westminster with no aim but to prove the Union a device injurious to both nations, and destructive to their own. Time and experience had imbued the whole body of members with the indignation which the majority had at first felt; and there were few now who were not ready to venture upon any extremities to sweep that Union away. What they had failed to achieve by dexterous strategy the

Jacobite leaders, and above all Lockhart, hoped now to achieve by a last effort of despair. They determined to measure swords with their opponents by a proposal to repeal the Union.

Lockhart would fain have started this proposal in the House of Commons; but it was eventually decided that the experiment might best be tried in the House of Lords. The negotiations were carried on with no attempt at concealment. Harley (now Earl of Oxford) was thoroughly alarmed.[1] Such a scheme might, it was foreseen, receive the support of the Whigs. He sent for Lockhart, and expostulated with him in an interview that shows both men in their true colours. Oxford told Lockhart that their designs were known to him, and was answered by an assurance that such knowledge was precisely what they desired. But the blame, said Oxford, rests chiefly with you. What blame there was, Lockhart did not know, but at least all Scottish members shared it. "You will bring an old house about your ears," answered Oxford, "and the queen will highly resent your conduct." "We cannot well be worse than we are," said Lockhart; "we must now make the best of a bad bargain: if the queen thought ill of our designs, it must be from misinformation, that was doubtless our misfortune, but it did not alter our duty." Oxford assured him that the Ministry would

[1] Clerk of Penicuick ('Memoirs,' Scot. Hist. Society, p. 88) states that the opposition of the Tory minister to this scheme was due to the fact that the repealing Bill proposed that the Elector of Hanover should succeed to the throne of Scotland, just as by the Act of Union, and this seemed adverse to the hopes of the Pretender in England. The theory seems far-fetched, and cannot be seriously maintained. The repeal of the Union under any conditions would have been helpful to the Jacobites. Oxford's hesitation arose from his conviction that it was so favourable to them that it would have been fatal to his own power.

show their resentment against all that furthered the plan, and he wished that for their own sakes they would let it fall. "Discouragement," answered Lockhart, "was no new thing to them, but he should find them resolute, and all the more resolute for his threats. If it were needful they had courage to suffer for their country."

Oxford's blustering, the last resource of a weak man who saw his subterfuge exposed, failed to produce any effect. The personal influence of the queen was brought to bear, but it was as little to the purpose. The Scottish Jacobites were strong just because they knew that they shared at least some of the secret sympathies of the queen, and that amongst Oxford's colleagues there were men like Bolingbroke, who viewed with no misgiving the chances of a restoration.

The debate in the House of Lords showed a strange revulsion of feeling against the Union. Its repeal was moved by the Earl of Findlater, who as Lord Seafield had been Chancellor of Scotland when the Union passed, and who had made the last scene of Scottish independence the subject of an ill-timed jest. It was supported by the Duke of Argyle, who had been Queensberry's chief confidant, and who had long been esteemed the leading advocate of the Union amongst the Scottish nobility. Lord Mar had found it his interest to press the Union in 1707; he now found that self-interest, which was the ruling guide of all his action, directed him the other way. From the motive of party spirit, and in the hope of embarrassing the Ministry, the Whigs were ready to vote for the undoing of what it had only a few years before been

their glory to have achieved. The motion for leave to introduce the Bill was thrown out by a narrow majority; but enough had been done to show the resentment in which six years' experience of the Union had united the Scottish people, and how powerful a weapon this resentment was in the hands of the Jacobite party.

The hopes of that party as to what might be achieved by parliamentary strategy were not yet at an end. Parliament was dissolved in the summer of 1713, and that which met in the spring of 1714 contained a Tory majority, not indeed so large as that in the last Parliament, but more united, and containing a larger proportion of men who were prepared to accept a Jacobite restoration on the death of the queen. Oxford continued his methods of subterfuge and vacillation, and seemed to be deterred from throwing himself upon the support of the Whigs as a means of overcoming the opposition of his colleague St John (now Lord Bolingbroke), only because the Whigs seemed in no way disposed to accept the proffer of his alliance. Meanwhile Bolingbroke showed his hand more and more plainly, and gave increased encouragement to the aims of the Jacobites. Experience had made them shy of trusting the faith of an English Minister, and they bluntly assured him that their support could be purchased only by speedy and decisive action, and that they considered their plans to be more injured by delay and vacillation than by professed opposition. Bolingbroke tried every device of temporising subterfuge. "Let them give him time; the power of Oxford would soon be at an end. He was heart and soul with them: meanwhile let them

not drive matters too far." But to the guilt of dissimulation Bolingbroke added lack of boldness to strike for that at which his dissimulation aimed. He did not shrink from treason, but hung back when the treason called for action. To the Scottish Jacobites there seemed little doubt but that a restoration was possible in the last year of Queen Anne's reign, if only Bolingbroke had been prepared to declare himself. It was the object of the hopes of at least a large proportion of the Tories, and was dreaded as almost inevitable by as large a number of the Whigs. The prepossessions of Lockhart and his friends compel us to receive their evidence as to the state of feeling at Westminster with some doubt; but they were clearly right in believing that nothing was more fatal to their hopes than such a course of vacillation as Oxford had pursued, and from which Bolingbroke varied only so far as enabled him to outbid Oxford for their support. The old game of vague and delusive offers on one side, of suspicion, anger, and exasperation on the other, went on a little longer; and it closed only when the queen's death, in August 1714, put an end for ever to the shuffling evasion by which Bolingbroke had attempted to capture the support, and yet delude the hopes, of his Scottish allies.

When the curtain fell upon the last stirring scene of the Scottish Parliament, one act of the Jacobite drama had been closed. Baffled in the parliamentary arena of their own country, their hopes were next based on the delusive promises of the French king. They had been prepared to put their cause to the arbitrament of war, carried on with foreign

aid. That scheme miscarried; and at the very moment when their hopes seemed highest, it left them not only the dupes and playthings of the selfish ambitions of Louis, but branded as participators in what must henceforward be deemed a cause identified with treason. No government that values its own security can give any other name to a scheme which, whatever its moral justification, invokes the aid of a foreign power to undo the deliberate work of the domestic legislature. Success, and success alone, can give legal justification to such action; and, failing such success, its adherents must expect no other treatment than that which awaits treason and conspiracy.

But the Jacobites escaped easily and lightly from the fiasco of 1708. They renewed the combat at Westminster, and for a time it seemed as if the growing resentment, which was the first fruit of the Union, might, by skilful manipulation and by dexterous parliamentary strategy, be turned to good account. They formed what seemed to be a close alliance with the Tory party, and one section of that party was not indisposed to accept their designs in favour of the exiled family. They left their mark upon the statute-book, and came near to the undoing of that Union which was the standing barrier to their hopes. But they found in time that they were working in an alien field, and dealing with parties whose sympathies were not with them. The larger wave of English politics submerged and overwhelmed them, and baffled all their finely drawn schemes. Whatever their resource, their ability, and the undaunted courage with which they pressed their

aim, they found themselves duped and befooled by Oxford and by Bolingbroke, even as they had been by the delusive show of assistance with which Louis XIV. had for the moment dazzled them. Ill-fortune tracked their footsteps, and the next phase of the struggle was to be enacted on other ground and in another shape.

CHAPTER III.

FROM THE ACCESSION OF GEORGE I. TO 1745.

THE death of the queen ended with dramatic suddenness the parliamentary hopes of the Jacobites and the doubtful plans of their allies amongst the Tory Ministers. The strong breeze of favouring fortune which brought the Hanoverian family safely to the throne—of which but a few months before it had at most but a problematical hope—scattered the gossamer web of Jacobite intrigue into thin air. The fire and enthusiasm of Bishop Atterbury prompted his offer to proclaim the Stuart succession at Westminster if he had the attendance of a bodyguard; but such an incident would have had no other character than that of a theatrical episode. The issue was now to be left to the arbitrament of sterner weapons.

The prospects of the Jacobite party were not altogether dark, however their schemes were baffled for the moment. A large majority of the gentry, and probably the preponderating number of the common people, so far as they had any very distinct political opinions, were attached to the ancient house. The strength of the Tory party was not indeed proportionate to its numbers. It was a party composed

of heterogeneous elements: and the gulf was very wide between the Tory who was ready to accept Hanoverian rule if his Church were safe, and the Tory who was ready to place hereditary right even higher than the claims of his Church. But it might safely be reckoned that the whole of that party would sooner or later veer towards the Jacobites if any success were to attend their efforts. The resources which, with good fortune, they might hope to command, were abundant, and the forces at the command of the Crown were few. Large parts of the country were openly disaffected, and every section of it was honeycombed with intrigue. England was an ill-united country, distrustful and contemptuous of its Government, but sturdily attached to its habits and its institutions, and not certain that these might not be better preserved under the older line than under the rule of a foreign dynasty. In Scotland, hatred of the Union, the jealousy of alien interference, the various causes that had contributed to keep alive the zeal of national independence — all tended the same way. Scottish pride united with Scottish poverty in stimulating hatred of English administration, which was identified with the Hanoverian line. In the background the dark and unexplored region of the Highlands concealed an undying tenacity of local custom and local tradition which found its best safeguard in resistance to the plans of the English Government, and which wrapped itself in a loyalty to the Stuarts which was strong chiefly because it covered a virulent racial antipathy to their neighbours in the South. All the outward symptoms told for the Jacobite cause: it was only a question what the issue would be in the long struggle between the

slow growth of the plant of self-interest in the soil of national prosperity, and the more enthusiastic loyalty, stimulated by accidental causes, but less solid in its roots, and less healthy in its growth.

When an appeal to arms follows immediately upon the failure of a parliamentary campaign, it starts under the worst auspices both for success and for a display of high-minded valour. The adoption of new plans divides the counsels of a party and shatters its unity, and the first appeal to arms is apt to be guided only by that section of the party which comprises its most reckless spirits and its most cunning intriguers. This was signally illustrated in the Rebellion of 1715.

Its first inception was under evil omens. The central spirit in that rebellion was the Earl of Mar, one of the most striking and one of the least attractive of the personalities of the day. The halo of romance and unselfish loyalty which has gathered about the Jacobite story, and has made of it a legend of heroism, certainly derives none of its brightness from the Earl of Mar. He was now a man of forty-four years of age, but already his career had been a strange one. Born to the succession of an ancient title and vast territorial influence, his birth was nevertheless attended by baneful shadows. His father had shown no great consistency of political principle, and after abandoning his hereditary loyalty he had opposed the Stuart cause at the Revolution, only to repent once more—so bitterly that, according to common belief, his remorse had led him to take his own life. His son, John Erskine, Earl of Mar, was brought up by a mother from whom he inherited a misshapen body and a perverse nature — shared to the full by his brother, of whom we shall hear more, who took to the

study of the law, rose to the Bench under the title of Lord Grange, and scandalised a not over-punctilious society by his combination of fanatical religion with coarse and lawless profligacy. Like many of his class, Lord Mar found his high rank and territorial influence crippled by grinding straits of poverty. To a deformed person he joined a certain dexterity and abundant resources of intrigue, and his position was such as almost forced him to use that intrigue as the means of advancing his personal interest. Already in 1706 he had been Secretary of State in Scotland, and he found it expedient to be one of the strongest advocates of the Union. When that Union was accomplished he became Secretary of State in the English Government, and was soon as great an adept in the arts of English party politics as he had proved himself in the Parliament House at Edinburgh. He doubled the character of a great Highland chief with that of an English courtier, and moved as easily amongst the polished circles of Queen Anne's court as when he ruled with absolute sway the vast clans that recognised his patriarchal rule on the banks of the Dee. When he found it expedient, under the Government of Lord Oxford, he joined the ranks of those who attempted to bring about the repeal of the Union, and he was deeply engaged in the schemes so rife during the last years of Queen Anne for a Stuart restoration. When the Hanoverian accession was accomplished with so much ease he attempted once more to trim his sails to the prevailing breeze, and sought to make his peace with George I. But his overtures were ignominiously repulsed, and with an amazingly rapid versatility he resolved to make himself the leader in an armed attempt to replace the

Stuart family on the throne. He put himself in communication with the exiled court, and persuaded himself, as he persuaded others, that every circumstance was auspicious of success. With the passionate eagerness of despair he glozed over every difficulty, and resolved to be the first to catch at what seemed a certain success, only because every other resource had failed him.

On the 2nd of August 1715 Mar set sail, in disguise, at Gravesend, on board a collier, and landed at Elie, in the Firth of Forth, on the Fifeshire coast. He was accompanied only by two friends and two servants, but his plans were already known to some of the leading Jacobites throughout Scotland. After spending some days in Fife, where the lairds were for the most part Jacobite in their sympathies, he went to his estates in Aberdeenshire on the 20th, having issued invitations to a great hunting-match to be held on the 27th.

Such gatherings were well known to be but thinly veiled pretexts for the mustering of armed force. It was customary to gather at them all the leading territorial aristocracy and the heads of the clans; and these assembled, attended by their followers in arms, one of the stated obligations of these followers being to attend their feudal superior in "hunting" as well as in "hosting," in sport as well as in war. The gathering at Braemar was one of which the meaning could not be mistaken by the Government. The nobles who met there came from all parts of the country; and however they might differ in the degree to which they were prepared to hazard their lives and fortunes in armed rebellion, they were at least bound together by such sympathy as would have made them

welcome the restoration of the exiled family by some means or other. The standard of the army which was to do battle for the rights of the exiled family was raised at Braemar on the 6th of September, and about the same time the exiled Prince was proclaimed as James VIII. of Scotland and James III. of England at Aberdeen, Inverness, Dundee, Montrose, and various other places throughout the district north of the Forth.

The rapid growth of the rebellion proved that, however much Mar's action had been prompted by personal disappointment and repulse, it had served to stir the sparks of an already smouldering fire. Scotland was, indeed, honeycombed by Jacobitism; and the moment seemed well timed to catch that Jacobitism when its hopes were highest and its enthusiasm most ready to be kindled. The smaller lairds or squires had much to gain and little to lose; and their discontent at the existing state of affairs had been stimulated by the comparison which closer contact had provoked between their own poverty and the prosperity of their southern neighbours. The Highland chiefs might be expected to join the standard of revolt almost as one man, and their patriarchal authority was still sufficient to make it probable that they could command the unbroken support of their clansmen. The Jacobite cause had abundance of support in England, and it was natural that the impoverished Scottish lairds should forget that the inclination to hazard all in armed rebellion diminishes in intensity in proportion as the prosperity which may be risked by the attempt is greater. The opposition which the Union had provoked had been loudly proclaimed, and the causes of discontent which had supervened had led to numerous popular

outbreaks, which seemed to await only an opportunity to reassert their strength. The prosperity which the Union had brought to the towns and the trading community was of slow and silent growth, and was likely most of all to be overlooked by the territorial aristocracy, amongst whom the cause of Jacobitism found its most numerous adherents. It had been so long the habit to look to France as the inveterate foe of the English Government, and to expect from her encouragement and assistance for rebellion in Great Britain, that it was difficult to realise the difference which was brought about by the Peace of Utrecht and the death of Louis XIV. in 1715, which placed at the head of the French Government the Duke of Orleans, whose policy it was to keep on friendly terms with the English Ministry. When Mar pointed with a confidence which possibly he felt, and which he certainly affected, to the prospect of lavish assistance from abroad, there was only too much readiness to accept his accounts as accurate and well founded.

The fact was, that the abundance of support which the Jacobite cause commanded in Scotland in 1715 was largely the cause of its foredoomed failure. On the one hand, it seemed to render cautious deliberation and prudent management unnecessary; and, on the other hand, it prevented the cause from having the stimulus of exalted heroism. The plans of Mar had been suggested by his own disappointed ambition; and they were pushed on with such unthinking haste, that no proper measures of concerted action were taken. A large body of the most respectable Jacobite adherents were alienated or checkmated by not being allowed to share the confidence of the leaders, and by being forced into a position which made them prema-

turely the objects of suspicion to the English Government. Men like Lockhart found their long and carefully concocted plans frustrated by the sudden outbreak of armed rebellion, which took them unawares. With all Mar's astuteness, he possessed neither the military skill that would have enabled him to lead an armed force, nor the promptitude and decision that would have fitted him to decide what were the objects to which that force should be directed. The exigencies of his position—exigencies, in great part, of his own making—forced him to act prematurely, and he was compelled to cover his lack of preparation by grossly exaggerating the support upon which he could rely from abroad. He spoke vaguely, and in boastful terms, of the certainty of assistance from France, of the speedy appearance of the Prince, and of the simultaneous descent upon England of an expedition under the Duke of Ormond. The extent of his own delegated authority was doubtful; and, in truth, the only advantage which his successful and sudden appeal to the loyalty of the Highland clans gave to him, was that it found the English Government unprepared—and of that advantage he was personally unfitted to make use.

It is not necessary here to enter into the details of the rebellion, or to recount its successive incidents. It is sufficient to sum up shortly its general course, and the causes of its disastrous ending. Mar advanced to Perth with an army of some 10,000 men, and occupied the town without opposition. The northern part of the island was almost entirely held by the Jacobites; but even in that advance he left some parts under the sway of those who, like the Earl of Sutherland, adhered to the Hanoverian cause. Meanwhile the small body

of troops which the English Government could command were massed together at Stirling, and the Duke of Argyle was named Commander of the Forces in Scotland. With him it rested to prevent the advance of the insurgents south of the Forth, and this he could accomplish only by a waiting game, in which he was admirably assisted by Mar's hesitation. Instead of forcing his way southwards, Mar lingered at Perth, where disaffection and division of counsels became every day more rife. Territorially, Perth was a convenient gathering-place; but now, as on a later occasion, it was found to be a very hotbed for fostering all the animosities, and for exasperating all the deep-rooted feuds, which were inseparable from a Highland host — united only by similarity of language and of custom, but divided by the fierce antagonism of the various clans. Mar detached a body of his troops, under the Brigadier Mackintosh of Borlum, a doughty Highlander who had the advantage of a training in the art of war, to effect a junction with the rebels in the south country, who had been joined by a body of cavalry from the northern English shires. Mackintosh captured a ship which had been sent into the Forth with a supply of arms. He threatened Edinburgh, which was saved only by a forced march of the Duke of Argyle. Shortly before, an heroic but futile attempt had been made to seize the castle of Edinburgh; but it was frustrated by a reckless carelessness in the design, which almost invited detection. When Mackintosh joined the southern insurgents, endless disputes as to the line of march and the objects of the campaign arose; and it was only after the force had all but appealed to arms in order to settle their disputes that the march into England was decided upon, and

that they advanced to Preston, and there stood a siege which left them, before the middle of November, prisoners in the hands of the forces of the Government. Just at the same date Argyle found himself at last in a position to advance upon Perth, as Mar's strange procrastination had prevented him from pressing southwards upon Argyle's inferior force. On the 13th of November, Argyle, with some 3000 men, engaged the army of Mar on the field of Sheriffmuir, between Stirling and Perth. The issue of the battle was so far undecided that the right wing of each army defeated the troops opposed to it. But the engagement, in fact, answered the purpose of Argyle as well as a victory. It rendered any advance of the insurgents southwards impossible, and practically ended the rebellion. Soon after, the exiled Prince landed in Scotland and proceeded to Perth, to be crowned at Scone. For a moment the hopes of the Jacobites were rekindled, but the appearance was delusive. The Prince arrived too late, and neither his person nor his conduct was such as to inspire hope in a defeated and discredited gathering, which felt itself tricked and betrayed. Amidst many murmurings, and with much misgiving, it was decided to fall back upon Aberdeen, and to attempt at a later date to renew the rebellion in a more favourable position. But upon the march thither, the Prince and some of his immediate followers, with Mar himself, secretly embarked for France at Montrose. The army broke up at Aberdeen, and melted away amidst the fastnesses of the mountains, from which they had been drawn by false hopes, by a mistaken confidence in the strength of their own cause, and under the guidance of those who had neither the qualities of military leaders nor the

prudence and the deliberate preparation that might have made them successful designers of a definite plan of operations. The first act in the drama of Jacobite rebellion had been played by sorry actors.

Those who had been captured at Preston were brought to London, and received with every mark of contumely and scorn. They were thrown into the various prisons in the metropolis; but it was soon felt that it would be unwise for the Government to provoke despair and resentment by any severity. The jeers of the London populace were indeed their chief punishment. Two alone, the Earl of Derwentwater and Viscount Kenmure,—the noblest and most honest of a poor lot,—were executed. The great majority of the prisoners were suffered to escape from their confinement by a laxity which was too general not to have been the result of some connivance. In many cases the penalty of forfeiture was imposed. The lower offenders were pardoned; and the Highland clans were suffered to disperse to their own mountains and valleys without being harassed by military pursuit. The Duke of Argyle, who had been the means of ending the rebellion, exerted all his influence to mitigate the severity of punishment; and although his action therein cost him for a time his favour at Court, he was too considerable to be thwarted, and the English Government acquiesced in a policy which prudence dictated and which Argyle's services gave him the opportunity of urging with effect. Within five months of the raising of the standard at Braemar the rebellion had completely ended, and it might well seem as if the hopes of the Jacobites were finally quenched.

Once more, and this time in its first serious attempt at armed resistance to the established rule, the cause

had failed. Every year that new rule was strengthening its hold; and yet thirty years later it was to be assailed with all the heroism of a forlorn hope. Never would the defeated cause be so strong again as it was in 1715. At that time its chances were great. It had, indeed, failed before when it seemed to have all but united the feeling of the Scottish nation to resist the Union. It had failed once more when a vain and delusive show of assistance had been promised from France; and again it had been defeated in its attempt to recover itself on the arena of the English Parliament by mixing itself in the struggles of party. When it rashly assumed the offensive in 1715 there was much that seemed to tell in its favour. The Jacobites were certainly the preponderant majority of the Scottish nation, and they might safely count on the sympathy of a large part of England. When the moment seemed convenient, it was certain that the foreign jealousy of England's power would prompt assistance to any rebellion likely to weaken that power. The military forces at the command of the Government were meagre, and seemed almost to tempt an armed resistance. The Jacobites were weak only amongst the trading community in some of the towns, and these towns had not yet reached that importance as compared with the country districts which a few years of the Union was to bring to them.

But in truth the spirit of personal loyalty which was to give to Jacobitism the largest part of its force was not yet fully roused. That spirit was not stirred by the personal qualities of the actual representative of the Stuart family. It was to be kindled only to its full extent in the last and final effort of despair, and it was to unite with it the universal attachment of the

Highlands to the traditions of their patriarchal system, which they came to recognise as threatened in its very existence by the growth of a new state of society. In the north of Scotland there was, in 1715, much division of aims, and much that looked like disaffection to the Jacobite cause. Mar's difficulty in advancing southwards was greatly increased by the fact that he had behind him large and important sections of the Highland clans who had not entered into his schemes, and who united with the Government because such union seemed at the moment just as likely to consolidate their own customs as a hearty support of the rebellion would have done. The Earl of Sutherland maintained an active resistance to Jacobitism. Lord Reay, at the head of the powerful clan Mackay, maintained the same attitude. By a curious coincidence, the Frasers were drawn from their allegiance to the Jacobite cause at the call of the strange leader whose personality we shall presently have to observe more in detail, Lord Lovat: and he, who represented in its most lawless form the worst features of the Highland rule, in its savage contempt of law, was joined in a strange combination with his neighbour, Duncan Forbes of Culloden, who represented the newer spirit of law and order in the defence of the Hanoverian cause about Inverness. In the rebellion of 1715 there were many instances of conspicuous heroism, and of unselfish devotion; but they were exemplified quite as much by its southern supporters as by its Highland adherents.

The hopes of the cause were indeed ruined at its outset by the personal ambition and the recklessness of Mar, the most fatal adherent whom the House of Stuart ever had. Under the stimulus of personal rebuff, he had hurried on the rebellion before the

schemes were matured, before the different sections of the party were trained to act in concert, and before any attempt could be made to verify the absurdly exaggerated hopes of foreign assistance that were held out. The Chevalier did not come at the outset to give a glamour of heroism to the undertaking, and by his personal authority to prevent the spread of fatal dissension and of mutual jealousy. He joined his adherents only when the game was already up, when dejection had taken the place of hope, and when his presence was not a source of strength but an embarrassment. When he appeared his dejected mood and lack of heroic vigour increased the depression of an army already out-manœuvred in military tactics, and with its resources drained.

The Highlands were in 1715 only a strange and unknown territory, inhabited by a race alien alike in language, in sympathy, and in origin from the South, and with no common tie sufficient to enable them even to understand the history and the struggles of their southern neighbours. From the trade and the ordinary employments of the rest of Scotland they were absolutely cut off. Occasionally, indeed, they supplied their own poverty by raids on their more civilised neighbours: bands of them were occasionally to be seen in the cattle-markets of the south, where their uncouth tongue and dress, and their habit of carrying all the weapons of war, made them strange and unwelcome intruders. But after these occasional appearances they vanished into their own mountain fastnesses, having no temptation to prolong their stay amongst those whose life was strange to them, and confident on the other hand that the arm of the law could never follow them into their retreats.

With southern life they did not seek to mingle, and they had not as yet begun to fear that their own customs were in danger of being swept away. They had not yet learned the last heroism that is bred of despair. They could indeed, even before that day, be roused to great efforts, under leaders of military genius such as Montrose and Dundee; but amongst their own clan patriarchs they had no such inspiration.

A few years more was to work a strange transformation both in the Highlands and in the Lowlands. The Highland chiefs came to have more and more intercourse with foreign nations. More and more frequently they served in foreign armies. They acquired experience in the arts of statecraft and in the tactics of war. Without losing their authority and influence amongst their clans, they acquired a veneer of foreign polish, and a pretence to a certain sort of scholarship and culture. They became fitted for intrigue and combination, and learned a sort of diplomacy in foreign courts. Men so trained could make far more use of the vast and unquestioned authority which they wielded over their clansmen, to whom obedience was still a religious duty, fortified by every motive which superstition could bring to its aid.

At the same time the Lowlands, largely owing to the Union, were advancing in wealth, and were more and more disposed to maintain and spread the influence of the law as the best safeguard of that wealth. The existence on their very borders of what were considered to be little else than hordes of savage robbers, under alien customs and an alien rule, was more and more felt to be a standing menace to the

prosperity, and even the security, of the country. Men looked upon the Highlands and the clan system partly with fear, partly with curiosity, but still more strongly with impatience, as something which must be crushed before Scotland could enjoy the fruits of her growing prosperity in peace. The coming struggle was inevitable, and in that struggle Jacobitism found its last opportunity. It then combined in one heroic effort the most generous and devoted loyalty, and the despairing effort of a long tradition of custom and of government, deeply rooted in the affections of those who had inherited it, but doomed to decay and disappear. It enlisted in its cause the impetuous valour of a race of born warriors, and the practised skill of those who wielded over them an unquestioned authority, and who to that authority now united the craft and versatility which thirty years of plot and intrigue, and of experience in foreign courts and foreign camps, had given them; and, thanks to the errors of the English Government, it could count upon a discontent which various causes had ripened also in the Lowlands of Scotland, and which made Jacobite sympathies even there to be considered as something not only to be secretly cherished, but more or less openly professed.

It must not then be forgotten that Jacobitism, which for one generation more was to retain its force and vitality, was a plant which had struck its roots very deeply in the soil, and had spread its branches in many directions. It has been too much the custom to speak of it as an absurd and infatuated creed, maintained, at the worst, by unscrupulous adventurers, and, at the best, by those who nursed a romantic but forlorn hope. To a certain extent this aspect of it is

true. But it is not all the truth. Its most enlightened supporters set before themselves a certain definite ideal of government. Many of them had schemes of ecclesiastical government which seemed to them more consonant with their tastes and predilections than the Presbyterianism, which was the most characteristic Scottish creed. They were animated by a very keen, albeit a mistaken, sense of patriotism. They represented a strong tradition and a romantic impulse, which does not count for nothing in human affairs. They saw clearly the limitations of the dominant Whiggism of the day. No doubt the tenets of Jacobitism were often fantastic and absurd, and no one saw their errors more thoroughly than Scott. But it was just because he saw that it represented much that was strongest and most characteristic in the nation that he has entwined it with the national romance. It is an absurd mistake to consider Jacobitism in this its last generation of vitality as nothing but a fantastic and stage-struck fancy, buoyed up by the hairbrained schemes of adventurers. The heroism which its adherents displayed was frequently the result of deliberate judgment, based upon a keen perception of the errors and limitations characteristic of the dominant political ideas of the day. No doubt, as Lord Stair, the ambassador to France, who for years continued to combat it on French soil, avers, the Jacobites were often more ready to drink the health of the exiled king than to fight for him. But we must not forget that it possessed something of greater strength and reality which brought it at times near to success, and made it at least a serious menace to the English Government.

Let us take as a proof of this even the very small

and hopeless attempt that was made less than four years after the collapse of the Rebellion of 1715. That collapse had left the affairs of the Jacobites at the lowest ebb of fortune. The court of the exiled king was a hotbed of jealousy and intrigue, largely due to the distrust which many of the party felt of Mar, who was now the king's chief counsellor. Bolingbroke, who, on his exile, was willing to place his genius and talents at the service of the Jacobites, was soon estranged, and swore that he would sooner cut off his right hand than use sword or pen again in the cause. There seem to have been fair hopes that even the Duke of Argyle, in just offence at the ingratitude which forgot his services at Sheriffmuir, because of his advocacy of lenient measures to the Jacobites, might be induced to transfer his great influence to the cause which he had so lately defeated; but if such hopes had any foundation they were effectually destroyed by the machinations of Mar, who saw that such an alliance must diminish his own weight and influence in the party. The schemes which were now taken in hand were entrusted to others, and were carried out apart from the little Jacobite court.

The first ray of hope proceeded from Charles XII. of Sweden. He was bitterly offended with George I., who, as Elector of Hanover, held Bremen and Verden, which had been wrested from Charles's hands. To avenge himself for this wrong, Charles was ready to do all he could to encourage rebellion in England, and his Minister, Baron Gortz, entered keenly into the plan. According to the design, Charles himself was to land in Scotland with an army of 12,000 men, supported by Spanish money. The design came to nothing, and what seemed a formidable menace to the

English crown once more crumbled to pieces. But meanwhile the enmity between England and Spain, which was the result of England's alliance with the Emperor Charles VI., Spain's most formidable enemy, became more pronounced. Cardinal Alberoni, who from obscure beginnings had contrived to make himself chief Minister of Spain, and had breathed new life into what appeared a corpse, was determined to avenge the defeat of a Spanish by an English fleet by fomenting the rebellion, even although small hopes could now be entertained of any help from Sweden. Even these hopes, small as they were, disappeared with Charles's death in December 1718, and the chances of the scheme rested only on the help of Alberoni. The Duke of Ormond, who represented, if not the highest ability at least the highest honour and probity amongst the adherents of the Stuarts, was summoned to Spain, and at the same time the Earl Marischal and his brother, James Keith, were sent for to lead another expedition for the same purpose. Alberoni was at the moment hard pressed to meet other foes and to resist other attacks; but he nevertheless agreed to equip a formidable force, which was to land on the coast of England, at the same time that the Earl Marischal made a descent upon Scotland. All depended upon the secrecy and suddenness of the attack; but delays intervened, and before Ormond's expedition started in March 1719, certain knowledge of the intended invasion had reached the English Government, and measures had been taken to anticipate and check any attempt at a rebellion. On the 8th of March the Earl Marischal sailed from St Sebastian with two frigates, a supply of money and ammunition, and a body of 300 Spanish soldiers. Ormond's expedition,

with five ships of war, and twenty-two transports, carrying 5000 troops and an abundant supply of arms, started the day before from Cadiz. But on the 28th of March that fleet encountered a storm which destroyed it, and once more shattered the hopes of the Jacobites. The smaller expedition, under the Earl Marischal, landed in the island of Lewis early in April, and was there joined by the Marquis of Tullibardine and the Earl of Seaforth. They were not aided by the expected diversion in England. They waited in vain for news of the arrival of Ormond's fleet. The attempt was indeed a hopeless one. The failure of the Rebellion of 1715 had left the Jacobites a dejected and powerless faction, whose chief adherents were in exile, and unable in their own poverty to give it the pecuniary aid that was above all things necessary. The only hope of success lay in a bold and quick advance; but it was with difficulty that the Earl Marischal persuaded his colleagues to cross to the mainland, and he altogether failed to bring them over to his proposal for a rapid march to Inverness. Divided counsels led to so much delay that it was not till the 13th of May that the expedition landed on the shores of Loch Alsh, and occupied the castle of Eilean Donan. There they were attacked by a squadron of the English fleet, whose guns soon shattered the castle, which was sufficient to repel a Highland raid, but altogether indefensible under the fire of artillery. The ships that had brought them to Scotland had already sailed for Spain, and had they stayed would have fallen as an easy capture to the English men-of-war. Nothing was left to the little band but to advance inland in the vain hope that they might find new allies on their march. A few adherents gathered from Perthshire and Stir-

lingshire, but the forces of the Government soon marched to meet them under General Wightman; and on the 9th of June they were compelled to give battle in Glenshiel, the mountain-hemmed defile that runs from the head of Loch Duich. The issue of the fight was soon decided. The invading troops were scattered the same evening. The remnants of the Spanish detachment surrendered and were sent as prisoners to Edinburgh, whence they were shipped to Spain in October. The Highland clans who had once again attempted, under the allurement of foreign assistance, to revive what might well have seemed a hopeless struggle, dispersed to their homes. Their leaders went once more into exile, and before the year was over Alberoni had fallen, and all hopes from that quarter were at an end.

The attempt was, indeed, foredoomed to failure. Divided counsels, mutual suspicions, and the helpless poverty which forfeiture had brought to the Jacobite adherents were a poor accompaniment of any renewed rebellion, even had the prospects of foreign aid been more assured. But yet so much vitality did the cause possess that this forlorn hope enlisted in its service two of the ablest Scotsmen of their day. Neither the young Earl Marischal nor his brother were men to be led astray by merely chimerical projects. In a later day they both proved of what stuff they were made—the earl as ambassador from Prussia to France, and his brother as the greatest of Frederick's field-marshals. That such men should risk all in the attempt is enough to prove that Jacobitism, with all the elements of weakness which surrounded it, depended on something more than the whimsical fancies of hair-brained adventurers. It had still tenacity enough to

nurse its aims for five-and-twenty years, until its most heroic effort ended in final disaster.

During these intervening years the cause of the Jacobites was to receive powerful assistance from the discontent caused, sometimes by untoward circumstances, and by schemes which fortune rendered abortive, but more frequently by errors on the part of the English Government. Topics of irritation arose which the callous indifference and narrow prejudice of that Government allowed to grow into rankling sores, stimulating the Scottish desire for national independence. The Jacobite agents knew well how to take advantage of such chances.

In 1716 the Commissioners appointed by Act of Parliament to inquire into the forfeited estates of those who had taken part in the rebellion met at Edinburgh. Four of these Commissioners were English members of Parliament, and amongst these the name of Sir Richard Steele gives a certain piquancy to the list. They soon found that their task was not an easy one. Whatever dangers might be feared from the Jacobites, it suited ill with Scottish feelings that an alien Commission should conduct an inquiry which was to lead to the impoverishment and ruin of many of the most notable families in Scotland. The delays and intricacies of Scottish law, the lack of sympathy in the proceedings felt by many members of the Scottish judicial body, which they took no pains to conceal, and the unwillingness of Scotsmen to become the purchasers of their countrymen's forfeitures, led to delay and complication. There was a touch of characteristic humour in the intricate excuses found, under the patronage of the court, for the law's delays. In the first place, certain fines were due from those who

had taken arms in the rebellion; and these fines had first to be assessed and levied on the estates before their value could be realised. Besides this, the Court of Session admitted a formidable list of charges on the estates due to real or fictitious creditors, and the agents nominated to receive the rents in name of these debts were found to be frequently men of Jacobite leanings, and to be closely connected with the banished families, if they did not actually represent them. When even this device proved insufficient altogether to thwart the much-interrupted proceedings of the Commissioners, another and even more peculiar fiction was resorted to. It was maintained, and the theory often found support from the courts, with whose wire-drawn methods of argument it was entirely in accord, that the nominal proprietors were not the real possessors, but that the estates had been alienated by some previous conveyance, or rightfully belonged to some other member of the family, and could not therefore be attached for the rebellious acts of those who had held them by a wrongful title, or by the sufferance of those who were the rightful owners. Many of the decisions of the Court of Session were reversed by the House of Lords —a circumstance which did not in itself contribute to soothe the ruffled national feeling; but the reversal did not prevent delays, more vexatious to the English than the Scottish mind, that clogged the proceedings of the Commissioners. For nine years they continued, at intervals, to pursue their labours, but the sale was slow, and the chief purchaser was the York Buildings Company,[1] which

[1] Its full title was the *Company of Undertakers for raising the Thames Water in York Buildings.*

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thus became a substantial Highland landlord. When they closed accounts in 1725, the sales had realised £411,082. Of this, £303,995 was absorbed by debts; £26,120 was paid in crown grants. Of the remaining £84,043, the salaries and expenses of the Commissioners amounted to £82,936. The balance of £1107 was all that came to the public purse.[1] Meanwhile on many of the estates, and notably on those of the Earl of Seaforth, the rents had continued to be paid, and the domain administered in defiance of the law, and in armed resistance to its emissaries, by faithful adherents of the exiled family. It was only in 1725 that Marshal Wade had at his disposal a sufficient number of troops to march to Brahan Castle, and there receive, with due ceremonial, the submission of the clan. In apparent obedience to the law, a surrender of arms was made; but in reality the weapons handed over were, according to Wade's own description, worthless, except as old iron. Those which were effective were carefully concealed; and the very fact shows how deeply rooted was the conviction that they would again be required. The Seaforth estates, which extended from sea to sea, and even to the Hebrides, were seized in the name of the Commissioners; but in 1732 the earl was permitted to repurchase them—we may conjecture not on very severe terms, seeing that a rival purchaser might have had some difficulty in making his titular ownership effective.

The same year which saw the conclusion of the labours of the Commission on Forfeited Estates was marked by a disturbance in the Lowlands. It serves to show how easily the smallest spark could burst into a flame, how the task of the Jacobites was helped by

[1] Chambers's Domestic Annals of Scotland, vol. iii. p. 444.

the party dissensions amongst the adherents of the Government, and how, without any deliberate intention to act unjustly, want of sympathy and want of intimate knowledge on the part of the Government might sap the allegiance of the country. The affair is a somewhat intricate one, and has not been followed with the care or accuracy necessary for its explanation. Careful examination reveals to us no act on the part of the Government calling for any heat of indignation, and just as little does it show any deep-rooted spirit of lawlessness amongst the people. But it proves how efficacious was the handle given to those who sought to excite rebellion by a Government which failed entirely to appreciate the difficulties of the situation, and which busied itself about trifles while it neglected any large scheme of conciliation and any generous concession to national susceptibilities. In the absence of such a scheme common prudence might have suggested an effective garrisoning of the country; but lethargic indifference prevented the Government from guarding against the danger for which its own errors were largely responsible.

The present difficulty grew out of a fiscal dispute. The revenue of Scotland was miserably small, and scarcely sufficed for the maintenance of her civil and military administration, much less for any contribution to imperial requirements. One generation at least, if not more, must pass before this could be materially altered, and before increasing prosperity might make her a profitable member of the united empire. The difference between Scotland taxed on a footing of strict equality, and Scotland treated with a generous measure of fiscal leniency, was, however, for England a trifle scarcely worth her consideration.

But this was precisely what was not clear to the financial creed of Walpole. He found the burden of Scottish administration a troublesome one, and it was swollen by a small but anomalous payment of £10 a-week towards the expenses of the Scottish members. He regarded the matter rather in the spirit of the Norfolk squire than of the Premier of a United Kingdom, and he found that even those English members who were most disposed to carp at his policy were ready to join him in placing upon Scotland the measure of taxation which seemed her proper due. Since the accession of George I. the Jacobite element amongst the Scottish members had virtually disappeared, and the Scottish members generally had fallen into line as the obedient henchmen of his Government. It was only too natural for Walpole to overlook the real dangers of the situation, and to strain the obedience of the Scottish contingent so far as to alienate from them the great bulk of the Scottish nation. He appealed to their poverty by threatening them with the loss of that income, which was to most of them a matter of necessity; and in the rough language reported by Lockhart, he told them plainly that they knew "what money was raised and how applied in Scotland, and that they must lay their account with tying up their stockings with their own garters." It was easy for Lockhart and those who thought with him to translate such language into its seeming equivalent — "that for supporting a parcel of corrupt locusts the country must be oppressed."

Walpole's plan, however, was not without that amount of formal justification which just serves to make such plans more unpalatable. He remembered

the opposition which a few years before had been raised against the extension of the malt-tax to Scotland, although it had been distinctly provided for by the terms of the Union, and he knew that the opposition had been strong enough to force the suspension of the tax. He resolved, therefore, not to renew this scheme, but to impose instead a tax of 6d. on every barrel of beer, depriving Scotland at the same time of the bounty paid in England on the exportation of grain. This seemed, on paper, to be no unfair alternative, but was far more open to attack on principle. It instituted a different system of taxation, which on no construction could be held to be consistent with the terms of the Union. The Jacobites saw their opportunity, and they did not fail to use it. The breach of faith was represented as flagrant and dangerous in tendency, and as a proof that the Union was to be made an instrument of tyranny for the benefit of England. The heritors of Mid-Lothian met and sent a letter of instructions to their member, who happened to be Dundas of Arniston, the Lord Advocate in Walpole's Ministry, directing him to do all in his power to prevent so scandalous an injustice. Dundas, as well as the Duke of Roxburghe, who since 1716 had been Secretary for Scotland, belonged to the Squadrone Volante, or the party which claimed to represent Scottish patriotic feeling, and was in full sympathy with the prayer of the memorial. Even the obedient henchmen of Walpole found the task of supporting the measure too dangerous, and the Minister could no longer count upon their help. Much to the disappointment of the Jacobites, as Lockhart confesses, Walpole changed his plan. He abandoned the proposed excise on beer, and in its place adopted the

course of reimposing the malt-tax, which had so far been suspended. Lockhart admits that this, though in its financial effect as severe, was not inconsistent with the terms of the Union. It deprived Scotsmen of their main topic of attack, but they were still able to appeal to popular feeling, which overlooked legal subtleties, and saw only one more symptom of English selfishness in the proposal.

The discontent showed itself chiefly in Edinburgh and Glasgow. In Edinburgh the brewers adopted the somewhat childish course of refusing to brew—a course which would deprive the Scotsman of his beer, but would at the same time cost the English Treasury the loss of excise. It is hard to see how they could expect to continue the fight with such a suicidal weapon; but, however that might be, the Government of the day took strenuous measures to meet the difficulty. Dundas was deprived of the office of Lord Advocate, and Duncan Forbes of Culloden, a man whose professional status and high character made him a trusty and invaluable ally, was chosen to fill the post. By his influence the Court of Session was brought to pronounce the action of the brewers illegal. The laws against combination, which were to be so often invoked, and so unsparingly exercised against the labourers, were now used, much to their astonishment, against the masters. They were threatened with fine and thrown into prison on grounds which it might be hard to justify. But the surrender of one was followed by the collapse of all, and after a vain show of resistance they resumed their manufacture, and what at one time looked like a threatening crisis seemed likely to pass over peacefully.

But in Glasgow the event was different. So far

the Jacobite cause had there found little support. But discontent was increasing, and had been fanned by the unjust pressure which, as was alleged, had been applied to the growing tobacco trade, which seemed likely to compete with that of Bristol. Jacobite emissaries had been actively at work, and there were very distinct forebodings of a riotous outbreak. These forebodings were too threatening to be neglected, and it was clear that their member, Daniel Campbell of Shawfield, who had been an active supporter of Walpole's scheme, was in danger of being made the victim of the popular rage. Two companies of soldiers were drafted into the city on the 23rd of June. On their arrival they found the guard-house locked against them; and, whether from disaffection or timidity, the provost besought the officer not to attempt to force it, but to disperse his soldiers to their quarters throughout the city. With amazing facility the officer consented to this course, and thus gave direct encouragement to the rioters, who proceeded to attack Shawfield's house. The officer sent to offer to the provost the help of his men to stay the destruction, but his offer was refused, and the house was sacked and wrecked. Next day, on assembling his men, the commander of the force found them attacked by a riotous crowd, upon which he fired. This increased the fury of the mob, which broke into the town-house and seized what arms they found there; and then, acting as it would seem under some sort of guidance of which it is not difficult to guess the origin, proceeded to attack the soldiers. At the entreaty of the magistrates their worthy officer withdrew his men to Dumbarton, pursued by the mob, and did not consider himself safe until he had found

refuge in the castle there. Such was the lesson which the feebleness of the Government gave to riot and disaffection.

The situation was at last alarming enough to move even an indifferent Government to more active measures. Marshal Wade was recalled from the Highlands with sufficient troops, and, accompanied by the Lord Advocate, Duncan Forbes, he entered the city, and virtually placed it under martial law. But the unanimity of silence was complete. On a peremptory demand, the magistrates gave in a list of seven persons, four of whom were women, who were suspected of being parties to the riot, but scarcely one of them could be found. A riot so checked leaves permanent traces and gives an undercurrent of strength to disaffection. But nothing remained except to commit the magistrates, as the Lord Advocate proceeded to do, on the strangest warrant. He had himself sworn in as Justice of the Peace for Lanarkshire, and by virtue of that very trifling office he committed the magistrates of the capital city of the county on a vague charge, and marched them in custody to Edinburgh, where they were lodged in the Tolbooth. Such action might indeed be imperatively necessary, and Forbes was not a man who would strain the zeal of his new official function without grave reason. But its constitutional validity was open to more than doubt. It was impugned as absolutely illegal by his predecessor, Dundas, who was now in active opposition, and the prosecution was allowed to lapse.

The resistance to the new tax failed, and the Lord Advocate could congratulate himself and his patrons on the vindication of the authority of the Government

and the Parliament. But none the less it left its traces. When we consider the amount involved, we may well feel astonished that a Minister so shrewd as Walpole strained financial pedantry for such a matter. The estimated produce of the tax was only £20,000 a-year, and any surplus was to be applied to the benevolent purpose of increasing the revenue of the Scottish Board of Manufacturers. The truth is that Walpole's prime motive in the affair was to assert his own authority and check the growth of a rival faction. With this purpose in view, he recked but little of the deeper danger from Jacobitism which lurked behind the professed subject of dispute. The dismissal of Dundas was soon followed by that of the Duke of Roxburghe. The office of Secretary of State for Scotland was suspended, and the administration was joined with that of England in the hands, of all men, of that burlesque of a Minister, the Duke of Newcastle. He confessed to Forbes his utter ignorance of the country and its conditions, and it did not need his confession to convince us of his absolute unfitness for the task, and of the insult involved in intrusting the government of a country tenacious of its independence, and only grudgingly tolerating the Union, to this fantastic trifler, who could breathe freely in no atmosphere but that of the ante-chamber and the back-stairs. The administration of Scotland, so far as the English Government was concerned, was virtually conducted by Walpole's trusty permanent officials, Delafaye and Scrope. Argyle no doubt saw his opponents ousted, and with his brother, Islay, and his *protégé*, Forbes, he now had the main guidance of Scottish affairs. But these affairs were to be managed as a subordinate and, indeed, insignificant branch of

Walpole's administration, and in obedience to the principles he might dictate. Such a position did not fail in time to alienate and embitter the proud temper of Argyle, and it brought to Forbes's long and faithful labour, and to his courageous defence of what seemed at one time a beleaguered fort, no reward but that of verbal gratitude and practical neglect.

The next prominent incident that passes on the stage of Scottish history before the outbreak of the Rebellion of 1745 is one not altogether unlike to that which has just been recounted. It arose out of a popular prejudice against the revenue laws. The outrage about which it is concerned was due to the feeble, if not actually disaffected, administration of municipal government, which received no guidance or help from the central authorities. It marks the extent to which organised conspiracy could lift its head boldly against constituted rule, and could calculate its blows shrewdly, and strike with effect and with impunity. Finally, it illustrates the utterly confused and unsatisfactory notions that prevailed about a subject which at best is involved and delicate—the relations between civil authority and military responsibility, when the military force has, upon emergency, to be called upon to act. But parallel as it is in these features to the occurrence just related, it made an altogether different impression on the time, and on the page of history; and, through the genius of our great romancer, it has left an indelible picture on the minds of every subsequent generation. The incident is that which is shortly known as the Porteous Mob, and is of singular interest for the light which it throws on the manners of the time no less than on its political history.

The revenue laws necessarily increased in severity

as commerce advanced and as the machine of government made larger claims on the resources of taxation. The execution of these laws provoked discontent and not infrequently led to riots, even in England. An Act was passed in 1736 against the frauds on the revenue which arose from the widespread smuggling, against which there was no efficient system of police. But the infringement of such laws is never at first regarded with reprobation by the moral sense of the community. It was well understood that a certain amount of connivance might be expected even from the revenue officers themselves; and, at the worst, the forfeiture of goods and the fines exacted were looked upon as a risk incidental to trade, which might provoke deep resentment, but to which there attached no stigma of moral guilt. It became absolutely necessary to extend the severe penal system of the country to those breaches of the law; but this inevitably provoked a sense of tyrannical oppression, and excited sympathy for those who suffered from what was thought to be a contrivance of the governing class for their own advantage. If this was the case in England, much more so was it in Scotland, where the whole system of government encountered a strong current of discontent and distrust, and where an active faction was ever ready to fan into flame any smouldering ashes of irritation. Such laws had been little known, and their execution had been entirely neglected until the last generation; and many years had yet to pass until their infringement was regarded by a vast proportion of the population with anything but the mildest condemnation.

In March 1736 two men from amongst a number who had carried on a system of smuggling on the

coast of Fife were condemned to death. Their special offence had been the robbery in the preceding January of money which lay in the house of the collector at Pittenweem; and as this did not represent anything like the value of the contraband goods which had been repeatedly seized in their possession, the unpopularity of the smuggling laws from which they had suffered seemed to transform their robbery and housebreaking into something much more venial. The sympathies of the people were largely in their favour, and the punishment which they were to suffer seemed unduly harsh. The execution was fixed for the 14th of April.

On the Sunday before the day of execution the prisoners, according to the strange and revolting custom which then prevailed, were brought to the Tolbooth Church to public worship, unfettered but under a military guard. The ordinary congregation attended at the same service, and we have an account of the scene from a young student at Edinburgh University who was present as a spectator.[1] "The bells," he tells us, "were ringing, the doors were open, and the people were coming into church"—the bulk of them sympathisers with the criminals. The soldiers had seated their charges in one of the ordinary pews and taken their places beside them. The total absence of that stern discipline with which justice has learned to surround her operations, and which is so carefully arranged that it seems to move with the inevitableness of some ponderous piece of machinery, is typical of the slipshod habits of an age in which familiarity with its makeshift ways not unnaturally bred something of contempt for authority. In this scene, where the churchgoing citizens seemed to mingle

[1] Dr Alexander Carlyle of Inveresk.

indiscriminately with the officers of the law and their charges, there was a sudden stir. Both prisoners suddenly attempted to leap from the pew. The stronger and heavier, Wilson, was held back, and threw himself upon the soldiers, two of whom he held in his hands, while he fastened his teeth upon the collar of a third. His companion meanwhile escaped through the open door, and being favoured by the sympathy of the bystanders, none of whom cared to stop him, he disappeared amidst the labyrinth of narrow entries that ran from the High Street, where pursuit was hopeless.

Wilson remained for execution, and the feeling for his hard fate, which had been considerable before, was now increased tenfold. Not the rabble only, but many of the respectable citizens, were known to be in his favour, and warnings were not wanting that the temper of the people was irritated to the last degree. The magistrates recognised that there was danger, and in order to guard against the rescue which they had reason to think might be expected, they sought and obtained the aid of a reserve of soldiers from the castle, who were stationed in the neighbouring streets. But the primary charge of maintaining order was committed to the town-guard, a body of police instituted at the Revolution, when the ordinary citizens were relieved of the duty of "watching and warding," which until then had rested with them. The officer in command of this guard was a certain Captain John Porteous, who, after a wild youth, had served in the wars abroad, and had obtained the command of the city force after the Rebellion of 1715. He was the boon companion of many young men of the better class in Edinburgh, and although disliked by the

people as a severe disciplinarian, and distrusted by the more respectable as a man of profligate life, he had attained some credit with the magistrates as an active officer, and, as an adept in the national game of golf, he had shared the sports of those of a better class.

The scene of the execution was the square of the Grassmarket,[1] which lay at the southern foot of the castle rock. There was gathered the ordinary crowd that assembled for such a public spectacle—not composed, as in the later days of public executions, of the refuse of the population, but made up largely of the ordinary citizens, who saw no horror in such a scene. It is strange to read that young Carlyle, who has left us his own impression of the scene, was conducted there along with his fellow-pupils by the tutor in whose house he boarded as a student at the university, and who had hired some windows from which his charges might view the spectacle, which was apparently considered as a suitable item in the education of the young.

The execution, according to custom, took place after the dinner hour — at that time about one o'clock; and in preparation for his duties Porteous had dined freely, and came upon the ground excited by drink, and by the insult which, as he conceived, had been done to his own office by the summoning of the military reserve. He was resolved to show that his own men were quite sufficient to maintain order with no adventitious aid. The execution proceeded with due order, and after the criminal had suffered, the executioner and the soldiers were assailed

[1] So called from being the market-place for the freshly cut grass which was brought into Edinburgh for fodder. Hay was as yet rarely used in Scotland.

with stones and outcries, but with no more serious violence than usually attended such a scene. But Porteous was ready to seize any occasion of offence, and in order to check any rising disorder, he ordered his men to fire, and, it was asserted, threatened them upon their showing some hesitation, and even seized a gun and fired himself. Some of the soldiers, fearing to injure the crowd, fired high, and consequently hit some of the spectators in the windows; and when the crowd dispersed, it was found that some six or eight were killed, while a larger number lay wounded on the ground. One of those killed was a youth of a lower class, who had been displaced by the party in charge of Carlyle's tutor, and who had found a vantage-point in a window a few feet lower down.

The irritation of the people was too threatening to be appeased, except by the blood of the agent in this outrage. Porteous was brought to trial, and the forms of Scottish law were not such as to favour the prisoner upon a trial for murder. It was afterwards asserted, but apparently on insufficient grounds, that the judges had been so far influenced by popular clamour as to strain the law to his disfavour; but the trial led to his conviction, and the popular vengeance seemed likely to be satisfied by his death. Some of those in authority, however, thought that the penalty for what might be deemed at most as an error of judgment was unduly severe, and was likely to have a bad effect on those responsible for the maintenance of order, and to be an encouragement to violence on the part of the mob. The king was absent on one of his frequent visits to Hanover, and the queen was acting as Regent. Her personal intervention was obtained, and Porteous was reprieved.

The news of the reprieve provoked the keenest irritation amongst almost every class in the community; and the Scottish people were in no temper to be baulked of their vengeance by the intervention of English Ministers. The threatenings were loud and deep, and the queen-regent was especially assailed by every term of contempt and reproach. Strangely enough, the precautions which such a state of popular feeling made necessary were entirely neglected. The Government concerned themselves little in the affair, and were content to leave the matter in the hands of the civic authorities. The Lord Advocate (Forbes) was at his estate near Inverness, the Solicitor-General (Erskine) in Dumfriesshire, and neither knew anything of Porteous's reprieve. From Newcastle, who was primarily responsible for the government of Scotland, but who regarded with his usual petty jealousy the influence of Argyle and his brother Islay, through whom alone that government could have been effectively maintained, no assistance could be obtained. Even Islay, who, as Lord Justice-General, was the chief criminal authority in Scotland, was absent; and the Lord Justice-Clerk (Lord Milton), who was his principal agent, was residing securely at his estate some miles distant from Edinburgh. No executive officer of any weight or importance was present at the seat of danger.

On the night of the 7th of September—that preceding the day originally fixed for Porteous's execution—a small knot of men entered Edinburgh about nine o'clock by the West Port, which they closed and occupied, so as to prevent the entry of any of the military forces quartered in the suburbs. Everything in their movements pointed not only to a carefully

prepared plan, but to the existence amongst the people of a capacity for bold and quick conspiracy which was in inverse ratio to the bungling feebleness of the Government. The leaders secured the main gates of the city, and, advancing to the beat of drum, they were joined by a crowd of some 4000 men, which seems to have gathered as if by magic. They proceeded with a deadly certainty of aim that told of the presence of military discipline, and there was throughout a careful and measured deliberation in all their acts which stands in striking contrast with the feeble and panic-struck conduct of those whose authority they flouted and defied. No unnecessary violence was permitted. They first marched to the guard-house, and stripping the town-guard of their arms, they dismissed them unhurt. With almost military precision they advanced to the Tolbooth Prison, and demanded the surrender of Porteous. Meanwhile the magistrates had gathered together, but were helpless against the mob. They attempted to check the leaders, and to dissuade them from the attempt, but their interference was set aside, quietly and without any unnecessary violence, but none the less effectively. No one could be got to carry a written message to General Moyle, who was in command of the castle; and although Mr Lindsay, the member of Parliament for the city, made his way over the city wall, the military officer naturally hesitated to interfere without written orders and the presence of a magistrate, in a case where recent events had proved that unguarded action might be so perilous, and that zeal would not be allowed to atone for any breach of a highly technical law. In the absence of any such support the magistrates could offer no resistance, and when the surrender of the

prisoner was refused the assailants proceeded to force the door of the Tolbooth. It was strong enough to withstand their attacks, and thereupon tar barrels were soon forthcoming, and the door was burned down. The other prisoners were set free, and Porteous, who had, according to the lax prison discipline of the day, been allowed to celebrate his reprieve by giving a feast to his boon companions, was found concealed in the chimney of his cell. Heedless of his entreaties, but at the same time with none of the speedy wreaking of vengeance which would have marked an unguided mob, they ordered him to prepare, and conducted him with all the boldness of method and deliberation to the place of execution, which had been the scene of his own crime. No more studied defiance of authority could have been perpetrated than this uninterrupted march through more than a mile of streets to the ordained place of execution. On their way, they procured a rope, and the poor wretch was hanged upon a dyer's pole. When the deed was done the crowd dispersed quietly and with as much order as it had assembled. No excesses followed their triumph; not the smallest act of robbery or wanton violence marred the dignity of what, however misguided, was an almost judicial act of popular vengeance. Even when it was necessary to break open a shop in order to procure a rope for the execution, it was said that a guinea was left on the counter to recoup the shopman for his loss. The whole proceeding was too imposing to be called a riot. History hardly can point to another instance where the mysterious arm of popular authority, clothing itself with something of judicial dignity, struck a blow more deliberate, more decisive, and fraught with a deeper lesson for its nominal governors.

The army of revolt vanished as quickly and as quietly as it had mustered. But it left the city in a panic, and the magistrates at their wits' end. Now that it was too late for anything but an inquiry which the almost unanimous feeling of the city was determined to render futile, the law officers were summoned, and arrests were made. The precognition of witnesses was pushed on with a vain activity; but amongst the hundreds who were examined not one scrap of reliable evidence was forthcoming, and it was soon clear that the conspirators had provided as skilfully for the quick dispersion as for the assembling of their short-lived force. A few were denounced and committed to prison; but only one man was brought to trial—a harmless, half-witted creature, who when further stupefied with drink had been made to march with the procession holding a halberd in his hand, and who had been recognised by the livery that he wore as footman to the Countess of Wemyss. He was acquitted by the jury, and of the others denounced as participators all were either beyond the reach of the authorities or were harmless loiterers whom excitement had brought into the crowd, and whose drunken boasts had been taken too seriously. Even had witnesses desired to come forward they could only have done so at serious risk. The same veiled force which had planned the conspiracy was felt to be likely to take vengeance on any betrayal.

Meanwhile the news had been received at Court with a storm of indignation that knew no bounds, and that comprehended in its anger the authorities as well as the people of Scotland. The queen felt the flouting of her authority as regent to be a personal insult. She rated all concerned, and declared that General

Moyle "deserved to be shot by order of a court-martial as much as any of the rioters deserved to be hanged." Walpole, who, careless as he was of Scottish affairs, was provoked at a mishap that involved further complications for his Government, declared that Moyle deserved to be broke for a coward, bagged for a fool, or hanged for a knave. Of all those concerned, however, the military commander had most cause to be cautious in his action, and had most strictly obeyed command; and it remained to turn the stream of Court wrath upon the luckless magistrates. About their fate there raged for some months a conflict in which every one of the many parliamentary factions that prevailed sought to gain some triumph over their enemies.

The first parliamentary step was taken by Lord Carteret when Parliament met in February 1737. In the debate upon the Address, he denounced the Scottish riots, attacking not only the violence that had been done to Porteous by the mob, but the injustice that had been perpetrated in his trial and condemnation. Carteret's chief object seems to have been to embroil the Government with Scotland, and to lower the authority of Argyle and of his brother Lord Islay, the Lord Justice-General, whose influence in Scotland under the nominal administration of Newcastle was supreme. Newcastle pursued his usual course of fussy and intriguing vacillation, and sought only to contrive new plans for undermining the compact between Walpole and Lord Islay—of whose influence he was jealous even while he was their ostensible ally. Walpole and Islay knew how to make of him their tool, and had temper and contrivance sufficient to avoid a rupture; but Argyle was

neither disposed to brook such interference, nor was his temperament such as to permit him to set bounds to his display of contempt for Newcastle's petty spite, and passion for intrigue. Hardwicke, now Lord Chancellor, viewed with a lawyer's eyes the danger of a defiance of authority, and was not displeased to form a coalition that would counterbalance the preponderating influence of Walpole and the Argyle party. The bishops were inflamed against the insults which the Presbyterian zeal of Argyle had led him to pour upon their order, and were only too ready to join in any combination that might diminish his influence and alienate him from the Court. Walpole soon found that the after-results of the riot, in the twists and complications of faction, were to the full as dangerous and troublesome as the original defiance of authority; and he would fain have allowed the whole affair to pass as quickly as possible out of memory. But it played into the hands of the Tories, who welcomed the opportunity of posing as the maintainers of liberty against the reprisals upon an independent nation which panic suggested.

Walpole thus stood between two fires. On the one hand he was urged by Hardwicke and Newcastle to vindicate authority by severe measures; on the other he had to safeguard Islay's influence in Scotland, which would be ruined if the national susceptibilities were unduly provoked. He was compelled to acquiesce in the introduction of a bill in the House of Lords, which was drawn by Hardwicke, and clearly showed his animus. Under it the provost and bailies of Edinburgh were to be disabled from holding any office and to be imprisoned; the town-guard was to be abolished, and the Netherbow Port was to be pulled

down. No proposal could have stung the pride of the Edinburgh citizens to the quick more than the last. Another generation was to see the disappearance of the old city gates—swept away for the convenience of the inhabitants, and regretted only by the antiquarian and the lover of the picturesque. But to suggest that one of the gates should be destroyed to satisfy the offended dignity of the English Court, and because it had barred the way to the military sent to cow an Edinburgh crowd, was much the same thing as if the Ministry at Downing Street had proposed to pull down Temple Bar as a penalty for the Gordon riots. Islay was ready to compound the matter by giving up the town-guard of Edinburgh, if the Netherbow were spared; but even with this modification Argyle sturdily opposed the bill, and refused to come to terms with the Government that proposed it. Carteret, satisfied with having flung this bone of contention amidst the nominal adherents of Walpole, withdrew from all active participation in the dispute, and pleased himself with satirising the subterfuges of the various disputants. A petty storm raged for a time over the question of summoning the Lord Justice-Clerk (Milton) and others of the judges to be interrogated by the House. Whether they were to be summoned as delinquents or as witnesses—to explain their own shortcomings or to guide the House as to the law of Scotland—was matter of keen debate. Each disputant propounded a fresh theory, while all were conscious that the real object was to aim a blow at Lord Islay, of whom the Lord Justice-Clerk was the trusted agent and confidant. The patience of Queen Caroline was not unnaturally exhausted. The topic was one hate-

ful to her, because the flouting of authority had happened just when that authority was represented by herself. In her first anger she had forgotten the latitudinarian philosophy with which she solaced her leisure, and the self-control which, in her conjugal affairs, she carried perhaps beyond the point which the duty of Christian forgiveness warranted. She talked of making Scotland a hunting-ground, with that delicate regard for Scottish feelings which it was the habit of the Court in which she lived to show. The only answer vouchsafed by Argyle to the gibe was that in such a case he would crave her Majesty's indulgence to go and prepare his hounds for the chase. But her irritation was not soothed by the maladroit devices in which the Ministry entangled themselves in their vain endeavours to avenge the insults of the Edinburgh mob. She rated the Duke of Newcastle in the contemptuous terms that his pettiness invited and deserved. "What the devil," she asked him, "signifies all this bustle about the Scotch judges? Will worrying the Scotch judges be any satisfaction to the king for the insult offered to the Government in the murder of Porteous? . . . I understand all this very well: you hate Lord Islay, and you want to take this occasion to do disagreeable things to him, and make it impossible for him to carry on the king's business in Scotland; but Lord Islay has been too good a servant to the king for the king to let any such schemes take effect. . . . The business of princes is to make the whole go on, and not to suffer little silly, impertinent, personal piques between their servants to hinder the business of the Government being done. . . . You understand me very well, and I hope we shall have no more of

this childish, fiddle-faddle, silly work." Amongst her other accomplishments Queen Caroline could speak plainly when she chose. According to his usual habit, Newcastle only fidgeted and shuffled and prevaricated. "The Lord Chancellor had told him so and so: he was really guided by him." His excuses were brushed aside; but he had got a warning which, like a whipped schoolboy, he was bound to remember. He was one of those who could be tutored only by contempt.

The bill laboured through the House of Lords, but in the Commons it fared still worse. The Tories were loud in their denunciations of its pains and penalties. The Scottish members of all parties condemned it with one voice. Even the Lord Advocate (Forbes) and the Solicitor-General (Erskine) did not hesitate to condemn a bill introduced by their own Government.[1] The bill finally passed, but in a mutilated and comparatively harmless shape. The clauses as to the destruction of the West Port, the imprisonment of the magistrates, and the disbanding of the town-guard were struck out; and instead it was provided only that the provost should be incapable of holding any office, and that £2000 should be paid by the town to Porteous's widow. The two Houses of Parliament, as that flippant gossip Lord Hervey says, had been employed five months in declaring that a man should never again be a magistrate who had never desired to be one, and in raising £2000 in Edinburgh to make a cook-maid bless the hour in which her husband was hanged!

Such a conclusion was hardly fitted to increase the

[1] This sounds strange to us, and is, of course, altogether alien to our modern notions of the solidarity of a Government, but it was then matter of no uncommon occurrence.

respect either for the Government or for a united Parliament amongst the people of Scotland. The first had proved itself incapable of maintaining the law, the second had utterly failed to vindicate with dignity the authority of that law against insult. As if bent on producing the maximum of irritation with the minimum of effective result, the Government imposed upon the ministers of the Church the odious duty, under penalty of deprivation, of reading in the course of each service a proclamation for the discovery of the murderers of Porteous. It was to serve as a touch-stone between the fanatics, as they were called, who dreaded the Erastian tendencies of an Established Church, and the more peaceable adherents of a submissive Establishment. But it failed in its purpose. It caused grievous heartburnings and searchings of conscience; but it showed only that there was a strong leaven of the old ecclesiastical independence, in spite of the modifying influences of Church patronage. The old Squadrone party again set themselves in antagonism to those whom they stigmatised as the Argathelians — from the fact that the Argyle party represented Walpole's authority in Scotland. The reading of the proclamation was resisted by too many to make the infliction of the penalty possible, and the Act remained ineffectual, except as an additional source of irritation. It was the last echo of the angry outburst which the Porteous Mob had roused, and of the petty rancours and jealousies by which it had been followed.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STATE OF SCOTLAND IN 1745.

WITH the Porteous Mob and its sequel we reach the last important episode in the history of Scotland previous to the outbreak of the final Jacobite rebellion. With the failure of that rebellion there begins a new chapter in Scottish history, which it will be our business hereafter to follow in detail. We must first investigate the causes of that rebellion, and trace its course until it ended in irreparable and hopeless defeat—leaving, none the less, an undying memory of romantic heroism. Before we do so, it may be well to form for ourselves some picture of the state of Scotland as it was during the generation which preceded the year with which our detailed narrative is to begin.

About the time of the Union the population of Scotland may be roughly estimated at about one million souls. That of England at the same period was about five millions and a half; so that in this respect Scotland not only bore a better proportion to her southern neighbour than in any other particular, but a considerably larger proportion than her population at the present day bears to that of England and Wales. But the distribution of that

population was far different from that of the present day. The leading towns, which now embrace nearly a half of the population, were then insignificant aggregates—sometimes little more than would nowadays be accounted overgrown villages. Edinburgh, clustered entirely in the long and narrow High Street that ran along the ridge of rising ground ascending from Holyrood to the castle, and in a few dingy lanes and alleys that lay beneath its slopes, was hardly changed from what it had been for two centuries. Its lofty tenements, where the aristocracy and the leading professional men were huddled together in obscure and noisome wynds, were still the same that had seen the struggles of the days of Queen Mary and had sheltered the courtiers of the later Stuart reigns. Her whole population was scarcely twenty thousand, and it was hard to say how any increasing population could be accommodated, pent in as the city was within the narrow range of the old town wall. The surrounding district was only to be brought within the circuit of the town after long struggles, in which those who saw a danger in such extension were to fight each step by which it was brought about by every device of obstruction and delay. Glasgow was only a petty township of some thirteen thousand souls, gathered in unpretentious streets that straggled into green fields from the feet of her ancient cathedral and university. The little, scarcely navigable, stream that a century later was to begin to carry forth her fleets of merchantmen, and to bring to her argosies from every part of the globe, then gave no presage of her future place amongst the great ports of the realm. Aberdeen, Dundee, and St Andrews had each a population of

some four thousand; and the last found in her university a source of importance that made her more than the rival of what were ere long to be great commercial centres, when she had sunk to the level of a comparatively insignificant university town. Perth was slightly larger. As a sort of garrison against the Highlands, she had some claim to consideration, which was enhanced by her ancient importance as a seat of royalty; but even with this she had only a scanty part of that population and wealth which now belong to her merely as a thriving county town. Far in the recesses of the Highlands Inverness claimed the dignity of a northern capital, but that dignity was enhanced by no outward signs; and the town consisted only of a few houses little better than hovels —so wretched, indeed, that at this period of the Rebellion of 1745 there was only one house which contained a room without a bed — the house that served as lodging, within a space of a few months, both to the younger Chevalier and to his successful rival and antagonist, the Duke of Cumberland. It had been nursed into a little brief importance under the occupation of Cromwell's soldiers. When these left, and when their fort was dismantled and destroyed, it sank again into its former obscurity and decay.

So trifling was the contribution of these towns to the total population; while on the other hand the country districts must for the most part have been little less populous than in our own day—if we except the comparatively scattered population of the mining districts, which were then only waste tracts of moorland, but now constitute a densely populated area.

Turning from population to the resources by

which that population lived, the contrast is even more striking. The total currency of Scotland, as we have already seen, was not probably above £600,000. The annual revenue did not exceed £100,000. The valued rental did not certainly reach to more than half a million. When the Bank of Scotland was established in 1695, its total paid-up capital was £10,000, and for several years it did not exceed £30,000; and yet so ample did this appear for all requirements that when the rival establishment of the Royal Bank was started in 1727, with a capital of more than £100,000, it was held by many to be an unwarrantable competition, and one bank or the other, it was conceived, must inevitably break. Such foreign trade as there was suffered a check from the jealous restrictions imposed by the English Parliament. The manufactures of Scotland were trifling, and the chief of them, which was the linen manufacture, was only being nursed with difficulty into respectable proportions. The tobacco trade was still in its infancy, crippled by the jealousy of Bristol, the far more important centre of the American trade. The vast mining industries were undeveloped, and the soil still held its treasures unknown and concealed.

Nor was agriculture in a more forward condition. Wheat was scarcely grown. In vast tracts of the Highlands there was hardly any arable land. The staple use to which the land was put there was in the rearing of cattle, and that, for reasons to be presently explained, was a hazardous speculation; while neither the tenure of the soil nor the habit of the people favoured any other method of employing the resources of the soil.

It would be easy to multiply instances, and to

dwell upon the almost magic contrast between the humble conditions of Scottish life in the generation before our narrative begins, and the marvellous development which a century and a half was to bring. But it is needless to burden these pages with a miscellaneous mass of statistical details. It is more important, for the right understanding of what is to follow, that we should grasp the main conditions of the life which was to group so much of crowded dramatic interest upon so limited a scene. We have to trace the growth of the plant, the flowering of the blossom, and the rich yield of fruit. Let us see, then, first of all the soil upon which that crop was reared, how it had struck its roots, and what scars it bore from the storm and tempest through which it had passed.

It was in the Lowlands that the distinctive characteristics of Scotland were chiefly nourished into a rugged maturity. It would be an essential error to attribute these in any great measure to racial peculiarities. To do so is to localise unduly the limits of Saxon and of Celtic influence, and to take too little account of the vast influence of national experience in the building up of national character. Centuries of fierce struggle for national independence had stiffened the muscles and braced the nerves of national life. The memories of religious struggle had burned themselves deeply upon the national conscience; and religious persecution had given birth to a habit of keen intellectual activity, which, by dint of much brooding, had developed the metaphysical side of religious questions, and had given rise to a portentous amount of dialectical subtlety in the hair-splitting distinctions between different sects. The hard con-

ditions of life had stimulated industry and thrift, and given to the people the indomitable perseverance which inevitably tells in the dire struggle for the survival of the fittest. Even in the Lowlands there were vast tracts of mountain and glen, peopled only by memories of ancient legend and by the stirring episodes of Border warfare, and serving to keep alive a background of romance, which formed a peculiar setting for the dialectical subtlety, and the keen practical activity, of a nation that was instinct with the vital sense of national independence and of national kinship. Within the bowels of the soil there lay treasures yet undiscovered, which were destined to be the source of wealth undreamed of in the past of Scotland, but requiring for its development just that sturdy energy, that brooding ambition, that undying spirit of enterprise, which were characteristic of the people. The Lowlands of Scotland presented an extraordinary mixture of intellectual subtlety and keen practical common-sense, of indomitable perseverance and obstinate adherence to old ways, of restless independence and innate respect for authority, of stolid reserve and susceptibility to the stirrings of romance and poetry. Such a mixture promised the most certain harvest of national enterprise. Their poverty was at once a hardening experience and an unfailing impulse; and more even than any system of education, their readiness in pursuing the dialectical gymnastic of religious controversy braced their minds to a high intellectual activity, while their nurture on the great thoughts and lofty diction of Hebrew poetry preserved their imagination from decay.

A totally different picture is presented when we turn to the Highlands. At the time of which we are

speaking this was not so much a territorial distinction as one of language and of custom. Almost down to the Union the Gaelic language was spread over many parts of Scotland from which it soon receded. Even in Fife it had been the current language down to a comparatively late date. But in time it retired, for the most part, behind the barrier of mountains which served as a wall of defence for a separate language as it did for peculiar customs and a distinct mode of life. Even behind that barrier, the places where English was spoken were distinguished from the Highlands, although both their situation and the character of their surroundings led to their being classed under that name by their southern neighbours. Beginning within sight of the Lowland towns, that region stretched for 200 miles, in certain aspects as much a land of mystery and of fable as the Indies to the citizen of England or to the Lowland Scot. So long as Lowland Scotland was inured to arms by constant wars with England, the Lowlander retained enough strength of his own to preserve him from any fear of his northern neighbours. But after the Union of the Crowns, long peace had turned the Lowlander away from habits of fighting. These had remained only with the northern clans, and rendered them a constant menace to the more peaceful population of the South. They grew to be a people apart. The natural rampart of mountains which fenced them in, and the mists that lay about their peaks, seemed to impose an impenetrable bar to intercourse; and if an adventurous southerner occasionally crossed these mountains, it was only after long and anxious preparation, and after he had made his will and arranged his affairs, as starting on a journey where the chances of return were at least problematical.

Such was one aspect of the Highlands to the ordinary citizen of Edinburgh and of Glasgow; but we must not suppose that the region behind the mountains and the mists was untouched by outer influences. We have already seen that it had become almost habitual for the younger members of the families of the chiefs to take service abroad, where they acquired not only the experience of campaigning and the astuteness bred of cosmopolitan intercourse, but also a veneer at least of social polish. Some of the chiefs were themselves great nobles, who could adopt at will the manners and habits, no less than the dress, of the Edinburgh, and even of the London, drawing-room, when they chose to assume their place in such circles. There were English garrisons at Fort George, Fort Augustus, and Fort William, which maintained from sea to sea a line of English influence, and which represented an intercourse which had never been altogether broken from the days of Cromwell. English travellers were not infrequent, and English engineers were at work all along the roads which General Wade had been employed in constructing through the Highlands, since the failure of the last rebellion. In fact, divided though it was, the region was not so much unknown, nor the Highland habits so much unfamiliar, to the Lowlander, as the one was depressing to his eye and the other an object of his curiosity and his wonder, in its vivid contrast to all the conditions of life with which history and association had surrounded him.[1] The impression which the mountain scenery made upon the southern traveller of that day is always the same,

[1] Bailie Nicol Jarvie was not the only Lowlander who was not unwilling to claim kinship with a Highland family, and was ready to aver with him, "My father had a great regard for the family of Garschattachin."

and is strangely different from that to which later generations have become used. The English military officer, Burt, who has left us a valuable account of the Highlands as then seen by southern eyes, breaks off his description of the mountains "as a disagreeable subject"; and he viewed them with another eye than ours. The very aspects of that scenery which rouse a modern spectator to enthusiastic admiration were those that seemed to him uncouth and repulsive. "They appear still one above another, fainter and fainter, according to the aerial perspective, and the whole of a dismal gloomy brown, drawing upon a dirty purple; and most of all disagreeable when the heath is in bloom." The life which he found amidst these gloomy and repulsive surroundings was not of a kind to attract the Lowland traveller. On its first aspect, it was little removed from that of the savage. The habitations were formed of peat and moss, supported by a few unhewn branches. It was rare to find any bed but one of fern or heather, and neither chimneys nor windows were ordinary appurtenances of their abodes. Cleanliness, either in person or in dwelling, was utterly unknown, and disease in its most deadly and uncouth forms was rife. The poverty was everywhere such as to bring the inhabitants to the very verge of famine—if, indeed, that is not famine itself which gave neither to man nor beast the pittance necessary to support life with a semblance of health or vigour. Tillage of the soil, in any but the most primitive forms, was unknown, and the cattle subsisted on such scanty forage as might be found on the mountain-side in summer, and in winter shared the habitations and grew lean upon the diet of starvation which was the lot of their owners. There was no opportunity or encouragement

to industry; and bodies so insufficiently fed were only too likely to sink into lethargy and half-inanimate sloth. Even amongst those who were more well-to-do, fresh meat was hardly used, and could only be procured—and then only as a rare and almost unknown luxury—for some three or four months of the year.

Even where there was an outward appearance of greater plenty, it was not of a kind that denoted wealth, or even comfort. The chief maintained around his dwelling a numerous horde of dependent clansmen, who owed to him implicit obedience, but who looked to him for sustenance. The most meagre fare alternated with bouts of ostentatious and wasteful hospitality, the laws of which demanded a brutal excess. The large "tail" or following of the chief did not imply that he possessed wealth, or could count on any but a moderate rental, paid chiefly in kind. Burt tells us of his astonishment when a Highland proprietor of a domain which measured about sixty by about forty miles, and contained 2,000,000 acres, offered him the whole at 3d. an acre as purchase price. His astonishment lessened when, upon a more careful calculation, he found that the rental of £900 represented a sum about £2000 less than the interest of the sum for which the estate was offered, on the scale of eighty acres to the pound!

Poverty such as this, which even amongst those whose influence was largest scarcely permitted the decencies of life, was rendered absurd by its combination with unmeasured pride of birth, and a disdain of manual labour which that pride enjoined. The meanest clansman was the kinsman of his chief, and although his life and liberties were at the mercy of that chief, he yet could claim from his superior the greeting

and the familiar shake of the hand which marked them as members of a common family. The conventional distinctions were indeed strange. A man could be a drover, or keep the pettiest alehouse, without derogation to his birth or losing the title of a gentleman. But manual labour was an indelible stain, and the mechanic was as much despised as the merchant, however wealthy or however skilled.

The first duty of the clansman was absolute and implicit obedience to his chief. It was his prime duty, in the words of Ewan Cameron, not to want even oatmeal if he were called upon to fight the battle of that chief. To swear by the head of the chief was the most binding oath that a Highlander knew; and all he possessed he held only by the grace of that chief, and as a man of his clan. Their pride of birth was but a part and parcel of the absolute loyalty to the chief which the clan system bred, and which was only greater than that which was due to every member of the clan. Such a bond was not conducive to respect for the law, but it made an admirable foundation for military enterprise. The chief was too intent upon the strength of his retinue and upon having a ready command of fighting men to do anything to encourage industry, or foster habits of money-getting, much less of thrift. Such habits would inevitably have weakened his authority, and have promoted an intercourse with the Lowlands before which that authority must have broken down. It was far more for his interest that the clan should draw its sustenance from the plunder of the Lowland cattle and such revenues as it enjoyed from the black-mail levied upon the Lowland proprietors as an insurance on their property—a sort of rudimentary form of the modern

notion of "ransom." The victims of such plunder and of such exactions, levied with a certain regularity and form that made them wear the aspect of tribute money, were men of an alien race, whom deeply rooted tradition made the Highlanders consider as their hereditary foes, and as the original robbers of their land. To carry on such depredations on a large scale was no derogation to claims either of honour and honesty or even of gentle blood. To steal a cow or two was the act of a thief; to "lift" a herd was the exploit of a "gentleman drover."

With all his poverty, therefore, the chief had in his hands a most effective weapon of war. The most implicit obedience was yielded to him by his followers, and he sought every means of maintaining his own dignity by a large and imposing train of immediate attendants. The chief was the colonel of the regiment which was formed of the clan; his sons were the lieutenant-colonel and the majors, and each chieftain, or delegate of the chief, was captain of his own company. The depredations carried on under the authority of the chief, involving, as they often did, the outlawry of his clan, secured him against any chance of his followers seeking to make peace with their southern neighbours. The scanty resources of their country inured these followers to the hardest fare and to the hardest quarters, and turned them out splendid campaigners, ready to make forced marches on a diet of biscuit or oatmeal, and refusing even the shelter of a tent for their encampment. Indolent as they were by choice and custom—almost by necessity—those who had experience in the engineering of the roads knew that it was not from lack of activity, strength, or even industry when once their zeal was roused. More than

all this, the signal for war might be passed from clan to clan, when once the imperious missive of the Fiery Cross was sped across the mountains. To refuse to obey its call, and that without question of the object of its summons, was to lose every claim to honour, and to become an outcast from the clan, and an object of the contempt and vengeance of every fellow-clansman.[1]

As if to encourage and foster this widespread power of the chief, the short-sighted policy of the Government fell upon a strange device for maintaining the semblance of its own authority. A surrender of arms had been demanded after the Rebellion of 1715. It was carried out in a way so perfunctory as to be little but a farce. All the old and useless weapons which could be found were handed over with much appearance of submission, but abundant arms were stored at various places throughout the Highlands. And in order, as it were, to teach their effective use, and to give opportunity for drill, the Government restored, in 1725, what were known as the Six Independent Companies, consisting in all of 480 men. The Highland regiments were the levies of the Sidier Dhu (the black soldier—whence the later name of the Black Watch) as opposed to the Sidier Roy (the red soldier), who formed the garrisons at the scattered forts. These Highland regiments did not form part of the regular army. They were separate levies which

[1] Roughly the possible fighting force of Scotland was reckoned at about 220,000. According to Scott's calculation in 'Rob Roy' (chapter xxvi.) the total population of the Highlands was about 230,000 souls, of whom some 57,500 were fit to bear arms. As an honest livelihood was not possible for at least a half, there were, according to Bailie Nicol Jarvie, at least 28,000 men whose desire must be to fight whenever they got the chance.

were really a menace to the English power. The composition of each company could be quickly changed, so that, far beyond their nominal strength, there was a large reserve force, ready drilled and disciplined, and available whenever their services might be required for any enterprise on which their chiefs might be engaged. And the principal representative of the Government in this strange work of drilling and disciplining a powerful contingent of rebels was that trustworthy agent, Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat!

The country being so divided, it may not be amiss to select some personalities that were specially typical of its varying phases. Of these there can scarcely be one of more amazing versatility than Lord Lovat, who has just been named. He was born in 1667, and closed his life of long and involved treachery on the scaffold in 1747, so that his manhood and his mature age saw the downfall of the Stuart dynasty and the last struggle for its restoration. Few men have contrived to compress even in so long a life a career of such unblushing villainy and such complex duplicity, unabashed by any sense of shame. Shrinking from no cruelty, true to no cause, hesitating at no act of double-dyed treachery, and yet ready to assume a cloak of specious sanctity when it suited his designs, he lived only to illustrate his own theory that "true moral reflections are no more but a play of our intellectuals, by which the author caresses his own genius by false ideas that can never be put in practice." The younger son of a younger son, his youth offered no prospect of succession to the wide domains and vast authority wielded by the head of the Frasers. But one after another of those who stood between him and the succession died, until there remained only the

widow of the eleventh lord and his daughter between Simon and his father, Thomas.

Simon had already completed his education at King's College, Aberdeen, and had so far profited by it that he never in after life was at a loss for a Latin quotation wherewith to grace his most hypocritical utterances, and to embellish the most dramatic incidents of his life. He was twenty-nine years of age when his kinsman, the eleventh lord, died in 1696. Simon had induced the late chief to leave a will in favour of his father, but this will was disputed on behalf of the widow and her daughter, and as the widow was a member of the powerful family of Athole, it required some boldness for a young and penniless claimant to push his claims against such opposition. Failing to secure the person of the young heiress, he summoned to his aid his clansmen, who seem to have favoured his claims, as they were likely to favour one who promised to assert their independence so efficiently, and with their help he attacked and took prisoner Lord Saltoun, who had the support of her Athole kinsmen as a claimant for the hand of the heiress. Not content with this open defiance of the law, he proceeded further, and by a strange change of tactics he seized the dowager, and with every circumstance of violence and outrage forced her to a marriage which at a later day he treated as a thing of nought. Compelled to fly from the law, and condemned in his absence as a rebel and an outlaw, he maintained for a time an armed resistance to the emissaries of the Government, and was adroit enough to procure his acceptance by the clan as its rightful chief. By the help of Argyle, with whom he maintained a close alliance, afterwards cemented by marriage, he managed

to procure a pardon, but the fact that his enemy, the Duke of Athole, recovered the favour of the Court, forced him to seek exile in France at the beginning of Queen Anne's reign.

There he exchanged his career of open lawlessness for one of tortuous intrigue. He found means of access not only to the Court of St Germains, but also to the presence of the French king; and he managed to procure consideration for his proposal that the Jacobite schemes should be forwarded by a rising in the Highlands, aided by French troops and French subsidies. The Court of St Germains was honeycombed with cliques and jealousies, and even had the most far-sighted policy guided its counsels, it would have been wise to deal cautiously with one of Lovat's past. But in spite of jealousies and suspicions he won some trust, and was despatched to Scotland for further negotiations with the Highland chiefs. As the issue of these negotiations, he betrayed the whole to the Duke of Queensberry, then acting as the Lord Commissioner in Scotland, and yet he did not scruple to cross to France, and again to renew his secret trafficking with the ministers of James. Lovat, however, cunning as he was, had involved himself in a mesh of treachery which baffled even his powers of evasion, and he was detected in his duplicity and committed to some sort of custody. What form that custody took remains uncertain. He seems to have been released from imprisonment at least, although probably kept under espionage at Saumur, where he resided; and he appears to have recovered his interest sufficiently to be trusted, while he managed to employ, as an instrument to that end, the enthusiasm with which he professed

to have adopted the Roman Catholic creed. His skill in ingratiating himself with those whose favour he wished to gain was unrivalled, and like many of his kind his wit and versatility won for him the good graces of the other sex, in spite of the strange uncouthness of his grotesque face and figure. According to a story, neither strictly authenticated nor absolutely disproved, he even carried his religious devotion so far as to become a noted preacher, and thus command the surest influence over the hearts of his female friends.

Meanwhile he was lost to his clan, and even his existence was doubted. It was only in 1713 that these sturdy adherents, feeling that stirring times were in store, sent an emissary to search for their chief, and to beg him again to place himself at their head. It was necessary in the first place to obtain the consent of the Chevalier to his quitting France; and this was achieved only on the understanding that he went to summon the clan Fraser to be in readiness to receive their rightful king.

He had left an abundance of enemies, however, in England, and his journey to the North was attended by every risk, and was interspersed with frequent imprisonment, which only adroitness and the help of powerful friends at length enabled him to escape. When he reached his own domain he found the rebellion stirred by Mar in full operation. The town of Inverness was held for the rebels by Sir John Mackenzie; and here Lovat found his opportunity. He summoned the Frasers to arms, and joining his men to those whom Duncan Forbes of Culloden was able to gather, he successfully attacked the town, compelled the Jacobites to fly, and by

so doing, undoubtedly did much to confirm the victory which had been somewhat doubtfully won about the same time on Sheriffmuir. No one knew better than Lovat how to improve such a service to his own advantage. In 1716 he obtained a comprehensive pardon for the long list of crimes which was recorded against him by the courts; and it was not long before, by the aid of such effective patronage as could mould even the decrees of a court of law, he was confirmed in the possession of his title and estates, and gained not only the confidence and gratitude, but even it would seem the intimate friendship, of George I. He could play his part with equal dexterity in every scene, and the same facile adaptability as had made him the religious confidant of ladies of the French nobility, and procured for him the smiles and gifts of the Grand Monarch, now stood him in good stead as well amidst the wits and courtiers of St James's as amongst the savage clansmen of his native heaths. No man of his time played the game of absolute duplicity with such consummate success on so many fields. When the Independent Companies were re-formed he naturally had a command, and to this was added soon after the sheriffdom of Inverness, which, joined to his hereditary power as chief of one of the most numerous clans, made him virtual ruler of one of the largest tracts of the Highlands.

For a while his astuteness was employed only in riveting his power over the clan, in extending his estates by every device that the adroitness of lawyers could suggest, and in maintaining his connections farther afield. His chief dependence was upon the powerful alliance of Argyle and his brother Islay,

which he drew closer by marriage with their kinswoman, his third wife, in 1732; and with their assistance he continued to retain his favour at Court. But when the Scottish patriot party was formed, Lovat found it his interest to throw in his lot with them and Argyle rather than with Islay, who adhered to Walpole. His movements became suspected, and he was detected on evidence, which was too strong to be set aside, of trafficking once more with the exiled family. He was deprived of his sheriffdom and of his command of the Independent Company. He made no secret of his rage at being thus superseded; but in spite of his reiterated denials and the unctuous professions of innocence with which he attempted to deceive even his most intimate friends, he doubled once more in his career of tortuous treachery, and even while he professed that he was done with the things of the world and only anxious to end his life in peace, he was engaged in the game of intrigue, which in his old age had not lost its zest for him, and to which there was now added the sweet allurement of revenge.

He fitly represents one type of the Highland chief —happily a rare one. Utterly without conscience and faith himself, he could yet rely with confidence on the absolute fidelity of his clansmen, which no duplicity on his part could alienate or shake. With the lawless violence and the personal courage and audacity proper to a Highland chief, he combined all the knavish tricks and smooth-faced chicanery that would have furnished the stock-in-trade of a professional card-sharper and cheat. While able to shine in Court and drawing-room, the companion of wits and fine ladies, he could yet fill, as to the manner born, the place of

the Highland chieftain, dispensing an ostentatious and barbaric hospitality amidst surroundings from which the graces and even the decencies of life were banished. He could find a way at once to the hearts of his clansmen, to the confidences of the devout Roman Catholic, and to the intercourse of the most orthodox Presbyterian divines. He could confer a kindness with graceful courtesy, and soothe the sorrowing with a letter of tender sympathy; and with equal facility he could blunt suspicion by boisterous cynicism, and gain confidence by the unblushing candour of his avowals. We shall presently see how he played the last scene in his dramatic career of villainy, which gives him so high a place in the gallery which history opens to us of consummate rogues.

Of far different calibre was another head of a powerful clan — Donald Cameron of Lochiel, or, as he was generally called, the Gentle Lochiel. Neither he nor his ancestors had ever swerved in their allegiance, nor had the faintest suspicion of self-seeking ever attached itself to their devoted loyalty. Lochiel's grandfather was Ewan Cameron — Ewan Dhu, or Black Ewan, as he was called — who had stood by the Stuart house in evil fortune as steadfastly as in good. The old man had fought in the wars of Montrose and of Dundee. After the Restoration he appeared for a brief period at the Court of St James, a stately representative of a type of ruler who was strangely out of place amidst the debauchees who crowded the levees of Charles II.; and he received from the king the honour of knighthood, an inharmonious appendage to his ancestral dignity. He had seen his son, John Cameron, outlawed and a fugitive after Mar's rebellion in 1715; and, dying

in 1719, at the patriarchal age of ninety, he had left the headship of his clan to the Lochiel whose part in the new rebellion was to be so conspicuous. In wise and far-seeing statesmanship, in moderation in the hour of triumph, and in calm and cool courage under adversity, the new chief worthily represented the family which was held in highest honour throughout every part of the Highlands. More than once throughout the campaign his influence checked the outbreak of disorder and robbery which would have stained the memory of the Highland army. More than once he achieved success at critical moments in the expedition; and, what was still more important, he often prevented the outburst of those jealousies amongst the clans which boded fatally for the issue of their adventure. None could yield the place of honour in battle more gracefully than the head of the Clan Cameron, and when he was ready to give way none found it seemly to insist upon questions of precedence. The page of history unfortunately presents to us some glaring instances of selfish and unabashed treachery amongst the conspicuous Highland leaders; and the pressure of adversity, which forced men into subterfuges and disguises, has perhaps given ground for further suspicions, which ingenious inquiry may ferret out, and a lively imagination may aggravate. But the cause which could boast of a Lochiel does not lose the lustre it derives from such a name, even though it must admit to a Lovat, and may be smudged with suspicion by legends of Pickle the Spy.

It would be difficult to conceive a contrast more vivid than that which is presented by a comparison of either of the two figures just sketched with that

of another prominent Scotsman whose name figures largely in the first half of last century. Duncan Forbes of Culloden, who passed through the various stages of legal dignities, was member of Parliament, and eventually Lord President of the Court of Session, fills a conspicuous place amongst those who shaped the destinies of the country at a most critical period. The story of his life carries with it nothing of the Epic picturesqueness which sheds a halo round the name of Lochiel—the unquestioned chief of a powerful clan, following a long line of ancestors in a final act of high-souled and romantic loyalty to a losing cause. Just as little does it present to us the dramatic surprises and fantastic subterfuges which give its interest to Lovat's strange career. Forbes represented one of those Highland families whose settlement beyond the Highland line dated only from the previous century. Coming of a good stock, and inheriting a fair estate, he yet could claim no vast territorial sway, and his influence rested upon no clan chieftainship and upon no ancient descent. In religious sympathies he was a strict Presbyterian. His family associations, his early education, and his training as a lawyer in Edinburgh and at Leyden, gave to him a character widely different from that of his neighbours in Inverness-shire. These represented an ancient order, the sands of which were quickly running out, and of which the next generation was to see the decay. He was the product of new elements in the life and history of Scotland; and yet no one embodied more completely all that was most characteristic of her genius, in its indomitable courage, its tenacity of purpose, and even in its rugged and somewhat uncouth homeliness. Like all of his day, Forbes indulged in the profuse

boon-companionship which shocks modern taste, and of which change of habits renders us perhaps over-rigid censors. At Culloden, it must be admitted, the claret flowed rather too freely; and even the obsequies of that dignified matron, his mother, served as an excuse, according to a common story, for a debauch which so overcame the company of mourners that they lost the coffin. But such foibles were too engrained in the habits of the time to permit us to use them as items in our estimate of individual character. Forbes represented the best in his countrymen still more truly.

His love of Scotland was intense, his sympathies with all her aspirations unbounded; and yet he managed to combine these with the acceptance of the new principles that were hereafter to guide her administration. In his common-sense, in his balanced judgment, in his keen interest in the development of education and of manufactures, he was an admirable specimen of the best type of Whig statesman of the day—a type which the selfishness of little cliques so rarely permitted to be realised on the southern side of the Tweed. His political projects were sometimes quaint enough, as for instance when, in 1742, he traces the financial difficulties of Scotland to the loss of excise owing to the pernicious but growing custom of drinking tea instead of beer. This degeneracy arouses an indignation on the part of the good President which knows no bounds. This "villainous practice" must at all hazards be stopped, and the use of the "abominable drug" must be checked. To do so, he would not stop at mere fiscal remedies, nor at the imposition of a heavy tax. He boldly advocates legislation which should peremptorily forbid

the drinking of tea to all but the higher ranks of society; and they are only to be allowed to do so, not on condition of paying a heavy duty, but on compounding by a yearly poll-tax for permission to indulge in the pernicious habit. Forbes had sense enough at least to see that his proposal might seem to many an "uncouth" one; and it is not by a caprice like this that we must estimate his political capacity. His administrative experience gave to him a weight in practical affairs which mere legal acumen never could have achieved, especially when that acumen was encumbered with the clumsy weight of pedantic lumber that hung heavily upon Scottish jurisprudence. A steadfast adherent of the Hanoverian dynasty, he never sank to be the submissive tool of the English Government, and his sympathy for his countrymen made him boldly withstand any undue severity of reprisals, keenly as he strove to countermine the beginnings of rebellion. The friend of English statesmen, the intimate of English literary men, the patron of James Thomson, he touched on a new side of modern life. But in his close intercourse with the chief representatives of the older and decaying system, in the rugged simplicity of his life, in his devotion to the national instincts of his own people, even in his quaint and pedantic excursions into the domain of theological discussion, he was distinguished as sharply from his friends and intimates south of the Tweed as he was from the wild and half-civilised neighbours that surrounded him in his Highland home. His sterling qualities, and the indubitable value of his services, made him a trusted though an independent colleague, and raised him to high and responsible office. But they left him a poor man, rich only in

the honoured name which he left upon the page of history. It was a name none the less honoured because it was entwined with no romantic legend, but served only as a monument of unswerving obedience to duty in a tangled and often a corrupt age. Scottish history has few figures over which she can linger with more loving pride than that of Duncan Forbes.

CHAPTER V.

CONTEMPORARY POLITICS IN ENGLAND.

In attempting to understand the immediate causes of the renewal of the Jacobite attempts in 1745, and to estimate the danger which it threatened at this juncture, it is necessary to recall some of the features of contemporary English politics. The retrospect is neither an easy nor a pleasant one. No generation could present to us a more confused mass of intrigue and corruption, of base and sordid aims, of short-sighted devices. Nor can we trace one thread of consistent policy, not to say of principle, to guide us to any discernment of its main tendencies. A society, lost to all dignity, and absorbed in petty scandals, seemed to transfer to the domain of politics all the festering corruption that tainted its ordinary life. One name dominates it, that of Sir Robert Walpole. For twenty years he had maintained an undisputed power, with one short interval which only served to make his position more sure and unassailable. About his name there has gathered a crowd of controversy, in which the opposite sides have given loose to unmeasured invective, or have indulged in encomiums that take no account of his faults. Men have adopted one side or the other chiefly according to their tem-

peramentor intellectual sympathies, and in obedience to traditional party names that have very little connection with political principles.

The meaner aspects of the time protrude themselves with sufficient clearness. Politics was undoubtedly a game in which personal selfishness played the giant's part, and in which the interests of the nation at large were lost sight of in a petty struggle for place and emolument, the spoil alternately of different factions both belonging to one small section of the nation. But behind this sordid struggle greater issues were shaping themselves. The nation was preparing for the greater part which she was to play in Europe. Political principles were being developed which were eventually to work great changes, although now they were often advanced with more ostentation than sincerity, and were used as convenient weapons by those who had the worse fortune in the struggle for place and power which they would fain have shared. A baffled Opposition may often be insincere in their advocacy of patriotism and of political purity; but it does not follow that their advocacy does not in the long-run help these causes. New influences were at work—in religion, in literature, in social aims—and were destined to break through the crust of insincerity and affectation that seemed to absorb the life of the little clique occupying for the moment the field of politics and playing upon the surface of society.

For twenty years Walpole had imposed his own strong personality on the smaller circle that pulled the wires of politics and seemed to have the destinies of the nation in its hands. Both in its faults and in its virtues he was typical of the national character, and it is this which has kept his personality alive

even for those who could give little connected account of his acts as a Minister. By birth, by education, by sympathy, he represented the landed aristocracy, which, in spite of the successive steps which have stripped it of much of its power and its privilege, still retains its hold upon the hearts of Englishmen. He was a bold and courageous leader, a faithful servant, a generous friend. He had no interest in great social questions, and neither respected, nor was capable of understanding, any popular aspirations. But he was determined to maintain the power of the Crown and its settlement as determined by the Revolution; and, without troubling himself with principles, he sincerely believed in these aims as making for the prosperity of the nation. More than any previous Minister, he looked upon the House of Commons as that which he largely contributed to make it, the representative of what was good and bad in that part of the nation which had any interest in politics, and learned to play upon its moods and humours, and to understand its caprices, with that easy dexterity which is the essential equipment of a modern parliamentary leader. While aspiring to no purity of self-abnegation, he descended to no personal meanness, and pursued no merely selfish aims. Such political ambition as inspired him was sound and wholesome, and he was not so absorbed in political schemes as to forget in his retirement at Houghton the healthy instincts of sport, and that interest in art which enabled him to form an almost unique collection of its finest specimens, and to transmit to his son an inheritance of cultured taste.

But, on the other hand, as in his private life he shared to the full the coarseness and libertinism of the

age, so in his public life he not only refused his sympathy to political principle, but dealt out to it nothing but contempt. His experience of the hollowness of hypocritical professions taught him to disbelieve in the very possibility of political honesty. For him each man had his price; and in the estimation of that price he attained to the skill of an adept, and based his power upon a cunningly built fabric of corruption. With all his financial ability, he followed no financial principle with consistency. He neither sought to build up any national institution, nor treated those that existed with the respect either of sympathy or of determined opposition. The Church claimed none of his reverence, and, on the other hand, a certain political sympathy with the Dissenters did not lead him to question her claims: for him she was simply an instrument of government. Adroit as was his management of Parliament, he felt no pride in its history or its traditions. He saw that a vigorous executive was necessary, and yet, if he troubled himself to look ahead at all, he must have seen that the Government was grossly failing in its duty to the mass of the nation. We have a curious instance of this dereliction of duty in a conversation which Lord Hervey reports in his 'Memoirs': "If you ever come to govern this country, and if you hope to do it in peace, never leave it without an army, and never let that army, at lowest, be reduced to less than 18,000 men." This conviction, uttered in the privacy of intercourse to one whom he then believed to be a sincere friend, did not prevent him from imperilling the national safety in obedience to that outcry against a standing army on the part of the patriots which was of all others the most fatuous. His greatest praise, indeed, was that he

was more honest than most politicians, in an age when most were scoundrels; stronger and more able than most, when most were mastered by cowardice, frivolity, and affectation.

His task was not an easy one. He had, first of all, to maintain himself, by dexterous management, in the good graces of a royal family whose faults and divisions went far to undo the work of Walpole in buttressing their tenure of power. History presents few spectacles more degrading than the sordid tragi-comedy which was enacted in the daily life of St James's. We are compelled to accord to George II. the merit of personal courage, and of a certain odd perspicacity, which give him an insight into the characters of men; but beyond these, there is hardly a trait in his character which can redeem him from contempt. He was utterly without letters or refinement—a coarse and vulgar bully; yet his petty conceit and vacillation made him the easy tool of any one who cared to study his foibles. For his wife he had an affection which was wholly composed of selfishness, which prompted him to write to her in terms of rapturous affection that became contemptible in their mawkishness, and yet did not prevent him from indulging in habitual infidelity, and even from pouring into her ears his rakish confidences in a style which would have been deemed a libel on humanity had it been imitated in the most licentious drama of the day. The people of England were the objects only of his hatred, expressed in the incoherent vituperation of his childish spleen; and the hatred and contempt were cordially returned. He was ignorant of our history and of our Constitution, and regarded his English dominions as only an inconvenient appendage to his Hanoverian Electorate.

Selfish and tyrannical as husband and as father, he was equally ungrateful as a master. But he earned the faithful service of his Minister, the toleration of his people, and the regard and submission of his wife, only because his death might usher in evils even more serious than his own childish and grovelling selfishness.

By his side there was another figure of infinitely greater interest, but requiring from Walpole as wary and cautious management. Caroline of Anspach, the queen of George II., was a personality of strange contradictions, which, if it does not attract our affection, yet cannot but interest as a tragic study of human nature. Proud, able, and ambitious, and yet stooping to the meanest arts; a dissembler of her feelings, untrue to her word, and yet constant enough to those who claimed her gratitude; loving and yet vindictive; haughty and yet submissive to the king; with little tincture of piety or reverence, and yet dying with the heroism of a martyr and the gentleness of a saint; full of passion and capable of tenderness, but yet nursing with relentless perseverance that hatred for her eldest son which craved his death as its only possible satisfaction,—such a character was one which demanded dexterous treatment from a Minister who had to preserve his influence with husband and with wife, and yet to conceal from both the contempt and repulsion which their mutual relation must inspire, and to conciliate on their behalf a people whom the picture of their domestic life did so much to alienate.

In the larger sphere of parliamentary management Walpole's task was not less difficult. In the earlier years of his power, Walpole had to face the relentless hostility of a party who saw in his Ministry the downfall of all their hopes and ambitions, and who

numbered in their ranks all that was most brilliant in the genius of the nation. That party had at their command the most tremendous weapons of satire and invective which our literature could boast and which eloquence could devise. The faults of those whom he displaced were cunningly concealed, and consummate controversial skill was able to turn against him all the topics that appealed to popular prejudice. A party that sees itself hopelessly excluded from power can easily claim a monopoly of political virtue, and can securely pour forth the vials of its wrath upon the errors of the Government even when these errors are more free from the taint of corruption that clung to Walpole's parliamentary leadership. The dangers of Jacobitism could be readily glozed over, even at the moment that the secret hopes of the Jacobites were encouraged and their support secured. The fears of a Jacobite invasion might be treated as imaginary, even while it was known that the unpopularity of the Hanoverian family and the insecurity of the actual settlement were so great that hardly any statesman was free from the suspicion of trafficking with the exiled house. Meanwhile all the social turpitude, all the political corruption, all that was distasteful to the people, and all that wounded their pride, might be turned against the Minister and reiterated with all the sting which literary genius could impart, and all the impressiveness which eloquence could command.

But it might seem that in 1740 this formidable alliance of vituperation had spent its force. The careers of the most relentless of Walpole's enemies were either ended or on the wane. The hand which had pictured him in the Flimnap of Lilliput had now

lost its cunning, and Swift was sinking into the grave amidst the clouds and darkness of mental lethargy. Bolingbroke's work was nearly done, and his character and influence were spent. Wyndham was dead, and Pope had already sped his most venomed arrows of satire, and even in his latest attack had seemed to moderate his anger in recalling his own intercourse with Walpole—

> "in his happier hour
> Of social pleasure, ill-exchanged for power."

Walpole might well suppose that his tenure of power would outlast the rancour of his enemies, and that he would live to see the bubble of patriotism burst.

But in truth the satire had been too well-pointed, and had found too many weak joints in his armour to permit it to have no effect. The appeals to patriotism might be insincere, the motives of the attack might be selfish and personal, but they had appealed to a widespread and not altogether unsound instinct in the nation. The suspicion that England was being sacrificed to Hanover was a real one, and it deepened the dislike of the nation to a family that had no personal qualities to counteract the feeling. "If we wish to secure ourselves against any danger from the Pretender," said Chesterfield, "let us procure for him the Electorate of Hanover: from that quarter at least we shall never seek a king." And beyond all accidental circumstances of discontent there lay the deeper feeling that the whole system of political conduct which Walpole represented was doomed. Prudent men might dread the removal of his wise management, and might see greater ill in store for us. But stronger than such prudence was the stirring of new forces of deeper earnestness of conviction, and

a foretaste of the greater part which England was destined to play amongst the nations. The patriotism of William Pitt and the Toryism of Samuel Johnson were not feelings that owed their existence to factious rancour or to ignoble self-seeking.

In 1740, however, it might have seemed as if Walpole would retain his power as long as he lived. His enemies were an ill-assorted crowd, without any consistency of principle, and certain to quarrel over their share of the spoils of victory should it fall to their lot. Again and again during the session of 1740 they tried conclusions with him, but always came off the worse in the struggle. When the new election came, however, the extent of his unpopularity was seen. The result was due to a concurrence of forces. One who has been Minister for twenty years must necessarily make many enemies, and Walpole's gradual absorption of power, and his intolerance of any rival in the camp, had alienated almost all men of ability from his side. Carteret, brilliant and ambitious, but flighty, eccentric, and unstable; Chesterfield, the wittiest, if not the most eloquent, of the peers; Argyle, for nearly forty years a foremost power in the State, whose fiery temper and impetuous pride did not lessen the respect due to his high character and great services in counsel and in camp; even Hervey, Walpole's old confidant, whose captious cynicism did not prevent his being a useful ally,—all these had joined with Pulteney, the leader of the Tories, William Pitt, the foremost of the younger Patriots, and Shippen, the representative of the Jacobites, in denouncing, night after night, "the sole Minister," "the execrable Minister," "the author of all our misfortunes," "the engrosser of power,"

"the corrupter of Parliament," "the Minister who left us to be the prey of our enemies, and yet forged for our liberties the chain of a standing army." The real weakness of Walpole's position was that he had no distinct domestic or foreign policy to oppose to the attacks of his enemies. His administration had been one of subterfuges and devices — dexterous, indeed, but by their very nature incapable of commanding allegiance or drawing together the ranks of a party. Skilful as he was in finance, and adroitly as he had managed to avoid offence either to the landed or the moneyed classes, yet he could point to no distinct financial policy, and had started scheme after scheme only to abandon them in the face of popular tumult. It was to no purpose that he pleaded in foreign affairs that he "did not raise the war in Germany, or advise the war with Spain, or kill the late Emperor or King of Prussia; that he was not First Minister to the King of Poland, and did not kindle the war between Muscovy and Sweden." Such an argument is childish in its futility. No sane man would blame an English Minister for the existence of foreign complications; but no one who thinks of his country's welfare would deem him worthy of his place if he fails to find a consistent plan for meeting these complications as they arise. To one line of conduct Walpole had hitherto been consistent—he had resisted war. It was when he surrendered this last remnant of consistency, and yielded to clamour by going to war with Spain, that he precipitated his fall.

Just before that war broke out there occurred an incident which graphically illustrates the blindness with which the affairs of Scotland were treated, and

the apathy which had been bred in English Ministers to the dangers which they threatened. One of the wisest of the Scottish adherents of the Ministry—Duncan Forbes of Culloden—conceived a plan for employing the fighting power of the Highlands to assist and not to endanger England's interests. He laid his scheme—which was one for the embodiment of some of the Highland clans as regiments in the British army, with English colonels, but officered by the leading men in the clans—before Lord Milton, the confidant of Lord Islay. Both by Milton and by Islay it was received with the utmost favour. Islay brought it before Walpole, and by him also it was deemed a measure of the highest wisdom. War was threatening, and it was far better to engage these born warriors on England's side rather than leave them to the dangerous incitements of her enemies. But Walpole's colleagues refused their assent. They would not give to the Patriots the chance of saying that they armed Jacobite rebels as defenders of the country. Walpole was forced to submit, and the scheme was abandoned, only to be renewed after the danger had proved itself a real one, and when the genius of Chatham realised how the most dangerous enemies of the Crown might be made the strongest bulwark in its defence.

The end came soon after the beginning of the new Parliament. The election of a Chairman of Committees and the various election petitions served as trials of strength, and Walpole held his own only by a few votes. At length a motion for a Secret Committee to inquire into the conduct of affairs was lost only by three votes in a full House. This was followed by actual defeat on an election petition.

Walpole yielded to the urgency of his friends, and resigned office on 31st January 1741-2, being created Earl of Orford on his retirement.

Never did the fall of a Minister more completely disappoint the hopes of those who had united only for his discomfiture, and who enjoyed a brief triumph in his defeat. The cant-word amongst them was the cry for a Ministry "on a Broad Bottom"—a phrase which, under a specious pretence of uniting all parties, might in reality seem to offer satisfaction to many miscellaneous ambitions. But no such ideal was put into practice. To all intents and purposes the Ministry remained a Ministry of Whigs. The king was at no pains to show his irritation at the success of what he deemed an unscrupulous Opposition. When Walpole came to announce his resignation George II. fell on his neck in tears, lamented his loss as a personal misfortune, and besought his frequent presence at Court. Wilmington—the same useless figurehead who had for a brief space taken Walpole's place at the beginning of the reign, when it had seemed that his influence was broken—was again recalled to be First Lord of the Treasury. Carteret became Secretary of State, and his son-in-law, the Marquis of Tweeddale, was named to the restored office of Secretary for Scotland. But Lord Hardwicke remained Lord Chancellor; the Duke of Newcastle, and his brother, Henry Pelham, retained their places in the Government; while Pulteney, who, having in the rash expansiveness of opposition fervour forsworn office, thought it due to his own consistency to refuse nomination, was created Earl of Bath, and found his influence destroyed by the defeat of his old opponent. Argyle accepted office for the moment,

and was nominated as commander in Flanders; but when he found that the Ministry was not to be sufficiently "broad-bottomed" to admit some of the Jacobites whom, strange to say, he counted amongst his adherents, he threw up office in disgust, and continued to oppose all the measures of the Court. William Murray, indeed, who was supposed to have Jacobite leanings, chiefly from the fact that his brother, the titular Earl of Dunbar, was the Pretender's First Minister, was soon after brought into office as Solicitor-General. But his stately eloquence and profound intellect were not framed to be the tools of party intrigue, and his character kept him aloof from all factious combinations. The Ministers found themselves openly insulted and derided by the king, who still, on all emergencies, sought the advice of his former Minister. From his retirement at Houghton, Walpole, or, as he now was, Lord Orford, continued largely to guide the affairs of the nation, and to act, in his opponents' own words, as "the Minister behind the curtain."

To gratify their spleen, and to fan the smouldering flame of popular indignation, Walpole's opponents sought to pursue the inquiry into his past conduct which would, as they hoped, prove him guilty of flagrant malversation of public money. But in truth the prosecution was half-hearted, and showed itself more by its vindictiveness than by its energy. For a short time there were mighty breathings of wrath. Walpole and his brother were to be committed to the Tower, and windows, so it was said, had been hired on the route by which they were to be conveyed thither, by those who wished to triumph over the ruin of the all-powerful Minister. Official

witnesses were bullied and browbeaten; and matters went so far between Pitt and Mr Scrope, the old Secretary to the Treasury, during the examination of the latter, that the octogenarian official would fain have challenged to a duel the future Earl of Chatham. But Walpole could afford to smile at all these fierce threatenings which quickly spent their force. The Ministry found themselves compelled to adopt the old measures. The pay was again voted for the Hanoverian troops. A new campaign of the Allies in Flanders was planned. What called itself the Government of the country was reduced to its old round of petty intrigue and selfish struggle for place, without any thread of definite policy either for domestic or for foreign affairs; only for one able Minister there was substituted a knot of incompetent bunglers, from whom the ablest even of their own nominal followers held aloof. Such was their lack of financial ability that they were at their wits' end for money, and the City men began to call for the restoration of Walpole on his own terms, with the bribe of exchanging his new earldom for a dukedom.

It is no part of our business now to enter into the ignoble details of these baffled intrigues. But there is another aspect of the change of Ministry and the defeat of Walpole which has a very immediate bearing on our present theme. Little as his opponents could master it, and poorly as their own bark could ride upon its current, the tide that had overturned Walpole's rule was still a strong and steady one. It was certain to rise until the nation learned its own dignity, rose to take its proper place in the world, and made it impossible for any government to rest on a

basis of systematic corruption. Walpole might smile at the baffled efforts of his enemies. His own influence lasted to his death, and his own courage and resourcefulness have won for him an honourable place in history. But, none the less, the day of professed cynicism in politics was doomed. Patriotism was no longer to be a byword and an object of contempt, but the standard and the weapon by which national glory and national prosperity were to be won. The man who was to raise that standard to its highest was amongst Walpole's bitterest assailants, but he was no sharer in the immediate division of the spoils. We may, indeed, search in vain for anything in Pitt's action at this time—save his refusal to accept office—to show that he saw the hollowness and selfishness that marked the momentary triumph of Walpole's opponents. But with him the denunciations that had preceded Walpole's fall had a sounder foundation than greed for office; and his later career realised the deeper national instincts that had given weight and meaning to the indignation roused by Walpole's methods.

Rightly or wrongly the Tory party, which recalled the days before the Hanoverian succession, when divisions of party had at least some intelligible basis, looked back upon its own traditions as something better than those of personal intrigue and parliamentary corruption. For it the diatribes of Bolingbroke and Wyndham and Pulteney, and the satire of Swift and Pope, had a real and stimulating meaning. They inherited the traditions of the Cavaliers, sublimated and idealised by the lapse of time. For them, quite apart from the sordid reality of intrigue, the change of government seemed to have a deeper

meaning, and to renew the traditions of their youth. Horace Walpole tells us, with a sneer, how the old ladies "who had not been dressed these twenty years are come out in all the accoutrements that were in use in Queen Anne's days." "The joy and awkward jollity of them," he says, "is inexpressible." "If ever I come to Court again," they had said to one another, "I will have a pink and silver, or a blue and silver"; "and they keep their resolution." Walpole might smile; but the old ladies and their husbands represented no contemptible feeling all the same. All the country squires were not Squire Westerns, and it was not for nothing that men like Shippen the Jacobite became proverbial for honesty, and that even Sir Robert Walpole himself was compelled to own that Shippen was the only man whose price he could not name.

If this underlying feeling of satisfaction pervaded the Tories, still more did it permeate that fringe of the Tories who were avowed Jacobites. These last might be excluded from office, but none the less the change told powerfully in their favour. Their principles might be disowned by those who enjoyed a hollow triumph in the fall of Walpole; but in that fall the Jacobites found their opportunity. The opposition to him had been, as George II. rightly understood, in great measure an opposition to the house of Hanover; and just as his fall had kindled their hopes at home, so the war with France, in which the nation was now fully engaged, gave them new chances abroad. The letters from the Court of St Germains "commanded the Jacobites, and exhorted the Patriots, to continue what they had mutually so well begun, and said how pleased the king was with their having

removed Mr Tench" (Sir Robert Walpole).[1] Could words more accurately describe the situation? The Patriots and the Jacobites were not destined to run on even lines; but, for the moment, was there not something which linked them to one another in their satisfaction at the discomfiture of a common foe, even although the apparent spoils of the victory fell into other hands?

Unconscious of the larger issues involved, this ill-assorted Government pursued its own blundering way. There were not wanting men of high ability in its ranks; but either, like Lord Hardwicke, the Chancellor, and Murray, the Solicitor-General, they pursued the even tenor of their own career, and held aloof from the selfish intrigue that was rife amongst their colleagues; or, like Carteret, they treated the whole affair as a jest, and openly sneered and flouted those whose counsels they nominally shared. We are not concerned with the details of the administration. Insulted by the king, despised by the nation, without cohesion, and without a policy, they were compelled to follow the very course in foreign affairs which they had repeatedly assailed.

The conduct of foreign affairs was entirely in the hands of Carteret, who, with an astonishing amount of rant and extravagance, and in spite of habitual excess and dissipation, yet possessed an unrivalled knowledge of European affairs, and whose linguistic skill gave him an enormous advantage in conducting the negotiations with the foreign Powers. The spring of 1743 found the plans arranged for a new campaign, which was to be conducted under the command of the aged Earl of Stair, long ambassador to France. In

[1] Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, June 30, 1742.

that expedition the king and his younger son, the Duke of Cumberland, were to take part, while Carteret accompanied them in person, to manage the delicate task of diplomatic negotiations. But so strong was the impression of feeble and vacillating counsels, that the prospect of actual fighting was hardly taken seriously. There was talk of a real battle in Italy. "Our officers who are going to Flanders," says Walpole, "don't quite like it; they are afraid it should grow the fashion to fight, and that a pair of colours should no longer be a sinecure." But "our troops are actually marched, and the officers begin to follow them—I hope they know whither!" Walpole's gossip is, of course, that of an unfriendly critic, but it serves to show the prevailing current of feeling, that would not treat as serious anything in which the miscellaneous group that called itself a government were engaged.

There were not wanting some ominous signs of danger at home. Amongst the troops ordered abroad was a Highland regiment who had no taste for the expedition. When it was urged that their absence would leave the country unprotected against a Jacobite rebellion, the reply was made that their being sent abroad would make 800 fewer rebels at home; and they proved the soundness of the suspicion by deserting in large numbers before embarkation.

But in June 1743 all England was startled by the news of a glorious victory, won by the English and Hanoverian forces under Stair against the French under Marshal de Noailles, at Dettingen on the Mayne. The king and his son, the Duke of Cumberland, had not only taken part in the fight, but had shown indubitable valour. Against overwhelming numbers, and in spite of great disadvantages of position, the

allies had fought splendidly, and the king, by his own intrepidity, had turned the fight at the most critical period in its fortunes. His son had been wounded, after showing that he possessed the royal virtues of courage and military sagacity. It might well seem that the unpopularity of the Hanoverian alliance would now diminish, and that the Hanoverian dynasty would attract to itself some of the love of Englishmen. Whatever his feelings might be to the new Ministry, Walpole was too good an Englishman to grudge the triumph. He drank to the healths of Lord Stair and Carteret, and "since it was well done, did not care by whom it was done."

But, in the result, these hopes were to a large degree disappointed. George II. failed to secure the momentary popularity which his victorious courage had gained for him. Stair was enraged at what he deemed his own neglect, and jealous of his Hanoverian allies, and threw up his command. Carteret's triumph made him careless of hiding his contempt for his colleagues, and he was determined either to be First Minister or nothing. The glories of the victory, on the other hand, were disparaged by the Jacobites, and Carteret's despatches were burlesqued. The death of Wilmington in July left the post of Prime Minister vacant, and a struggle ensued between Carteret and his opponents, in which, sorely against the king's sympathies, the latter proved successful. The Duke of Newcastle, whose fussy frivolity rendered him ridiculous, and his brother, Henry Pelham, who represented a poorer reflection of Walpole, were yet too strong in their parliamentary influence to permit the personal regard which Carteret had won from the king to prevail. After protracted bargainings, the

king was compelled to set aside his favourite, Lord Carteret, upon whom alone he could count for the support of the Hanoverian subsidies. The "puppy," Newcastle, he would have at no price; but the post of First Lord was eventually conferred on Henry Pelham.

For a time Carteret acquiesced in this arrangement, and the Ministry seemed to have acquired additional strength. But every means was resorted to by the Jacobites to rouse the nation against the Hanoverian policy, and to aggravate the unpopularity of the king and his Ministers. The question of retaining the Hanoverian troops in English pay was fiercely debated. Pitt thundered against Carteret even more bitterly than he had before against Walpole. He was "the Hanoverian-troop Minister," "a flagitious task-master"; "the 16,000 Hanoverians were all the party that he had, and were his placemen." The Pelhams were alarmed, and were anxious to temporise. The king fretted; and Carteret, secure of the king's sympathy, braved unpopularity in defending the Hanoverian alliance. At Court there was nothing but distracted counsels: "there was no joy but in the Jacobites." One item alone was some consolation to the Ministers—the death of the Duke of Argyle in September 1743. The memory of his great services, and his unrivalled influence in the North, still made him a great power in the country; and it is hard to say what line he might have followed had he lived to see the outbreak of the rebellion. It is certain that of late he had shown some sympathy with the Jacobites, under the impulse of his discontent, and the rankling of disappointed ambition; but whether he would actually have joined in armed rebellion may

well be doubted. Had he done so, the danger, great as it actually was, would have been immeasurably increased.

Meanwhile the French, stimulated by their defeat, had turned to the exiled family as a ready instrument for taking vengeance on their foe. The renewal of Jacobite hopes, and the definite reopening of a scheme of restoration, dates almost immediately after the outbreak of the war with Spain in 1739. In 1740 seven leading Scottish Jacobites, who possessed large influence in the Highlands—the Earl of Traquair and his brother John Stuart; Lord Lovat; the titular Duke of Perth, and his uncle Lord John Drummond; Sir James Campbell of Auchinbreck, and the younger Cameron of Lochiel—had entered into an association which pledged them to rise in arms as soon as adequate help was provided from abroad. Other associations were formed on the same footing throughout Scotland; and now it seemed as if the condition for which they stipulated was about to be fulfilled. However little the danger of these movements might be appreciated by the English Government, who were no way disturbed at the local troubles of Scotland, the French Court judged the case more truly; and, indeed, it was chiefly through Scottish agents that the negotiations about foreign assistance were carried on. The death of Fleury had placed Cardinal Tencin in power as the chief Minister of France, and he was stirred not only by his personal sympathies but by what appeared to be the interests of the French Crown, to make himself the champion of the Jacobite cause. In 1744 that championship took very definite form; and once more Jacobite hopes were to be stimulated by promises which, however serious they seemed at first to be,

were destined in their results to be as barren and delusive as those with which they had so often been beguiled.

Already in June 1743 Cardinal Tencin had become so convinced that the Jacobite cause was one which it suited the interests of France to promote, that he wrote to James's Court at Rome and asked that Prince Charles Edward, his eldest son, should come to Paris. The exiled Prince was only too ready to accept any proffered succour, but he hesitated to take a step which would undoubtedly arouse suspicion, and stimulate defensive measures on the part of the English Cabinet, until the French preparations were more advanced. Meanwhile he could only temporise and profess his gratitude for the encouragement given to his cause.

The young Prince was of a character which prompted him to seize such an opportunity with eagerness. We shall have to watch his qualities as they show themselves hereafter in the heroic enterprise which gives him his place in history, and which redeems the degradation that clings about his later days, when baffled hopes, and the dull lethargy of despair, had sunk him into selfish and besotted uselessness. But now, in spite of all defects of education, which had left him in many ways ignorant and untutored, he had, by universal testimony, all the heroic courage, the energy, and the power of steady endurance which made him a fit leader of a forlorn hope, and all the magnetic power of attraction which riveted the affections of his followers. From his father he inherited consummate grace and dignity of manner, which impressed the imagination of those to whom their loyalty was as a religion, which the misfortunes of the

exiled house kindled into enthusiasm. The religious devotion which, in his father, passed into superstition and savoured more of the monk than of the king, was in him only a graceful trait of reverent and pious filial duty, and was tempered with the high spirit of a young man who shunned gaiety and fashion rather from a stern self-discipline than from a want of taste. From his mother's family he inherited the heroism which had enabled John Sobieski to maintain a long and adverse struggle against overwhelming odds. The training which his father's mock court had given him might well have excused an ignorance of the world, and an absolute unfitness for facing the stern realities of a desperate military undertaking; and the atmosphere of petty jealousy and intrigue in which his youth had been spent might well have given to the petulance of youth an utter incapacity of conceiving higher motives, or of playing a hero's part upon a wider stage. As it was, the dignity of lofty purpose, courageous patience in the face of disappointment, and firm determination to subordinate all other aims to the one supreme object for which he was ready to sacrifice his life, and to which filial piety as well as patriotic duty appeared to summon him, could not shine more clearly than they do through the ill-spelt and boyish letters which he continued to address to the king after he had set out upon the enterprise in which heroic loyalty was once again, and for the last time, to attempt to undo the work of history, and revive hopes that might have seemed for ever withered and decayed. His education had been neglected, his range of experience had been narrow, but he had the rare power, which in spite of all other blemishes gives the stamp of

greatness to its possession—that of discerning, and rising to the height of, a great opportunity. That the aims of the band of which he was the centre should be mistaken and foredoomed to failure; that history had already written an adverse verdict in characters only too clear upon the cause which he represented—nay, even that he was himself to decline into a discredited and degraded age,—all these do not rob him of the glory of seizing the right moment for acting a hero's part in the last struggle of a lost but still romantic cause.

Early in January 1744 the Young Chevalier started from Rome, with a commission from his father appointing him regent with full powers. Already France had gathered 15,000 veterans at Dunkirk ready to embark in transports; and two fleets to convoy them, of eighteen vessels of the line, were collected in the harbours of Rochefort and Brest. On the 9th of January the young Prince set out in disguise, attended by only a single servant; set sail from Savona, and, landing near Cannes, travelled speedily to Paris, arriving there on the 20th of the same month. At the French Court there was still so much of hesitation that the Prince was not accorded a personal interview with the king, and retired to Gravelines, where, under an assumed name, he awaited the maturing of events. Meanwhile the combined fleets of Rochefort and Brest, under the command of Admiral Roquefeuille, advanced up the Channel, where an English fleet of much greater strength, under Sir John Norris, an aged though experienced officer,[1] awaited

[1] The frequency with which he had to account for misfortunes by adverse circumstances procured for him the nickname of "foul-weather Jack."

their arrival. Roquefeuille anchored at Dungeness, where Norris, instead of blockading Dunkirk, watched the French fleet, and prepared, with a timid deliberation, to attack. Great crowds gathered on the coast to watch an expected engagement, which, had it occurred, might only have left another part of the coast clear for the transports to disembark their troops. But Roquefeuille was unable to risk an engagement. He sailed off under cover of the night; and at the same time, fortunately for the English Government, a storm, which blew directly on Dunkirk, not only forced Roquefeuille to retire to French harbours, but utterly destroyed the transports, upon which 7000 troops had already been embarked. Many of these transports were wrecked, and some were lost with all on board. The hopes of the expedition were ruined before it had begun, and the attempt was never again renewed. The Marshal de Saxe, who was to have commanded the expedition, was sent to another seat of war; and once more the prospect of French assistance, which had so often beguiled the fancy of the Jacobites, proved but a broken reed.

The danger which had threatened England had roused the keenest alarm, and for a time it looked as if preparations had been too long delayed amidst the bickerings of faction. The feeling of many in London was that the Hanoverian dynasty might soon be overturned. All England could furnish only some 7000 troops to oppose the landing of an army, and to collect even these would be a work of time; and it would be still longer before the ten battalions summoned from Flanders, and 4000 men from Ireland, could arrive. Carteret, the Minister chiefly in the confidence of the king, had aroused the jealousy of his colleagues, and

his compliance with the king's Hanoverian inclinations had kindled against him the most bitter opposition. Only the overmastering sense of a common danger had for a time closed the breaches, and produced a semblance of union amongst the prominent leaders. When the danger seemed to have passed in the month of March, the bitterness of opposition to Carteret was again renewed; and even the declaration of war by France in the same month did not suffice to lessen the anger of those who deemed that Carteret's action would lead to the waste of English lives and resources in a protracted European war for objects not her own.

In the autumn of 1744 the struggle between Carteret and his nominal colleagues in the Ministry reached an acute stage.[1] He was resolved to be supreme, and rightly conceived that he understood far more than they the complications of foreign politics and the preparations which they required. They, on the other hand, relied on their parliamentary support, but dreaded lest the denunciations of Pitt and the Tories might, by accentuating the odiousness of the Hanoverian subvention, involve the loss of that parliamentary support, and overwhelm them in a common disaster with Granville. The king still clung to his favourite, and strove to maintain him against his foes. But the general feeling was too strong even for the king, and in November 1744 he was obliged to sacrifice Granville to the clamour which his action had aroused. The genius, the eloquence, the brilliant

[1] In October 1744, by the death of his mother, Carteret became Earl Granville. All London was amused when this year, in the midst of the excitement of the political struggle, he married Lady Sophia Fermor, a reigning beauty younger than his own daughters. His first wife had died in June 1743.

scholarship, the all-embracing accomplishment, the daring and the dash of Granville, were compelled to give way to the wily tactics and the stolid pedantry of Pelham, and to the fantastic folly of that "comedian hired to burlesque the character of a Minister,"[1] his brother, the Duke of Newcastle. Pelham became First Lord of the Treasury, and held the office till his death in 1754, only to be succeeded by the duke.

The Ministry was reconstituted more on the model which had been aimed at three years before, of the Broad-bottom. Not Tories only, but even suspected Jacobites, were given office. Pitt was conciliated, not by office, from which he still stood aloof, but by the defeat of his chief enemy, Granville, and by promises that meant the speedy gratification of his ambition. The opponent of the Hanoverian subsidies, which had stirred his wrath when Granville was chief Minister, and which had led him to stigmatise that statesman as one who "had drunk of the potion which poets have described as causing men to forget their country," now found in these subsidies one means of gaining for England that great place amongst the nations of which his imagination already pictured himself as the champion. By a process of comprehension, the bitterness of opposition was conciliated, and the burst of indignant feeling, which had shaken the Hanoverian settlement, seemed to be appeased when Granville had been made the scapegoat of its wrath. In March 1745 the death of Walpole, who had lived long enough to see his own fall avenged in the bickerings amongst his successors, seemed to remove the last landmark of the struggles which had raged so fiercely a few years before. The Ministers could

[1] Smollett in *Humphrey Clinker*.

boast that in the House of Commons "there was no man of business, or even of weight, left capable of heading or conducting an opposition." In May 1745 the Duke of Cumberland, with the Austrian and Dutch allies, suffered at Fontenoy a defeat at the hands of Marshal de Saxe which was not without some of the glory of a victory; and at the call of national danger, and with the hope of national glory, the ranks closed and the bitterness of faction was for the moment soothed to silence.

It was in such circumstances that the Young Chevalier and his scanty band of adherents were to renew for the last time, and with no adventitious aid, the struggle which was to leave a mark of such heroic effort on the page of history.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM THE OUTBREAK OF THE REBELLION TO THE BATTLE OF PRESTONPANS.

VERY scanty and ineffective measures of police had been adopted for the pacification of the Highlands in the generation which had elapsed since the Rebellion of 1715. The population, as we have seen, remained in a state of isolation. No steps were taken to bring about any real intercourse between Lowlands and Highlands. The clan system remained untouched. No schemes were set on foot for providing employment for the disordered hosts of the mountains, who were almost forced to live by preying on their southern neighbours. There was no attempt to bring them to coalesce with the more thriving population on whom they bordered, and side by side with whom they lived —so closely that in many petty villages the inhabitants of neighbouring hovels did not understand one another's language, and led different lives. In the town of Nairn we are told that one portion of the town was Gaelic, another Scottish, and the two lived like people apart. Education was utterly neglected in these regions; and the Parish School system, whatever it did for the rest of Scotland, was there powerless against the influence of the chiefs, who

disdained an influence that would have undermined their power. Such measures as were taken were merely directed to the repression of robbery and disorder, and to the provision of means whereby military authority might be exercised. To the amelioration of the Highland people those responsible for the government gave no thought.

These measures of repression, however, were exercised with no harshness or cruelty. They were the measures of a military authority, and they did not seek to put in practice any philanthropic scheme. But the authority was in the wise and moderate hands of General Wade. His first anxiety was to put a stop to ever-recurring rapine, and to a certain extent he did this with success. He established a sort of armed police recruited partly from the Highland clans. He had the help of some of the better chiefs, who, if they exacted a payment for the check they imposed upon the robberies of their own or other clans, which came perilously near to blackmail, yet carried out their part of the bargain with a rough justice. For his armed men he established a series of small forts throughout the country which kept the various districts in some sort of discipline. These smaller forts were subsidiary to a chain of larger garrisons, where considerable bodies of troops were kept. The garrisons were those of Fort William on the south, Fort Augustus at the lower end of Loch Ness, and Fort George close to Inverness. On Loch Ness itself he placed an armed sloop, which might convey bodies of troops quickly where their services might be required; and by these means, without putting in force any violent measures of repression, he succeeded in overawing disaffected districts, and

made a respectable show of authority for the Government. Above all, he constructed a series of roads through the mountain-passes which were admirably adapted for the movements of large bodies of troops and for the transport of artillery. In the construction of these roads he occupied the men of his military police, and thus prevented the inconvenient presence of an idle soldiery, and gave an example of industry which was not lost upon the people. The making of these roads required the highest engineering skill then available, and the means by which the roughest obstacles were overcome, and impenetrable fastnesses were traversed by easy highways, served to impress upon the people a high sense of the skill and contrivance of their new masters. There were three main lines of these roads. Starting from Stirling and going north-west by Crieff and Aberfeldy, the first reached Glengarry at Dalnacardoch. Thence it went over the mountains to Dalwhinnie, by the track now followed by the railway. At Dalwhinnie one road went by the valley of the Spey to Kingussie, and thence to Inverness and Fort George. The other went in a more westerly direction, and crossing the steep sides of Corryarrick by a zigzag of nine traverses, descended upon Fort Augustus. A third road went from Loch Lomond by Dalmally and Tyndrum, penetrated the lonely recesses of Glencoe, and so reached Fort William. Thence it skirted Loch Lochy and Loch Oich on the south side, and crossing at Fort Augustus, went on the northern side of Loch Ness to Inverness—following in the main the line of the present Caledonian Canal. These roads opened new accesses to the Highlands, and made easy the quick movement of troops, which had before been possible only to the

military genius of a Montrose, a Dundee, or a Mackay, and then only for light-armed bands, who had no knowledge of artillery as an arm of war.

Whatever were its limitations, and however little it attempted to raise the level of the Highland population, Wade's work was thoroughly well done. So long as he had a free hand the Highlands at least wore the appearance of peace and order. But the short-sighted policy of the Government destroyed much of its benefit. The advice given by Wade and by his most prudent coadjutor, Duncan Forbes, was deliberately set aside. The Highland police which he had embodied was disbanded, and only small garrisons of the regular army—most often the rawest recruits—were left to occupy the forts. This took place in 1740, and no sooner was it carried out than the depredations began again. The more lawless of the chiefs—all the more dangerous that their thieving propensity was united with a veneer of policy—renewed their old robberies without fear. Such a veteran freebooter was Macdonell of Barisdale, who covered the calling of a practised robber with the graces of a "polished behaviour, fine address, and fine person," and who interspersed his business of rapine with such addiction to the classics as enabled him to have a Latin quotation ever ready to his hand. He drew a regular income of £500 a-year from blackmail, and yet sincerely believed himself to be a benefactor to the public.

But this was not the only evil that the interference with Wade's work produced. Conspirators were not slow to find their opportunity. Emissaries from abroad were ever on the move between the shores of Scotland and of France. Arms were landed,

pledges of support were obtained, ominous whisperings were heard, and money was distributed adroitly as the best means of keeping alive Jacobite sympathies amidst a needy population, and amongst chiefs who felt their authority slipping away from them. The Government abandoned the prosecution of the sound work on which their emissary was engaged. We shall presently see how little use they were able to make of that which he had already accomplished in opening the Highlands to the movements of a military force.

After the failure of his hope of a strong support from France, Prince Charles Edward remained in Paris during the winter of 1744. During that winter John Murray of Broughton,[1] then the trusted confi-

[1] Murray was a man of good birth, of some property, and of more than average education. He had spent some years at Edinburgh University when its fame was high, and his journals give evidence of scholarship and of a certain facility of style. His memorials have recently been published for the Scottish Historical Society by Mr Fitzroy Bell, and give us a somewhat prolix but useful narrative of the events. The editor has not attempted to clear Murray of the main accusation of treachery which is indissolubly associated with his name, but he endeavours to show that the treachery involved danger only to one member of the Jacobite party—Lord Lovat—whose guilt was already amply proved, and who had little claim to consideration from any Jacobite adherent. Murray seems to have conducted his business as secretary with care, business-like method, and general rectitude, and no doubt he could justify to his own judgment his own action. But his memoirs are too much of a studied defence not to imply that he felt he was open to reproach, and his conduct is such as the general sense of mankind will always condemn and despise. He was a shrewd man of business, importing into a brave and forlorn effort that pettifogging spirit which was alien to the methods of the best of his party. Intellectually he compared well with his associates, but his spirit was that of a lawyer of the baser sort amongst men of chivalrous designs but of rash and hot-headed character. Strangely enough, he appears in later years to have recovered some of the confidence of Charles Edward, when that prince had alienated most of his supporters, and a strange and romantic story is told of the Prince having visited London to hold conference with Murray in 1763, when he was seen by a youthful relative of Murray's, who afterwards became a friend of Scott, and represented on the stage some of the characters in the dramatised versions of the Waverley Novels.

dant of the Prince, but who was to bequeath a name loathed by Scotsmen of all parties from its association with the most despicable and craven treachery, was passing frequently between France and Scotland. The main point in the negotiations was how far it was wise for the Prince to come unsupported by foreign troops, and without the aid of foreign money. Charles consistently pressed for a bold and independent action; his adherents in Scotland unanimously urged that an attempt without foreign support would be a mad tempting of disaster. In later years Murray disclaimed with emphasis the story that represented him as having urged Charles to the reckless course and then betrayed the cause of his adherents. We may very well acquit him of such a charge: it would have been contrary to the whole tenor of his acts, and it was inconsistent with the accurate estimate of the situation which his shrewd experience enabled him to form. Whatever faults the Jacobites could charge against Murray, that of reckless boldness was certainly not one. Amongst the Scottish adherents none but the titular Duke of Perth, the grandson of the Earl of Perth who had been James II.'s chancellor, was prepared for an attempt at all hazards, and without waiting for French assistance.

Murray may certainly be acquitted of the charge of precipitating rash or headlong action. In later days an equally unfounded but much more absurd charge was brought against the Prince himself of an opposite kind. It was said that he showed pusillanimity and hesitation, and was finally only carried on board the ship that brought him to Scotland "bound hand and foot." This is the story which Hume repeated on the authority of idle gossip, but it has been amply proved

to have no foundation in fact, and is contrary to every recognised trait in the Prince's character. Misfortune —and its sequel, despair—produced dissipation, and broke down a character at first bold and decisive in action and moderate in moments of triumph; but common justice must accord to him the honour due to a man reckless of his own life in a cause he deemed to be a noble and a righteous one.

By midsummer 1745 Charles had made all the scanty preparations which were to suffice him for his bold enterprise. He obtained some small pecuniary aid from France—to the extent of some £4000,—and he was able to secure two ships, a man-of-war of sixty guns called the Elizabeth, and a smaller frigate called the Doutelle. They belonged to two Dutch adventurers, who intended to use them as privateers. On board the Doutelle he himself sailed from Nantes on the 8th of July. The Elizabeth was attacked—probably as an ordinary French man-of-war, and with no suspicion of her destination—by the English ship the Lion. Both ships suffered heavily, and the Elizabeth was compelled to return to France. The Lion came back disabled to the English port; and after the usual fashion of the day—a fashion which only became prominent, but was not for the first time resorted to, in the more famous case of Byng, a few years later—her officers were brought to trial and one of them was shot. Such was the barbarous malignity with which a feeble Government was wont to visit the misfortunes of the agents whose valour did not command success. Meanwhile Charles proceeded with a few companions in the Doutelle, narrowly escaping similar attacks by other English ships, and after a hazardous voyage he anchored at Erisca beside the island of South Uist.

Never was a forlorn-hope started with more slender chances of success. The proprietor of the island, Macdonald of Clanranald, was absent on the mainland, but he was represented by his uncle, Macdonald of Borodale, whom the Prince summoned on board. In his case, as in that of all the others whom Charles summoned to confer, there was no shirking of the call, but his verdict was absolute against the attempt, which he deemed to be nothing but rank insanity. He told the Prince that Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat and the Macleod — the two most powerful chiefs in that part of the country — were resolved not to join unless success was made possible by the presence of a foreign force; and his own advice would be given to his nephew Clanranald to take the same course. Borodale left him, and even his companions began to despair. Only Sir Thomas Sheridan, the Prince's tutor,—a blood relation of his own, whose Irish audacity had great influence over his spirit,—pressed that more of his adherents should be consulted before the enterprise was abandoned. Charles resolved to follow his advice, and crossed from Uist to Loch Nannuagh, near Arisaig, on the 25th of July. Macdonald of Moidart, whom he first consulted, gave the same verdict as Borodale. But Moidart's younger brother Ranald listened with impatience to the interview. The quick-witted Prince perceived his chance and appealed to him, "You, at least, will not forsake me?" "I will follow you to the death were there no other to draw a sword in your cause." Such enthusiasm is contagious. The elder brother yielded, and the bolder counsel prevailed. The Prince landed and was conducted to the house of Borodale close by; and the little band were thus committed by

the chance turn of an interview to the task of overthrowing the well-established throne of the Hanoverian family. With no troops, with only a scanty supply of money, with no certain hopes of assistance, and with the avowed opposition of some of the warmest Jacobite adherents, Charles and his companions essayed an enterprise that seemed inspired only by the madness of despair. He had seven companions: the Marquis of Tullibardine, who had taken part in the rising of 1715, and had been attainted, the title of Duke of Athole passing to his younger brother; Sir Thomas Sheridan; Sir John Macdonald, a Scottish officer who had served in Spain; Francis Strickland, an English gentleman; Kelly, who had been implicated in Atterbury's plot of 1721; Æneas Macdonald, a brother of the chief of Moidart, now a Paris banker; and Buchanan, who had brought Charles from Rome to Paris.

The strongest and most trusted of Jacobite adherents in the Western Highlands was Cameron of Lochiel. On his support of the cause its last hopes depended, and he was summoned by the Prince. He arrived, convinced of the madness of the scheme, and resolved to urge its abandonment; but his brother, Cameron of Fassifern, knew the character of the Prince as well as that of his own chief. "Write your opinion to the Prince," he had urged, "but do not trust yourself to the fascination of his presence. I know you better than you know yourself, and you will be unable to refuse compliance." At the interview he strongly urged his doubts, but a personal appeal overcame him. "I shall take the field with such as may join my standard," said the Prince; "Lochiel, whom my father deemed our best, may

remain at home and learn our fate." Lochiel yielded, and the die was cast. The task that faced the little band was to gather some semblance of a force. It was well that to his heroism the Prince joined a skill in the management of men, and a perception of character that admirably fitted him to impress the minds of the simple Highlanders by whom he was now surrounded, and to whose hearts the very weakness of his cause made a powerful appeal.

The Government were slow to move, and singularly ill-informed as to the progress of the movement. But they had already received, with little disposition to credit it, the report of a landing of the Prince in the Western Highlands. It received attention so far, that some of the most suspected of the Jacobite adherents were watched, and a bungling attempt was made to arrest the titular Duke of Perth at his house of Castle Drummond. That attempt was foiled by the presence of mind with which the Duke received imperturbably the announcement by Campbell of Inverawe, who had just dined with him, that he had orders to arrest him. Making the officer pass before him with the ceremonious politeness due from a host, he suddenly escaped by a secret door, sprang upon a bare-backed pony that he found outside, and escaped to the mountains, where he lay concealed, ready to join the Prince. Those who were privy to the enterprise now gathered to the rendezvous in the lonely glen of Lochaber, and the Prince there collected round him a group of chiefs who could command no scanty support amongst their glens. They were already planning the raising of the standard, and the striking of some sudden and effective blow was all but arranged, before the Government

took any active steps. Murray of Broughton, who had been closely watched for some weeks, managed to leave his house in Peeblesshire and join the Prince, bringing with him the manifestoes which were to give formal shape to the adventure, and which were already printed and ready for issue. On the 2nd of July President Forbes brought to Sir John Cope, the commander of the forces, a letter from a correspondent in the Highlands, who mentioned, but at the same time discredited, a rumour that the Prince was to land some time during the summer. This was communicated, as at most a remote possibility, to the English Government. During the month the alarm increased, but even on the 2nd of August we find Forbes writing, half alarmed, half sceptical, to Henry Pelham to tell him of the rumours that were spreading. Such rumours were confirmed by Lord Milton, who wrote on 8th August from Rosneath (where he was staying with the Duke of Argyle), and by the Highland correspondent of Forbes, who wrote on the 9th, both positively asserting the fact of the landing. Meanwhile, a day or two more brought confirmation of these rumours. On the 6th of August a proclamation had been issued, putting a reward of £30,000 on the Prince's head. The Government had been slow to move, but was now thoroughly alarmed, and despatches flew fast and thick.

That proclamation, to the undying honour of the Scottish Highlands, fell on deaf ears. Not the direst straits of poverty ever tempted to a betrayal any one of the many thousands to whom treachery would have brought affluence beyond their dreams. Long before the proclamation was known in their mountains, the first blow in the enterprise had been struck,

and curiously enough this happened on the very day when it was issued in London by the English Government. The incident was like many that followed, and showed how easily disciplined troops can be struck with panic when confronted with the unwonted tactics of a foe ignorant of the arts of war. Two companies of English soldiers, marching from Fort Augustus to reinforce the scanty garrison at Fort William, were taken prisoners in a pass near the river Spean by a handful of Highlanders. Utterly unaccustomed to the wiles of men who knew every foot of the ground, they were thrown into confusion by some dozen clansmen scattered at different points on the hillside. The soldiers hastily retreated; their Highland foes seemed to start up from every bush, and they were forced to run for some six or seven miles, until met by another small body who barred their retreat. Completely outmanœuvred, the soldiers, mostly raw recruits, threw down their arms, and were carried prisoners to Lochiel's house of Auchnacarry. It was a beginning of good omen to the Jacobite cause. Even bolder schemes had been on foot — to seize the Duke of Argyle in his castle at Inveraray, and to get hold of some of the smaller forts which garrisoned the Highlands. These schemes were found impossible. But the Prince was served so well that trusty emissaries had eluded the vigilance of the Government troops and spread the summons far and wide through every one of the northern counties. The insurrection was known to thousands, and counted its active participants by hundreds, before the Government had any certain information of its existence.

It was on the 19th of August that Charles raised his standard at Glenfinnan. On the 18th he had

passed from Borodale to Glenaladale, and thence crossed Loch Shiel with some five-and-twenty attendants in three boats. In the lonely glen, surrounded by precipitous mountains, he waited to see if his hopes were to be realised by the gathering of the clans. For two hours he remained in suspense, finding shelter in one of the wretched hovels which were the only signs of human habitation on the spot. At length Cameron of Lochiel appeared with more than 700 of his followers upon the ridge of the mountain. It was the pledge of loyal support, and was a signal of encouragement to thousands within the length and breadth of the Highlands. The standard of white, red, and blue silk was unfurled, and it was held by the Marquis of Tullibardine, while the royal proclamation and the commission of regency, nominating the Prince as his father's representative, were read.[1] The Prince made a short and stirring appeal "to join with him in so glorious an enterprise," to those "with whose assistance and the protection of a just God, who never fails to avenge the cause of the injured, he did not doubt of bringing the affair to a happy issue."

The enterprise thus launched for good or ill, it is not amiss to see what manner of man was the young Prince who was henceforth to be its life and soul, and under whose name the expedition was to win a place in history and in romance denied to many far more

[1] An injurious tale has sometimes been propagated, that Charles started the enterprise against his father's advice, and meant if it succeeded to mount the throne himself. The story has not a shred of foundation. James certainly wished to remain at Rome, and had now no ambition for a crown other than titular. But Charles uniformly opposed the intention, and was too shrewd, if not too honest, to lend himself to such a bungling scheme.

imposing and perhaps more momentous undertakings. Prince Charles Edward,[1] or, as he is generally called, the Young Chevalier, to distinguish him from his father, who is designated as the Chevalier St George, was the eldest son of the titular James III. and of the Princess Clementina Sobieski, granddaughter of the king John Sobieski of Poland, who defeated the Turks before Vienna. He was born on the 31st of December 1720, and was consequently in his twenty-fifth year. He was above middle stature, being about five feet ten inches tall, and his frame was well knit and graceful, his demeanour and aspect dignified and imposing. His eyes were hazel, and his hair brown, with a tendency to a golden colour at the tips. His countenance had a cast of melancholy which suited the part he had to play, and did not detract from the dignity of his mien. Gifted by nature with an active frame and a robust constitution—which he inherited from his mother's warlike race—he had trained it, by constant exercise, to skill in all athletic feats. He could endure long and fatiguing marches on scanty fare; he was an accomplished horseman, an expert shot, and an adept in all games which called for physical excellence. He was quick and lively in disposition, a ready talker, and, in spite of a desultory education, carried on under unhappy influences, he was acute and ready in acquiring knowledge. He was fairly well read, and, above all, had read fully in that most

[1] This designation is at once more accurate and more decorous than that which his enemies affected, and which careless habit has endorsed, of *The Pretender*. The Prince was in no sense a pretender. He advanced claims which the English constitution, as altered by the Revolution, did not admit; but he made no pretence to a birth which was not amply supported, and has nothing in common with those adventurers of whom history gives many examples, and to whom the name is properly applied.

exacting of all documents, the character of men. He had already won distinction as a soldier by giving evidence of marked bravery in the campaign in Italy, where he had served under his kinsman the Duke of Berwick. In the strained and unnatural atmosphere of a titular court, where intrigue was rife, he had preserved a fair balance of mind, and had escaped the contagion of priestly influence to which his more gentle but weaker father had completely succumbed; and while conscious of a more domineering spirit of his own, he never failed to show to that father filial respect and even tenderness. Under the influence, it is said, of his tutor Sir Thomas Sheridan, he had imbibed some laxity of religious views, and even though he saw that it was well to simulate a devotion which he scarcely felt, he somewhat scandalised the stricter notions of his father. He was at pains to study the character of the Highlanders, and managed, with an astonishing equanimity of temper for one naturally impatient, to steer his way amidst the constant bickerings of the chiefs who surrounded him. He won the devotion of the great body of his followers by adapting himself to their ways, and by learning to converse easily and familiarly after their fashion. He subjected himself to all the hardships of their march, and showed how ready he was to endure fatigue and hard fare with the humblest. In the conduct of the campaign he never forgot the claims of humanity, and refused to punish, even with an amount of severity that would have been prudent, those who were in his power, and who had schemed his assassination. On no occasion did he attempt to strike terror into the peaceful inhabitants amongst whom his army passed, and the march of the High-

land force under his control was stained by no manner of violence or of outrage. In more than one respect he was an ideal leader of a forlorn hope.

On the other hand, he had already acquired some of those faults which time and misfortune developed, and which brought him to a dishonoured age. He was suspicious, and somewhat inclined to intrigue. He showed occasionally a certain petulance which prosperity and power might have made dangerous to his country. He had already fallen to some extent into habits of intemperance, which eventually broke his constitution. A superficial complacence only thinly covered a profound selfishness that was engrained in him by habit, and which made him treat all the sacrifices of his devoted followers as no more than their bounden duty, demanding at most his countenance and friendliness, not his gratitude. If he felt for the calamities that fell upon those who risked all in his cause, it was often a feeling forgotten in the thought of his own misfortunes, and in new schemes for realising his aims. The balance of his temper was marred by headstrong obstinacy, which often baffled the plans of his advisers, and led him, when his imperious will was thwarted, to play the part of a sulky schoolboy. The very determination with which he played a risky game led him more than once to hazard that game by his inveterate dislike of yielding to the more mature wisdom of his experienced adherents. As the inspiring spirit of the enterprise he played a splendid part, but misfortune crushed him, and success would have placed a dangerous sovereign on the British throne.

After the raising of the standard, Charles remained for a few days at Lochiel's house of Auchnacarry to

complete his plans. New adherents joined his force, and presently he found himself able to advance inland with more than 2000 men, and with a confident hope that the number would soon be increased. While he still waited, an emissary reached him from the veteran intriguer Lovat, who was resolved, if the bait were large enough, to try a new plan of treachery, and join the cause at which he had in 1715 struck a deadly blow. Lovat had been promised the dukedom of Fraser and the lord-lieutenancy of Inverness-shire, but his own rascality made him suspicious, and he would not pledge himself entirely until he had the patent in his grasp. Meanwhile, he carried on a correspondence with his friend and neighbour, Forbes, indignantly combating any suspicion of his fidelity to the Hanoverian house, at the very time when he was chuckling over the idea that a turn of the cards might place Forbes at his mercy, and that he might yet "bring him to the Saint Johnstoun's tippet." Forbes was not misled by the hoary knave, and perhaps Charles trusted no further than he was obliged to the unctuous protestations of the versatile hypocrite who promised to "aid what he could, but his prayers were all he could give at present." These prayers and the forfeit of his own life, which was of quite as problematical value, were all which he ever really gave to the cause which would have been better quit of such support as his.

While the Prince's force was quickly increasing, and his relations with the chiefs were becoming every day more close, the authorities at London and Edinburgh were at their wits' end. The king was absent in Hanover. Many of the regular troops were abroad. The total of the forces in Scotland was about 3000

men—three battalions and a half of infantry and two regiments of dragoons — the great majority raw recruits. The civil authorities were deprived of all initiative; their advice was often scouted, and their warnings often disregarded. The commander of the forces was Sir John Cope, active and zealous enough, but with no ability equal to such an emergency,—a "little, finical, dressy man," as he is described by a quiet observer.[1] On the very day when the Prince's standard was raised, Cope advanced to Stirling with all the troops he could muster—many of them the men who had been employed but recently in making the roads. At Stirling he was compelled to leave behind his cavalry, who would have been useless in the mountains of the North. Thence he marched to Dalnacardoch with a force of some 1400 men. Charles had now passed to the mountains east of Loch Ness, and hoped that Cope would give him battle on the steep road that led down the slopes of Corryarrick. But to have done so with forces so far inferior—the Prince had now about 2500 men — would have been madness on Cope's part. In order to stay the Highland advance the only wise strategy would have been to bar the way before it in the lower ground. But Cope was not equal to the emergency. With futile caution he summoned his officers to a council of war, and on their advice he resolved not to face, but to elude, the Highland army. He advanced on the road from Dalwhinnie to Garviemore until the point of Catlaig was reached, where the western road branches north to Inverness, and south-east to Dalnacardoch. When his army arrived at that point they were ordered to face about. The

[1] Sir John Clerk of Penicuick.

rear became the van, and it marched off by the Inverness road. When the Prince's scouts advanced to reconnoitre they looked only upon the solitary stretch of road. Cope's army had disappeared.

So eager were the Highlanders for the fray that it was at first proposed to follow Cope and cut him off from the retreat to Inverness. But it was soon seen that a far more important strategical advantage could be gained by simply advancing on the course now left unbarred. After an unsuccessful attempt to seize the barracks of Ruthven, the army continued its unopposed march to Dalwhinnie. Macpherson of Cluny was still playing an uncertain part. He had acquiesced in the existing Government, and was in correspondence with Cope. But to confirm his suspected but wavering sympathies, he was seized at his house and conveyed—perhaps no unwilling prisoner—with the Highland host. On the 30th the Prince reached Blair in Athole, where the prestige of the Marquis of Tullibardine's name brought many adherents from the Athole country; and on the 3rd of September Perth was entered without resistance. There he was joined by the Duke of Perth and by Lord George Murray, the younger brother of Lord Tullibardine. Perth was too far committed to the cause to make his adherence matter of doubt or hesitation. He was enthusiastic and courageous; a loyal friend, and beloved for his amiability and ease of manner; but he was no strategist, and had none of the qualities of a statesman. Long residence abroad had made him almost unfamiliar with his mother tongue, and, accustomed as he was to the petty cabals and artificial restraints of the exiled Court, he was little fitted to combat ill counsels that

might be suggested to the Prince. Murray had for a time appeared to shake off the Jacobite principles which he had maintained in the risings of 1715 and 1719, and had sought for employment in the English army. He now reverted to his old creed, and brought to its support the ability of an accomplished strategist. But his temper was harsh and overbearing. He patronised rather than followed the Prince. He flouted the Highland chiefs, and was at little pains to disguise his contempt either for their manners or their notions of conducting a campaign. He refused to court the little cliques that had followed the fortunes of the exiled house, and acquired from them the hatred which weaker men can cherish for one who thwarts their designs and despises their methods. It was one of the faults of Charles's character that it was incapable of dealing with such a man, and dreaded more than it valued the mastery of his disposition. It was a fault which was nurtured in the Stuart blood. Amongst all the opposition offered to Lord George, perhaps the most dangerous was that of Murray of Broughton, the Prince's secretary. That slippery adherent had unquestionable ability; but it was that of the man of business rather than the soldier, and he was jealous of the control which Lord George demanded as the price of his support. By none more than by the Secretary were the Prince's suspicions kept alive.

The earlier days of September were spent in making the levies upon the surrounding towns which the scanty resources of the Prince rendered necessary. These were regularly enforced, but with no show of violence, and no disregard of property. Some rough discipline was practised in order to make the motley host a

more effective military instrument, but the practised eye of Murray soon saw that the Highlanders must be allowed to make war after their own methods, and that more would be lost than gained by wasting time in the niceties of drill. James VIII. was proclaimed as king, and a proclamation was issued in which a redress of Scottish grievances, and above all a repeal of the Act of Union, were promised. An effective use was thus made of the chief cause of irritation which rankled in the minds of all classes of Scotsmen, whether Jacobite or not. A further proclamation was issued, setting a price of £30,000 upon the Elector of Hanover's head. There was a touch of safe but not ineffective dignity in the confidence he expressed that no follower of his would stoop to qualify for such a reward, and a touch of not less effective humour in his own wish—ultimately overruled—to reduce the price to the thousandth part of that which had been offered for his own.

It is to the capital that we have now to turn in order to follow the course of events there since the full extent of the danger had been realised. Never was city in worse plight for meeting a sudden call to arms. The sympathies of the citizens were divided: two-thirds of the men were said to be Whigs and two-thirds at least of the women to be Jacobites. But the lower class was little to be trusted, while in the upper class the bias was distinctly towards the Tory side. At the moment the lord provost (Mr Stuart) and the majority of the council belonged to that party; but the elections were at hand, and by the influence of the trades guilds the Whig candidate (Mr Drummond) and his adherents hoped to gain the day. The students of the university, as

well as their professors, were mainly Whig; and even where their political sympathies were not pronounced, the professional class were naturally inclined to resent the approach of an aggressive host, and to feel that their duty lay in allegiance to the constituted authorities. At such a juncture men do not waste time on political discussion. The first instinct of a peaceable British population is to resent disturbance and to side with the established Government. When the enemy is at the gates men do not ransack their political memories in the search for lurking sympathies. The Whigs attempted to bring accusations of lukewarmness, if not of positive treachery, against the Lord Provost Stuart. No such charge was ever substantiated, and on a review of the whole case we can only pronounce him to have acted with sound common-sense, and with as much vigour as could fairly be expected of a municipal magistrate who found singularly little support either from the higher dignitaries of the State or from the military authorities.

Strong though the castle was both by natural advantages and by its fortifications, Edinburgh was not, and never had been, a really fortified city. On three sides it was enclosed by the city wall, while the north side was defended by the Nor' Loch, a swampy marsh, which lay in the valley beneath the castle. Within these narrow limits the houses were closely pent in lofty tenements. To have reduced it would have been a task of a few hours only for any modern artillery; but even against such a force as that of the Highlanders the nature of the defences was such as gave the defenders no advantage. The wall was little more than an ordinary park wall, varying in height from ten

to twenty feet. It had neither redoubts nor turrets, and the parapet was too narrow for mounting cannon. Besides this it was at various points covered by houses not only on its inner but on its outer side. The armed force upon which the city could rely was little stronger than its defences. There were some 1200 of the trained bands, but they were little more than a convivial society, rarely called together except for festal occasions, without arms or military discipline, and not always to be relied upon for steadfast loyalty to the Government. Besides these there was a small body of armed police, called the Town Guard, many of whom were themselves Highlanders, and who were available for little more than maintenance of order in the town. The only regular troops were the two regiments of dragoons—themselves new recruits—whom Cope had left behind at Stirling, and who had now fallen back upon the neighbourhood of the city.

With such resources it is not so much surprising that no effective resistance was made as that it was for a moment thought possible. Had the regular cavalry been effective troops they might have done much by hanging upon the enemy's flanks, and by harassing his march, to have disorganised the Highland host. As it was they gave no example to the townsmen but that of cowardice and panic.

On the 27th of August, while intelligence as to the movements of the enemy was still vague, and scarcely anything was known except that Cope had drawn off to Inverness, that the Highland force had changed places with him on the Stirling road—by what was compared to a figure in a country-dance—a meeting of the loyal citizens was held to concert measures of defence, and it was proposed to raise by subscription

a regiment of 1000 men. A question as to the legality of this was raised, and it was found necessary to send an express to London to obtain the consent of the Crown. Meanwhile, those of the citizens who were most ardent for the defence enrolled themselves as volunteers, and petitioned for a grant of arms from the castle. Young and old were ardent in their military zeal; and the Professor of Mathematics in the university, M'Laurin, under whose able tuition many engineer officers had been trained, applied his scientific knowledge to the repair and improvement of the city wall. Some cannon were fetched from Leith, and the very preparations increased the martial spirit and determined the citizens not to yield their town to the first onset of the Highland horde.

New hopes were inspired when an express arrived from Cope to General Guest, the lieutenant-governor of the castle, ordering him to send transports from Leith to meet the army at Aberdeen and convey it to the capital. Nothing, Cope soon found, was to be gained by staying at Inverness, and he was now making a hurried march to the coast at Aberdeen. It was now a race for time between the Highlanders and the regular army; and the citizens, hour by hour, scanned with eager eyes every weathercock, to learn whether an eastern wind would bring the transports up the Firth.

On the 11th of September the Prince advanced from Perth and crossed the Forth at the Ford of Frew, eight miles from Stirling. As he came nearer, Gardiner's dragoons retreated to Corstorphine, some three miles from the city, while the other regiment (Hamilton's) lay at Leith. The case was evidently desperate. The captain of the volunteers, Drummond,

whether from genuine courage or, as some suspected, from a desire to make his loyalty more pronounced than that of his rival, Provost Stuart, called upon the more ardent spirits in the force to follow him, and with the dragoons to march out and attack the Highlanders. As the event proved, such an attempt could have ended only in disaster. But many of the younger men, some of them students in the university, were ardent for the scheme; and new detachments of volunteers, who came from Fife under Bruce of Kennet, and from the surrounding country, confirmed them in their zeal.

On the morning of Sunday, the 15th of September, news was brought that the Prince's army had reached Kirkliston. Gardiner's dragoons had now been marched to Coltbridge, about two miles to the north-west of the city; and in order to inspire further martial ardour, Hamilton's regiment was directed to march through Edinburgh and to join the other body. The sudden sound of the fire-bell, which was to be the signal for the rendezvous of the volunteers, startled the city during the hour of divine service. The volunteers paraded to the number of 400 in the Lawnmarket, and a momentary enthusiasm was aroused as the dragoons marched past, clashing their swords, and returning the cheers with which they were greeted. It was a brave show, but events soon proved how little there was beneath the show. The volunteers were kindled to enthusiasm, and for a time it looked as if serious resistance were to be made. These volunteers, we are told, "loaded their pieces for the first time," and fortunately a performance which had its hazards led to no immediate catastrophe. Neither the jeers of some spectators in the windows,

who doubted whether their new-born ardour was as real as it seemed, nor the tears and lamentations of their female friends, daunted for a time the valour of the youthful troops, and they even were bold enough to threaten to fire into the windows where the derisive onlookers were placed. But as they advanced some qualms assailed the weaker hearts. "Does not this remind you, Mr Hew," said a student more versed in Livy than in active warfare, to his companion—"does not this remind you of the Fabian gens marching out of Rome to meet the Gauls, while the matrons and virgins were wringing their hands, and lamenting the certain danger to which the tribe was to be exposed?" "Hold your tongue," said the other, "or I shall complain to the officer." "You must recollect the end, Mr Hew, *omnes ad unum periere.*" Reflections like these were trying to the nerves, and before the West Port was approached the gallant band was sadly thinned. Prudence found herself presently reinforced by the remonstrances of the principal of the university, and several of the clergy, who hurried to the scene, and "pathetically besought" them not to expose "the flower of the youth of Edinburgh and the hope of the next generation to the danger of being cut off without any just or adequate object." Such complimentary forebodings naturally had considerable weight, especially when it was added that their going out could certainly do little good, and might do much ill. A few, however, were doughty enough to repudiate the advice, and for an hour longer they waited before they were marched back to the college yards and dismissed. The lads met in the evening and further discussed the matter with no lack of vehemence, and resolved, as

their efforts promised to be useless in the city, to carry an offer of their service to Cope as soon as he should arrive. For that night they were set as sentinels on the city walls, and answered the challenges of the guard with all the punctilio of military discipline. There were two youths amongst them, both of whom have left to us records of their experiences. Dr Alexander Carlyle of Inveresk and John Home, the author of 'Douglas,' were posted close to one another when the lord provost visited the walls at dead of night. Both were sturdy Whigs, but Home's views of things were apt to be coloured by his imagination. He was convinced beyond all argument that the provost was nothing but a Jacobite in disguise. "Did you not see," he said to Carlyle, "how pale the traitor looked when he found us so vigilant?" "No," said the more matter-of-fact Carlyle, "I thought he looked and behaved perfectly well, and it was the light from the lantern that made him appear pale." A respectable municipal magistrate, called from his bed in the middle of the night to visit military outposts, scarcely deserved the imputation of treachery if he looked somewhat pale.

Thus passed the night between the 15th and the 16th of September. On the morning of the 16th the Highland host advanced slowly towards the city. A message was brought from one who had passed them on the road—perhaps a sympathiser—that the Duke of Perth had charged him to tell the people of Edinburgh that if they admitted the Prince's army they would be civilly treated, but if not they must lay their account with military execution. The consternation was now general. Only the two regiments of dragoons, which had now joined at Colt-

bridge, lay between the enemy and the city. The fighting power of these regiments was in any case doubtful; but on the evening of the fifteenth, Gardiner, who alone could arouse in them any spark of courage, was superseded by General Fowkes, whom the bungling of the Government had sent from London for the task. A small reconnoitring party in advance of the Prince's army came in contact with these dragoons and fired their pistols at them. Without returning a shot, the soldiers broke into disorder and galloped in the direst panic to their camp at Leith, their flight taking place in full view of the city, by what were called the Lang Dykes, now covered by the streets of the New Town of Edinburgh. Even at Leith they halted only for a moment and pursued their way to Prestonpans. Night had fallen when they reached that village, and as a blundering horseman stumbled into a deserted coal-pit, the clatter of his arms roused their panic terror afresh, and scattered them in all directions to the eastern coast. The road which they had followed was strewn with their accoutrements and arms, and more than a cartload of these were collected and despatched after them by the care of young Carlyle. Meanwhile the volunteers had once more gathered at the sound of the alarm-bell, but even at their urgent request no orders were sent them, and between the panic which the flight of the dragoons had caused and the remonstrances of the few who remained steadfast, a hand-to-hand conflict almost arose between the members of the little band. When the tumult was at its height, an unknown horseman galloped past their line, announcing that the Highlanders were close at hand with a force of 16,000 men. Nothing was left for the volunteers

but to march to the castle and deliver up the arms which divided counsels had not suffered them to use. The bolder spirits resolved to meet again at the camp of Sir John Cope.

Meanwhile crowds thronged the streets and besought the provost to give up all thoughts of a hopeless defence. He convoked a meeting of the magistrates, to which he summoned the leading members of the Government; but all these had now left the town. The meeting was first held at Goldsmiths' Hall, but the crowd increased so fast that it was necessary to adjourn to the New Church Aisle. At such a gathering deliberation fast changed to noisy clamour.

When the discussion was at its height a letter was handed in, addressed to the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Edinburgh. When opened it was found to be subscribed "Charles, P.R." At first the lord provost refused to have the letter read; and there were grounds, perhaps, for his hesitation. The legal advisers of the town were summoned to give their advice; but the only one that could be found declared that the matter was too high for him to give an opinion upon, and having said so rose and went away. There was some ground for the provost's exclamation, "Good God, I am deserted by my arms and my assessors!" At length impatience to know the contents won the day, and the letter was read. It summoned the city to receive the army of his Majesty, and to take proper measures for securing the peace and quiet of the city, which the Prince was very desirous to protect. "But if," it proceeded, "you suffer any of the usurper's troops to enter the town, or any of the cannon, arms, or ammunition now

in it to be carried off, we shall take it as a breach of your duty, and a heinous offence against the king and us, and shall resent it accordingly." It promised the preservation of the rights and liberties of the city and the property of his Majesty's subjects. "But if any opposition be made to us, we cannot answer for the consequences, being firmly resolved at any rate to enter the city; and in that case, if any of the inhabitants are found in arms against us, they must not expect to be treated as prisoners of war." In the face of such a summons resistance appeared doubly perilous. It was resolved to ask for delay, and about eight o'clock at night four members of the council were sent to Prince Charles's camp, about two miles off, at Gray's Mill, to submit to him this request.

Scarcely had this deputation left the city before a message was brought that the transports with Cope's army were sighted off Dunbar. The hopes that had vanished were kindled anew. Messengers were then sent, too late, to recall the deputation; and it was resolved once more to arm the volunteers. General Guest was asked to deliver the arms that had been returned to the castle. But he replied that the magistrates might arm those whom they thought loyal; that if they made a formal request to hand over the volunteers' arms, and if the general body were well-affected, he might consent to do so; but that meanwhile he had ordered the dragoons to meet Sir John Cope's army. This was equivalent to a notice that the defence of the city could not be trusted to the citizens, and that the issue was to to be left in the hands of the king's regular forces. Further discussion was effectually stopped when it

was found that the majority of the volunteers had left the town.

By ten o'clock the messengers returned from the Prince. A delay until two o'clock in the morning was granted. Failing a positive answer then he would be obliged to take other measures. A further deputation was sent asking for a delay till nine o'clock in the morning. The deputies were sent to Gray's Mill in a hackney coach; but they were not admitted to the Prince's presence, and were curtly bidden to take themselves off.

Meanwhile the Prince had ordered Cameron of Lochiel with 500 men to force an entrance by the Netherbow Port, and Murray of Broughton was sent with them as guide. As they approached the walls they found cannon planted, but the sentinels had been withdrawn. Advancing silently to the gate, Lochiel placed a body of men on each side under the shelter of the wall, and sent a messenger in disguise to demand entrance. This was refused, with threats to fire if the man did not withdraw, and for a moment the plan seemed to be baffled. But just at this moment, by one of those ludicrous coincidences that are interspersed throughout the whole story of the enterprise, the hackney coachman who had just brought back the disappointed delegates from Gray's Mill was returning to his stables outside the Netherbow. The gate was opened to let him pass, and in a moment Lochiel's men rushed in, overpowered the porters, and entered the city without a blow. They proceeded to the guardhouse and disarmed the soldiers there. The other military posts and gates were seized, and before five o'clock the city had been captured. When day dawned the citizens were alarmed by a

defiant shot from the castle, and they rushed into the streets to find that their capital was in the hands of the Prince's adherents. The Highlanders behaved with the utmost order, and no disciplined troops could have abstained more completely from anything like robbery or violence. They remained till noon at their post beside the city cross; and although the citizens, recognising that things were not as bad as they had feared, fraternised with the Highlanders, and brought them food and drink, the Camerons, obedient to the orders of their chief, refused the whisky. A free indulgence in that beverage might have produced results that would have been less agreeable to the douce burghers of the town. The crowd that dreaded the Highlanders' entry, and were almost ready to die in preventing it, now hung round them in groups, in which curiosity soon took the place of fear, and friendliness that of curiosity.

It was at noon on the 17th of September that Prince Charles made his entry into the city. With the main body he marched round by Duddingston to avoid the fire of the castle, and halted in the hollow below Arthur Seat and Salisbury Crags. Presently calling for his horse he entered Holyrood Palace by the Duke's Walk, accompanied by an escort of men bearing the most notable names in Scotland, and amidst the cheers of a vast crowd, which pressed round and sought to kiss his hand. Not the hardest heart nor the most uncompromising Whiggism could deny the impressiveness of the scene as the young Prince entered the palace of his fathers, surrounded by a brilliant throng, and undisputed master of the capital. Suddenly it seemed as if what was a hair-brained though heroic attempt had, with the help

of Government imbecility and of divided counsels, emerged into the proportion of a great national movement. Charles himself was eminently fitted to appear to advantage in such a scene. He rode well, and his bearing was such as well became the scion of a long line of kings. He had adopted the national dress. He wore a short tartan coat, a blue bonnet with the white rose for a cockade, and carried the star and ribbon of St Andrew, and his light-coloured periwig was turned over in front with his own brown hair. His aspect was dignified if somewhat melancholy; and his manners to the crowd were such as to rouse enthusiasm for one so young, and seemingly destined for so high a fate. Instinctively the crowd compared him with the Bruce, and Scottish independence seemed to see in him its hopes revived. A thousand men, it was said, could easily have been enlisted in the streets if only—and it was an important reservation—arms could have been found to equip them. The chiefs were a striking throng, and the lesser chieftains, or gentlemen of the clans, were armed in the full Highland panoply of war. But the main body of their followers were scantily equipped. Most of them had only a single weapon, and many bore only a scythe blade, fixed straight on the handle, and sometimes nothing but a club or cudgel. Their dress was ragged and weatherworn; even their wild appearance, savage mien, and unkempt locks did not hide their shortness of stature and the thin and meagre bodies which told of a hard-won and scanty sustenance. They had nothing of military order and discipline; and although they might impress the peaceful townsmen, and might with their enthusiasm arouse uncomfortable fears as to the possible conduct of such a

horde, it did not seem as if they could withstand the steady onset of a disciplined martial force.

As the Prince entered the palace a man of ripe years, James Hepburn of Keith, stepped from the crowd, knelt before him, and then advanced in front with a drawn sword. He was one whose claim all recognised and admitted. He was of ancient lineage, and had already perilled all in support of the ancient line. He had been involved in the rising of 1715, and after many adventures had made a strange escape from a London prison, and found refuge with his family, who had followed him to the metropolis, and whose lodging he discovered almost by a miracle by seeing in the window a piece of ancient family plate. With them he had returned to Scotland, and for a generation he had indulged hopes of such a day as the present. He was, however, no fanatic for divine right, and no convinced Jacobite in principle. He took up arms against the Union, and it was for this that he threw himself into the cause that had attracted him as a young man. Even amongst the Whigs he had won for himself a name as "the model of ancient simplicity, manliness, and honour"; and the cordiality with which his accession was welcomed by the Jacobites was equalled by the regret which others felt that a soul so stainless was led astray by visionary schemes. He lived to repent the part that he was now to play.

On the same day the heralds and pursuivants were compelled to proclaim King James at the city cross, amidst the plaudits of a crowd, and the waving of handkerchiefs from the ladies who gathered at the windows looking on the scene. Most noticeable in the cavalcade was the wife of Murray of Broughton, the

secretary. She was a noted beauty, and appeared on horseback, decked with white ribbons, and carrying a drawn sword. Altogether it was a brave show: only the ominous silence that was observed in a large part of the crowd served to lessen the general enthusiasm. At night the rank and beauty of the city gathered at a ball in Holyrood House, and the white cockade was worn by every lady who had a relative in the force. If female enthusiasm could win a cause, the success of the enterprise seemed already well assured. It was perhaps of more importance to secure such success that Charles was able to take possession of the arms of the trained band, and to make a requisition on the city for the necessary equipment of his motley host.

Meanwhile Cope had got back from his strange escapade in the North, and was landing at Dunbar. The landing was not completed till the 18th of September; and by that time he was joined by the two regiments of dragoons, who had already shown how little they were to be depended on. They had collected after their flight, and the arms with which they had strewn the road had been sent after them in covered carts. When Cope was able to advance he found himself at the head of about 2000 infantry and 600 dragoons, and some parties of volunteers under Lord Home and others brought up the force to about 3000 men. He had taken up some guns at Aberdeen, but with the usual want of foresight he had no artillerymen to work them, and had to trust to the help of some old men whom he obtained from the transports. Otherwise his troops were well appointed; but it was a meagre display to represent the authority of the British Crown, and to oppose a rebellion which sufficient precautions would have nipped in the bud.

To maintain a siege in Edinburgh was obviously impossible for the small and ill-assorted army which Charles commanded. The guns of the castle rendered his position there somewhat insecure; and in spite of the huzzas of the crowd, he could not doubt that there was a great weight of opinion amongst the citizens adverse to his cause. To have advanced southwards and eluded Cope, as Cope had eluded him in the North, would have been the height of recklessness for a force whose fighting power was yet uncertain, and who would have been surrounded by a hostile population from which they could not hope to draw supplies. The bold course was at the same the safest, and Charles resolved to hazard all on a pitched battle with the English general. With the additions which his army had now received, he was able to count something like 2500 men. They were all foot soldiers—no Highlander ever fought on horseback—and of artillery they only had such knowledge as inspired a vague and half superstitious dread. It was long since they had measured themselves in battle with an armed foe, and their leaders could only trust to the warlike spirit of the race, and to their religious devotion to the persons of their chiefs. The reckless ardour and impetuous valour of these there was no room to doubt.

Orders were given that the Highlanders should march out of the city on the morning of the 19th. It was impossible to leave any portion of the army to guard the city, and a very little energy on the part of the garrison of the castle might have undone much of the success which the Chevalier had won so easily. But energy was not a quality of which those who acted for the king were to make any display. The governor of the castle was an octogenarian, and

vigorous as he was for his years, he could trust nothing to the help of those outside his walls, and probably judged that his first duty was to secure the safety of his arsenal. The citizens might have recovered a little of the spirit which had evaporated so easily two days before, but the quick wit of a single Highlander sufficed to secure not his own safety only, but the undisputed submission of the city. He had wakened from a drunken slumber to find himself left behind by the army, but he showed no sign of fear. He knew, he said, that he was safe, because 500 Highlanders had been left behind in concealment, ready to emerge if there were the slightest attempt to dispute the authority of the Prince. It was deemed prudent not to submit his story to the hazard of a test.

The Highland army made a brave show as it left the King's Park that spread round Holyrood House. Hazardous as was their attempt, a presage of good fortune seemed to throw some sunshine upon it. The Prince had kindled their enthusiasm to the highest pitch, and as he placed himself at their head and drew his sword, he shouted, "Friends, I have thrown away the scabbard." On the night of the 19th they encamped at Duddingston, and then advanced in high spirits towards the sea, the march being wisely directed along rising ground towards Inveresk. A handful of horsemen — not fifty in all — were well employed in reconnoitring, and kept their leaders fully informed as to the numbers and disposition of Cope's force, which by this time had reached the neighbourhood of Tranent. There it was found in position on a level ground stretching towards the sea, full in face of the Highlanders, who occupied a rising ground. It was called Carbery Hill, and had sad associations for the house of

Stuart, as the scene of the surrender of Mary, Queen of Scots, to her rebellious subjects.

A few of the more courageous of the volunteers had before this reached Cope's camp, and offered their services. They were not accepted as part of the fighting force, but sixteen of them were employed as mounted scouts to bring tidings of the enemy's advance along the road from Edinburgh, by which alone Cope judged that they could advance. One of these was Alexander Carlyle, who has left us an account of his adventures; and two more were men who afterwards attained notable positions. Carlyle knew every foot of the ground and eluded capture, but the two others —Francis Garden, afterwards as a senator of the Court of Session known as Lord Gardenstone, and Cunninghame, afterwards a general in the British army—were unlucky enough to be captured. They had entered an inn at Musselburgh to recruit from the fatigues of unwonted military duty, and as they were enjoying themselves over oysters and wine they were surprised by one of the Prince's guards. He pretended to take them for rebels, and when they announced that they were king's men they were promptly arrested and carried to the camp at Duddingston. They managed to elude their captors soon after, and rejoined Cope next day. Young students, however courageous, make bad scouts, and Cope was so ill-informed as to the ground that he chose the worst position, in a wide field, spreading between Seton and Preston, and backing to the sea. The field was an arable one, and an early harvest had permitted the crop to be cut and carried before the 20th of September. The stubble spread clear before them without cover of any kind, and here they took their position fronting to the west.

Scarcely had they done so when the enemy appeared on the high ground near Tranent, about a mile to the south-west. Cope's soldiers greeted them with a defiant shout, which was returned by the Highlanders with no less spirit. As soon as he saw the enemy, Cope changed his front and faced them to the south. The two armies were now fronting one another and separated by about half a mile, and between them lay a boggy swamp, encumbered with enclosures, dry-stone dykes, and some cover. It was bordered on the side close to the king's army by a deep ditch and hedge. The Highlanders were eager to charge, but to do so without knowing the nature of the ground would have been madness. Lord George Murray sent a military officer of experience, Mr Ker of Gradon, to make a reconnaissance. This he did with consummate coolness, riding over the ground on his white pony full in sight of the enemy. Undisturbed by their fire, he calmly picked his way about the moss, pulled down a gap in a dry-stone wall, and led his horse through; but he returned to report that the ground was impracticable. The only firm footing was in a waggon-way across the moss; but by advancing along it in close formation the army would have been swept by the artillery and musketry, and could not have reached the other side without heavy loss and almost certain confusion. It was with difficulty, however, that the Highlanders were restrained from a hopeless attempt.

Meanwhile Cope, satisfied with having secured a good position, was in no hurry to attack. Colonel Gardiner, the commander of one regiment of dragoons, urged that more decided steps should be taken to press on the fight before the impression of the wild host

before them should have daunted such little courage as the king's troops possessed; but the more cautious counsel prevailed. After a few more feints each side laid aside the thought of battle for that night, and lay down to rest in preparation for the combat of the morrow.

The place where the Highland army bivouacked for the night was a field of pease, which had been cut but not carried, and lay in bundles on the ground. It was a cold frosty night, succeeding to a warm September day; but the Highlanders were accustomed to exposure, and wrapt in their plaids they could take all the rest that they desired. The Prince lay amongst his followers, with a bundle of pease for his pillow. The night was an anxious one for both sides: the English army feared an onset from some unexpected quarter, while the Highland leaders were uncertain how they were to cross the morass. But their spirits were keen for the fight, while on the other side there were well-grounded fears of the steadiness of the troops—fears which were increased by the pusillanimous caution of the English commander. Colonel Gardiner, in particular, knew that he could place but little reliance on his troopers; and his fears as a military judge were increased by a presentiment of coming ill. His own house was close at hand; but he stayed all night upon the field, and gave his last counsel to the servants with him, from whom he did not conceal his uneasiness.

A casual circumstance gave to the Highlanders a very material advantage. Amongst the gentlemen in the camp was one Mr Anderson of Whitburgh, who knew every inch of the ground. His memory now recalled a path which led from the height on which they were

encamped through the morass and round the left flank of the enemy's force. He communicated this to Hepburn of Keith, and by him he was conducted to Lord George Murray, who quickly grasped the advantage it would give him. The Prince was roused, and immediately gave orders for the attempt to be made.

In the deepest silence the march began. There had been some dispute as to which clan should lead, that place being claimed as their right by the Macdonalds. They resolved to settle it by lot, which fell to Lochiel and the Cameron clan; but he persuaded the others to yield the post of honour which had thus fallen to him to the Macdonalds. The stars were still shining on the hill when the army began to move; but as they descended into the lower ground the mist of an autumn night gathered round them, and enabled them unseen and unnoticed to negotiate the narrow path that was to bring them to the plain. The 3000 men composing the army marched without a sound, being helped in their silent march by the soft leather brogues which the Highlanders wore, and by the almost complete absence of cavalry. Anderson himself guided them down the narrow lane, which had been left entirely unguarded, and the first column advanced due northward, so that the line should be extended along the east side of the plain. At parts the ground was swampy and broken, and the advance was slow: the Prince, who marched at the head of the second column, stumbled at one place and fell forward on his knee. As they began to form the mist cleared away and showed the advance to the enemy. A sentinel gave the alarm, and an alarm-gun was fired to rouse Cope's army to the fight. The Highlanders had by this time completely outflanked his left, and Cope quickly formed

anew, placing his left close by the sea, and facing the Highlanders towards the east. The morass which had before protected it now lay to the right of his army. The infantry were in the centre, on each flank the dragoons, with the artillery in front. The two opposing armies could scarcely have been more different one from another. On the one side were the serried lines of the English army with their rows of bayonets glittering in the morning sun. The artillery were, so far as outward show went, an imposing arm of modern warfare; and the dragoons, in goodly array, gave no outward presage of the disastrous failure that was to follow. Opposed to them were the ragged and ill-arranged hordes of the Highlanders, grouped according to their clans and without the compact and serried lines of modern warfare, but compensating for lack of discipline by their impetuous valour. The English general had kept his men for hours in momentary expectation of an attack which he hesitated to precipitate. They now saw themselves out-manœuvred, and the hurry of forming a new line was of no good omen for the issue of the fray. Strange and uncouth as they appeared to the English soldiers, the Highlanders were no savage or ignorant foe. In their ranks were many of the first gentlemen of Scotland. What the clans lacked in discipline they compensated by an unswerving loyalty, and by an enthusiasm that amounted to a passion, clouded though it was by superstition. Their religious spirit was deep and fervent. Each man fought, not as a drilled and unjudging machine, but inspired by a cause which, for himself or through his chief, he deemed to be an indubitably just one. They snatched a moment for a word of prayer, drew their bonnets over their brows, and with the usual

battle-cry, and to the shrill and piercing sound of the bagpipes, they rushed upon the foe. The Prince had desired to lead the charge, and was prevented only by the unanimous remonstrances of the chiefs. As it was, he headed the second column. As they rushed forwards they discharged their firearms at the artillery-men, then cast them away, and drawing their claymores, engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. The artillery was served only by a few old sailors who had been impressed from the transports. They fled at the first onset, leaving their officer, Colonel Whiteford, alone upon the field; and the guns were from that moment useless. On the right, the first squadron of dragoons, under Colonel Whitney, did not even attempt to charge, but made another of those panic-stricken flights which they had practised so often within the last two days. Colonel Gardiner, with the second squadron, made a spirited attempt to recover the day; but only a score of men kept their ground about their commander. The rest scattered in a moment in a disgraceful rout. Hamilton's regiment, on the left wing, broke in almost frantic disorder before the onset of the Macdonalds, scattering in all directions, and some rushing blindly down the lanes which were left between the clans. They fled in all directions, and were dispersed in their frenzied panic to every point of the compass.

Thus deserted by the cavalry, the infantry for a short time maintained a hopeless fight. They had been drawn up with their backs to a high park wall, and could not even save themselves by flight. Many of their officers fell, and Gardiner, who, deserted by his own dragoons, still maintained his ground, attempted in vain to rally them, and was soon struck down by a Highlander armed with a scythe. After a

few minutes those who remained threw down their arms and surrendered. The Highlanders were now scattered in all directions in pursuit, and even then, had it been possible to rally the dragoons, the day might perhaps have been retrieved. But Lochiel's pipes soon collected the scattered Highlanders, while not even the threats and pistol-shots of their officers could force these routed horsemen to make a new attempt. A few were rallied for a moment, only to break away again in headlong flight to Edinburgh. There a handful of horsemen continued their wild career up the High Street to the gates of the castle, but were roughly told by the commander to take themselves off, on pain of being swept down by his cannon. They then fled in wild terror to the west country.

So sudden and abject had been the rout that young Carlyle, wakened in his father's manse close at hand by the noise of the first cannon, rushed out in a few minutes to view the fight. Scarcely fifteen minutes had passed from that first sound until he met the fugitives scattered over the fields, and the Highlanders in the hot fury of pursuit. He first encountered Lord Elcho and answered quietly his fierce inquiry for the nearest public-house. Presently came the Duke of Perth, who, true to his character, put his questions with more show of courtesy.

Sir John Cope and his principal officers made their way to Berwick-on-Tweed, and of his whole army only some 200 men gathered at the quarters of their vanquished commander. All his artillery and standards, his baggage-waggons and the military chest, fell into the hands of the victors.

Such was the battle of Prestonpans, as it is

generally called, or of Gladsmuir, as it was called by the Highlanders. The latter name was all the more apposite because of the ominous lines that were quoted from Thomas the Rhymer—

"In Gladesmuir shall the battle be"—

which thus gave to it the dignity of the fulfilment of a prophecy.

A force which certainly did not exceed 3000 scantily armed and undisciplined Highlanders had, in a few minutes, scattered in hopeless flight and confusion a trained and disciplined English army of at least equal numbers. The effect of the defeat was all the more telling, because in 1715 the Duke of Argyle at Sheriffmuir had with 3000 men checked and broken up, if he did not actually defeat, a Highland force of more than 10,000.

The conduct of the English general was afterwards the subject, not of a court-martial, but of a military inquiry. That acquitted him of any grave military error. It could not prevent him from being the subject of ridicule to his own and succeeding ages. It can only be said that the English Government, by their fatuous apathy and miserable weakness, were powerful contributors to the disaster.

The triumph of the Highland army was complete, and they nowise abused their victory. After the first fury of the onset there was no indiscriminate slaughter. The wounded were carefully attended to in the neighbouring houses. The inhabitants of the country round had hovered near the battlefield in a sort of idle curiosity, and they were now suffered to move about unmolested. There was no rapine or violence in the neighbourhood. Such marauding

would have lost half the value of the victory, and the influence of the leaders sufficed to prevent it. But the victory was not pure gain to the Prince's cause. The Highland army lost considerably on the battlefield. More than a hundred men were killed or wounded. And even though it brought in new adherents, it showed how little reliance could be placed on the motley host. Many had obtained a share of the booty which was captured with the baggage-waggons, and laden with such articles of dress and such appurtenances of baggage as the English officers carried with them, the mountaineers in considerable numbers hastened to return to their homes. Perhaps they thought that the cause for which they had fought was now triumphant, and fancied that their services were no longer required. In more than one way Charles was to find that victory brought its own difficulties. Placing a still higher value on their services than before, the chiefs disputed his authority, and employed themselves in the endless bickerings of jealousy. What Alexander Carlyle says is probably true enough—that "the victory at Preston, triumphant though it was, put an end to his authority."

CHAPTER VII.

FROM PRESTONPANS TO FALKIRK.

On the night after his victory the Prince lay at Pinkie House,[1] near Musselburgh. Next morning he returned in triumph to Edinburgh amidst the plaudits of the crowd, and with all the outward show of welcome from the magistrates, whatever had been their feelings a few days before. The capital was now completely at his command, with the exception of the castle, which, in the absence of Lord Mark Ker, the governor, was held by two stout veterans, Generals Guest and Preston, both above eighty-six years of age. However unfit such weight of years might be for the heads of a beleaguered garrison, these old soldiers did their duty well. Guest, in particular, was wheeled round the walls every two hours during the blockade; and he showed no lack of spirit in his dealings with the rebels.

The fruits of a victory must be gathered quickly, if they are to be of much value. Had the Prince been able to advance at once, while the country was still

[1] Then occupied by Colin Campbell, Esq., Commissioner of Customs. The Prince no doubt quartered himself without the ceremony of invitation; but such a guest must have given a shock to one inmate of the house, Archibald Robertson, a pragmatical old bachelor and rigid Presbyterian, the uncle of the historian.

under the impression of the consternation spread by the rout of Prestonpans, and before the Government could organise a new army, the expedition might have inflicted far greater damage on England than it actually did, whatever similarity there must have been as to the ultimate result. But he depended on a force accustomed to quick plundering forays, to be succeeded by precipitate retreat. Many of his followers had already disappeared, and new accessions of force were to be expected only as the results of the accidents of war. Had there been a great flood of Jacobite feeling, restrained by severe military force, and waiting only for a favourable opportunity to burst out, such results might have been satisfactory enough. But when the majority of the nation was either apathetic or actively opposed to the enterprise, and when the weakness of the Government was due chiefly to its criminal disregard of the intrigues that had long been on foot, and to the fact that it had been taken by surprise, then every hour's delay played into its hands. To have advanced at once would have been the best strategy had it been possible: as circumstances were, it would have been the height of madness.

The Prince made the best of a difficult position. He would have no rejoicings for a victory which had cost his subjects so dear. He exhorted the ministers of Edinburgh to resume the exercise of their religious functions, and although he could not be expected absolutely to sanction public prayers for the reigning family, he gave an assurance that no one would be called to account for any imprudent language. One of the ministers actually did resume his functions and boldly prayed for King George, but the Prince refused

to interfere with this honest assertion of a political faith. With a touch of humour the stout-hearted preacher added to his next prayer one for the Prince, and made the petition that as he had come to seek an earthly crown, a heavenly one should be granted to him.

It was one thing, however, to hold the city by the presence of his victorious army: it was another thing to restore a feeling of confidence under the new *régime*. The bankers were invited to resume business; but they hesitated to do so. Those who were adherents of the Government, now that they could not resist, left the city, and spread elsewhere a feeling of sullen discontent. They were compelled to submit to the billeting of soldiers in their houses, and to pay their quota of the subsidies demanded; but they did it with murmurings not less because they had for the time to be concealed. The Courts of Law were closed, and business was practically at a standstill. The Highlanders were on the whole peaceable enough, and were under sufficient restraint to abstain from robbery and violence; but the citizens none the less bemoaned the suspension of all settled life by the presence of a "savage" host. We find Sir John Clerk, for instance, who had certainly shown no conspicuous zeal in the defence of the Government to which he was bound by most substantial ties, piteously lamenting his own enforced exile, which he was compelled to make along roads that were rendered deep and dangerous by the tramp of marching troops. He was actually compelled to pay £200 as his share of the subsidy; all his best horses were requisitioned, and his spruce domain was invaded by uncouth Highland chiefs, who must have been strangely out of place amidst his trim

alleys and in his well-ordered library at Penicuik. But he is compelled to admit that his enforced visitors "committed no disorders about the house except that they eated and drank all they could find, and called for everything as they thought fit."[1] Such whinings hardly show the spirit that strenuously resists a rebellion, but they serve to show how deep and widespread was the resentment against its temporary success.

The forces of the Government were being rapidly augmented after the first sudden and unexpected blow. Several British regiments had been brought home from Flanders; and the Dutch, according to treaty, sent over 6000 mercenaries. These troops were now being concentrated at Newcastle under Marshal Wade. They were tried veterans, and it could hardly be expected that the fiasco of Prestonpans would be repeated after sufficient warning. For the Prince to have advanced at once would have been to leave behind not only the supplies and reinforcements which the Highlands might yet yield, but also to abandon hope of all assistance from France. That assistance could reach the Prince only by Scottish ports.

But if the bold venture of an immediate advance were impossible, the prospects of the enterprise in Scotland still looked promising. Levies were made on all the considerable towns, Glasgow—which was almost entirely adverse to the cause—being compelled to pay £5000. New adherents came in from Aberdeenshire, from Strathmore under Lord Ogilvie, and from Speyside under Lord Lewis Gordon, the brother of the Duke of Gordon. The Duke himself held aloof; but his abstention was compensated by the bold appeal to the sympathy of the clan which Lord

[1] Memoirs, p. 188.

Lewis was able to make. Lord Kilmarnock, who, when a boy, had appeared with his father at the head of a regiment of a thousand Ayrshire adherents of the Government against the rebels of 1715, and who enjoyed a pension as a reward of his loyalty, now changed sides, and rashly joined in an enterprise which was to cost him his life. In the main the Prince's army was to continue one composed of the Highland clans, and to partake both of their weakness and their strength. But it was now joined by no inconsiderable body of Lowlanders, and there was added to it more than one fairly equipped squadron of cavalry. What it gained in numbers and discipline, however, it may well have lost in cohesion and in impulsive force.

The chief military question that had to be settled was the continued resistance of Edinburgh Castle, which remained to mark the limits of the Prince's apparent triumph. To have reduced it by storm was obviously impossible; but so long as it remained impregnable, the authority which he exercised rested upon a most precarious tenure. There was nothing for it but to attempt a blockade, and accordingly it was proclaimed that no one should convey provisions to the castle under pain of death. This was promptly answered by the threat that unless the blockade were withdrawn the guns of the castle would be opened on the city. The lord provost and magistrates were reduced to sore straits, between an authority that could coerce but could not protect them, and a citadel that could reduce their town to ruins. They could only appeal to London and beg that the cannonade should be suspended until an answer were returned. General Preston seems to have agreed to this; but the terms

of the arrangement having, as he understood, been broken, he actually opened fire upon the houses nearest to the castle. The Prince had to face the prospect that despair and terror might prompt the citizens to a resistance which courage and loyalty had failed to arouse. At the best, such a disaster, even if it had not overturned his authority, must have made it odious and unpopular; and to prevent it, he was compelled to withdraw the blockade. The strange spectacle was then seen of a victorious army exercising undisputed authority in the city, while the citadel maintained itself intact and drew provisions as it required from those who were in the enemy's power.

Such a state of things was obviously only temporary. The Prince held a court. Festivities were frequent at the palace, and banquets and balls helped to give the impression of a fixed authority that could turn its attention to other matters than the prosecution of the war. It was not without prudent policy that every effort was made to let the Prince and his surroundings loom large in the eyes of the aristocracy of both sexes that were gathered at Edinburgh, and who forgot dangers and risks amid the buckram of a court that only thinly covered the stern realities of a camp. A council met every day, and it applied itself with energy enough to the provision of supplies, and to the necessities of military discipline. But it contained elements too diverse to permit of its harmonious working. The immediate companions of the Prince were many of them Irishmen, out of sympathy with the country which they sought to hold, ignorant of its constitution and its history, and filled with those artificial notions of hereditary right which they had imbibed in the hotbed atmosphere of the

exiled Court. Where they were not mere adventurers, reared and nurtured in conspiracy, they were only adherents of a name and of a romantic and fanciful idea. The motives that stirred the various sections of the Scottish host — motives often inconsistent and almost irreconcilable—were all alike unknown and uncared for by them. The passionate attachment to the clan system; the rugged national feeling that chafed against the Union; the enthusiastic devotion to a ritual and a hierarchy which dominant Presbyterianism had trampled in the dust; the dogged obstinacy that made even some of the descendants of the Lowland Covenanters prefer a king of their own line to one of Hanoverian origin—all these had their representatives in the camp of Charles Edward. They had little in common with one another; but all alike shared the contemptuous disregard of the O'Sullivans and the Sheridans of the Prince's entourage. To investigate all the cross-currents of intrigue, of jealousy, of greed, of ambition, it may be of selfish treachery, belongs to the history, not of Scotland, but of the Rebellion. In the history of Scotland that rebellion is an incident of which we can only present the origin, the salient incidents, and the event. The documents and memoirs that throw light upon its labyrinths, and the accounts of it that have been written from every varying aspect, constitute in themselves a goodly library. The romantic interest of the story can never fade, and some new coil of its intricacies may yet from time to time be unravelled. But we would give an untrue and disproportioned notion of its place in Scottish history if we presented each detail as of essential importance in the nation's life. In that life it was an episode that left a memory and a romance,

and reflected a trait in the national character that might not otherwise have been revealed. But it left no further legacy; it affected no national institution; it embodied no permanent national aspiration; it left no definite impression on the national character. It was like one of those scenes that not only charm the eye, but win the heart, amidst the Scottish mountains: scenes that derive their beauty from far-folded mists and changing clouds; from the ripple of waters lighted by a moment's sunshine; from creeping shadows and the glitter of a summer shower. We visit them again, and find the gaunt and rugged form of the landscape unchanged, but the magic beauty that caught us and lingers vaguely in our memory has vanished beneath the sullen aspect of a leaden sky.

Amidst the bickerings and jealousies of the council at Holyrood one point emerged of supreme importance. What help was to be expected from France, and until that help was assured what progress was it safe to make? It was the policy of the Prince and his inner circle of advisers to represent such help as certain; it was the fixed determination of the Highland chiefs to insist that their risks should to some extent be covered by explicit declarations on that head. France did just enough to raise expectations and to keep the rebellion alive; but she plainly refused to commit herself to any serious effort. From time to time vessels arrived with a handful of reinforcements and with a scanty supply of money. Monsieur de Boyer arrived at Holyrood in the character half of an envoy, half of a messenger, and his presence helped the Prince to inspire his followers with some hopes. His brother, the Duke of York, it was said, would soon land in Britain at the head of a French army. But only

enough was done to give some speciousness to these hopes.

One of the worst results of this uncertainty was that it gave ample opportunity to those who sought to play a double game. They were able to hold out delusive offers of assistance on which they might base future claims if the rebellion proved successful, but which they might refuse to implement until the condition of foreign aid were more amply satisfied. Macdonald of Sleat and the Macleod of Macleod, the most powerful chiefs amongst the Western Isles, still insisted, with no suspicion of treachery, upon a condition which they had openly avowed to be a necessary precursor of their aid. But others, and above all that aged villain, Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, found in this uncertainty an admirable cloak for his own duplicity. He hesitated and made excuses. He kept up a correspondence with his neighbour, Duncan Forbes, and yet intrigued with the Prince's agents as to the terms on which his alliance might be purchased. His double-dealing inflicted one of the severest wounds on the enterprise, because it alienated others whose help would have been worth much more. By his means Macdonald and Macleod were driven all the more securely into the hands of Forbes, who alone, amongst all the agents of the Government, earns our admiration for the steady head and sound judgment that made him the mainstay of loyalty to the constituted dynasty in the north of Scotland. By his influence not only Macdonald and Macleod, but Lord Seaforth, the Earl of Sutherland, and Lord Reay, the chief of the Mackays, were induced, with other leading men of the North, to accept commissions for raising Highland regiments in support of the

Government. Nothing could have inflicted greater injury on the Jacobite cause. The Prince found not only a veteran army barring his advance at Newcastle, but he was obliged to leave behind him in the North a hostile force which might be trusted to counteract the efforts of his supporters in the region where they might have hoped to act with more effect. This northern force gathered at Inverness before the end of October, and it forced upon him the choice between courses all of which were equally fraught with danger. Lovat at length declared himself for the Jacobite cause by sending his son with a body of his clansmen to the assistance of the Prince. But he advanced no farther than Perth; and the contingent arrived too late to join in the march to England, and was obviously too weak to act with effect against the powerful confederacy which the energy of Forbes had concentrated at Inverness.

Driven to choose a course of action, the Prince had a difficulty before him with which neither he nor his various advisers were competent to deal. Heroic as was the enterprise, bold as was its design, warm as was the enthusiasm which it had gathered round it, we must always remember that it never got much beyond the stage of an adventurous escapade. The first essential of success required in a rebellion is that it should rest upon some solid political foundation. This was precisely what was wanting to the present effort, and its supporters were incapable of taking a just measure of the political feeling of the nation. The central nucleus of the enterprise was the small body of conspirators, who had long lost their political sense in the unsound atmosphere of a pseudo court, deriving all its occasional import-

ance from the shifting chances of foreign intrigue. No doubt it had the support of some of the leading Highland chiefs; but their support was doubtful and almost half-hearted; as they felt that they were being made the tools of conspirators who had failed to perform their part of the contract in securing effective foreign assistance. Romantic and heroic as their loyalty was, it rested partly upon a selfish motive, the desire to preserve powers and jurisdictions which were threatened by all modern constitutional principles, and which might hope for a precarious toleration under a dynasty which they had laid under heavy obligations. No doubt the attempt attracted a few malcontents both in Scotland and in England. In Scotland the Union was unpopular with many; but the solid interests of Scotland were gradually winning for it acquiescence, if not enthusiasm. The Scottish Episcopalians hoped by its success to stem the tide of intolerance which threatened to overwhelm them; but they could not hope to bring the nation over to allegiance to their cause. In England, the grumblers against the Government which had alienated and disgusted a large part of the nation, and which seemed inclined to subordinate English interests to foreign exigencies, were numerous enough; and Jacobite leanings more or less pronounced were no bad adjuncts to the general discontent. Many found it not unpleasant to hint vaguely at changes which might restore the balance which they found rudely disturbed, to recover the influence of the landed gentry, and to stem the flowing tide of Whiggism and corruption. The Squire Westerns of the day found it amusing to make their wives drink the first toast after dinner to the king over the water, to hint at a good time

coming when sound Tories would enjoy their own again, to make a parade of patriotism, and when their potations grew deeper to rail at the Hanoverian rats that were eating up the corn and leaving nothing but the chaff. But there was a long step between this and taking up arms for the exiled house, or making its cause the basis of a strenuous political design. A bad scenting day might seem to Squire Western to be due to the vile machinations of German intruders; but a good scenting day was not to be wasted for all the Jacobites that ever plotted, and the good squire would never have paid the price of a well-blooded hound in order to set King James upon the throne which his father had lost.

But all this was just what it was impossible for Charles and his advisers to appreciate. When rebellion is the result of deeply rooted political conviction it may not always be successful, but it is at least deliberate, pertinacious, and cautious in design. When it is, for the vast majority of its supporters, nothing but the embodiment of a tradition, the expression of a sentiment, the outcome of casual and ill-defined grumbling and discontent, then it descends from the level of a deliberate design, and becomes the instrument of restless and often selfish conspirators. Do what they would, the choice of the leaders of the enterprise was narrowed down to alternative chances in a game of reckless hazard.

By remaining in Scotland, Charles would inevitably give rise to the suspicion that he could exert no influence beyond its borders. The resources of the party there were limited. The power which he wielded was precarious, and he must expect it soon to be overturned by an army which would presently be on a footing

altogether out of proportion to any he could command. He depended entirely upon the Highland chiefs, whose dictation he resented, and between whom and the Lowland Scots discord must inevitably break out. The longer he waited there the more did the Rebellion assume the appearance of a revolt by a poor and thinly-populated country against her larger and wealthier sister; and nothing would render it more odious to Englishmen and more certain to provoke their anger and contempt, succeeding to a sudden fit of pusillanimous alarm. He held the capital, it is true; but he held it only by a successful military exploit, and maintained in it only a camp, not a government. The law courts were closed; business was suspended; the ordinary life of the city was at a standstill. The people watched, partly with apathy, partly with curiosity, partly with alarm, an army encamped in their midst, whose presence they could not resent, for whose abstention from actual violence they were grateful, but whose occupation, they were convinced, could not be long—unless a change, of which there were no signs, came over the spirit of English politics.

If, on the other hand, he advanced into England, there was only too much danger that he would lose any advantage which he had already gained. Whatever effective support he had obtained had been from Scotland alone. Such troops as he had would be less amenable to discipline and more prone to alarm the farther they advanced from their homes. Instead of being amongst a population which was divided in feeling and, even when not sympathetic, effectually cowed, they would pass through a nation of strangers, of whose opinions they knew nothing, and whose hostility to a savage horde was certain. It was in

Scotland alone that the Prince could receive reinforcements from France, if any such reinforcements were to be hoped for. He left behind him in the North a powerful Highland confederacy opposed to his claims, and that confederacy would be strengthened by the assistance of the Lowlands as soon as the victorious army which held them in check should be withdrawn. Very moderate energy on the part of the leaders of the English army now gathering at Newcastle would enable them to cut off his retreat; and he would probably be compelled to hazard all on the chances of a battle in a country where the majority were ready to describe the attempt as a proof of overweening insolence on the part of a troublesome and disaffected province of the kingdom.

Both on political and strategical grounds there were dangers in either course. The Prince was bent upon a bold advance. To him the expedition was one for the maintenance of sacred hereditary rights against flagrant usurpation, and all political considerations were swallowed up in this single idea. The victory he had already achieved seemed to mark the favour of Heaven to his cause, and he was firmly convinced that attachment to his family would be a sufficient motive to the majority of Englishmen to flock to his standard. He measured the strength of England only by the fatuous efforts that her Government had yet made, and forgot the extent of her resources. His past experience seemed to prove that a sudden and bold attack was sufficient to make the whole edifice of constitutional government, which had endured for nearly two generations, to topple to the ground. Above all, he saw that the necessary resources for his scheme could only be found by drawing on the

wealth of England, and that his only hope of foreign assistance lay in proving that he had effective support there.

But he found his proposals strongly combated in the council that now sat daily in Holyrood House. The more prudent strategists urged that the only hope of success lay in waiting for Wade's advance. No arguments that he could use could change the minds of these adherents, who felt that their followers were not to be counted on for a foreign expedition. He was reduced to proposing an advance to the Borders; but to this also they were opposed, knowing how little permanent authority they were to leave behind them when the army was no longer present. On the third day he declared his firm intention to advance, and it says much for the loyalty of his followers that he was able to induce them to follow him against the advice of the wisest heads amongst them. They saw that the die was already cast, and that defiance of his authority could only precipitate the absolute failure of their attempt. All that Lord George Murray could effect by his arguments was, that the advance should be made rather to the west than the east, so as to give England time to rise and France time to give the assistance of which she held out only delusive hopes, before the decisive engagement with Wade's force. He saw that the hills of Cumberland were likely to oppose a barrier to Wade's advance towards the west, and that before his army had crossed them there would be time to strike one or two effective blows. To this the Prince agreed; and the advance was begun on the 31st of October 1745.

The first night the Prince again spent at Pinkie House, and the army, which consisted now of 5500

men, was ordered to rendezvous at Dalkeith on the next day. Thence it was to advance in two bodies to the neighbourhood of Carlisle. The body which took the west road was commanded by the Duke of Perth; that which kept to the east road was led by the Prince himself. When Carlisle was reached it was determined to seize the town and the castle; and such show of resistance as was at first made did not prove very effective. The mayor proclaimed to the citizens that he was determined to hold out to the last; and General Durand, who commanded the castle, was equally bold in his declarations. But the siege had hardly begun when the mayor sent a message of capitulation; and as no surrender would be accepted which did not include the castle, that also was handed over, after the defenders had suffered the loss of one man killed and one wounded. On the 17th of November the Prince, who had meanwhile reached Brampton, made his triumphant entry into the town.

But this apparent success was accompanied by circumstances that showed the weakness of the cause. No sooner had the Highland army retired than the displaced officials resumed their functions in Edinburgh, not with the acquiescence only, but with the warm acclamation, of the people. Other towns followed the example of the capital. Perth was not prevented, even by the presence of a strong Highland force, from showing its sympathy with the Hanoverian cause. Dundee was equally decided; while in Glasgow the anti-Jacobite feeling had always been marked. The short-lived triumph seemed already to be passing away like a dream. Nor was this the only sign of evil portent. As the Highland army ad-

vanced it dwindled away by the desertion of those who could not, even by their devotion to their chiefs, bring themselves to wander so far from their native mountains. Of the 5500 who left Dalkeith in the beginning of November more than a thousand had drifted back before the two bodies met again in the neighbourhood of Carlisle.

Besides this, ominous signs of dissension had shown themselves amongst the leading followers of the Prince. The parties most clearly divided from one another were on the one hand the more personal adherents of the cause in the intimate circle of the Prince. They consisted of those who were the *habitués* of the exiled Court, the seasoned conspirators, the unflinching advocates of divine right. They were fighting for a tenet to which they clung with the intensity of religious fanatics; they were also men who had much to gain and nothing to lose except their lives. They were complacent to the Prince, ready to second all that was boldest in his schemes, because in that boldness lay their only chance of success in the desperate game. These men looked to the Duke of Perth as their leader, and lost no opportunity of thwarting Lord George Murray, and aggravating any cause of offence which the Prince was only too ready to conceive against him. On the other hand were those who had perilled their all in the cause; who believed in it not only as righteous in itself, but as helping to redress Scottish wrongs, and who in its prosecution studied not only the caprices of their Prince, but the opinions and feelings of their countrymen. They resented the dominant influence of Irish adventurers who brought nothing to the common cause save their swords and their restless spirit of

intrigue. They resented the Roman Catholic predilections of the Duke of Perth, and felt that these would arouse the opposition which nearly sixty years before had driven the Prince's grandfather from the throne. They took a just estimate of their own value to the cause, and refused to be made the cat's-paw of a crew of adventurous conspirators. Above all, they knew the value of the strategical ability of Murray, and chafed to see it set aside for the hairbrained schemers who fed their hopes only on delusive promises. Lord George Murray was not of a temper to brook distrust or neglect; and the feud went so far that after the capitulation of Carlisle, which had been arranged by the Duke of Perth, he tendered the resignation of his command to the Prince. That resignation was accepted; and what would have been an irreparable loss to the cause was averted only by a doubtful reconciliation, and by the request which the Prince was induced to make that Lord George Murray should resume his command. The elements of dissension remained as strong as before.

To have remained at Carlisle would have been useless. A garrison of some 300 men was left there, and on the 21st of November the army advanced to Penrith. There they expected to meet Wade, who had marched from Newcastle to Hexham, and there seemed every prospect that the success or failure of the cause should be put to the hazard of a pitched battle. But Wade was now an old man, and the helpless dilatoriness which seemed to have diffused itself on all the officers of the Crown now held him back. The winter had set in severely after a long dry summer, and the roads over the Cumberland hills were encumbered by deep snow. The

marshal feared the fate of Cope too much to hazard anything on a doubtful chance; and he retired to Newcastle, leaving the road southwards open to the Prince's force. From Penrith the rebel army pushed on to Lancaster and then to Preston, where they arrived on the 26th. The memories of 1715 made that town an object of superstitious dread to the Highlanders, who believed that destiny did not permit them to pass the scene of their former defeat. To counteract this superstition Lord George Murray marched them through the town, and encamped to the south of it beyond the bridge over the Ribble. The spell seemed to be broken and the road to London to lie open to the rebels. The people of Preston received the Prince with cheers; but when it was attempted to raise recruits for the army these cheers did not translate themselves into any overt assistance. He was forced to content himself with the neutrality or the thoughtless acclamations of a crowd moved perhaps by curiosity as much as cordial sympathy.

So far, however, the march southwards had not been without its triumphs, and it had endeared the Prince to the main body of his followers. Never was a leader of a forlorn hope, or of a gallant adventure—however we choose to style it—more fitted by his personal qualities to captivate the hearts of an army such as marched under his standard. They were no disciplined troops, accustomed to regard their leaders only as the guides and directors of a vast military machine. Their obedience to their chiefs was absolute and unswerving; but it was an obedience linked to indomitable pride, looking to a familiar greeting and an easy intercourse between themselves and their

chiefs as a right which could not be denied them. With marvellous tact, Charles, in spite of all the habits contracted at foreign Courts, managed to adapt himself to this strange compound of almost slavish obedience with ineradicable pride of race, and could pass a jest or share a scanty meal with the humblest of the uncouth Highlanders who marched at his side. They admired athletic skill and were inured to hardship and fatigue: Charles could rival them in physical endurance, and shared all the labours of the march. Small of stature and ill nurtured as they were, there was nothing that attracted their admiration more than a stately and majestic mien; and none bore himself better than the representative of the ancient line. The Celtic imagination was ever prone to respond to the call of poetry and romance, and both had already begun to weave their web about the expedition and about the person of its leader. His marvellous constitution enabled him to vie with the most hardy in feats of endurance; and he was as cheerful amidst hardships as he was dignified in all the ceremonial functions that fell to the representative of the rightful sovereign. He often spent the night in camp, and took his slumber lying beside the soldiers in their bivouac. He refused to use the carriage provided for him, and insisted that it should be occupied by the aged Lord Pitsligo, who had brought the remnant of a long life to devote to the service of his king. In a light plaid, with the blue sash and bonnet and the white cockade that were the emblems of his fortunes, he beguiled the weary toil of long marches by his unfailing bonhomie. In a Lancashire village he found that trudging along the hard roads had worn a hole in his shoe, and was fain to have recourse to the blacksmith to nail an iron

plate upon the sole. "You are the first blacksmith that ever shod the son of a king," he said; and the joke fell on ears that cherished it for its blitheness and its pride. The onlookers might cast on them sour looks; the hoped-for help might tarry; the scenes amidst which they passed might be alien and strange; but with such a cause and such a hero fatigue, and hardship, and thickening danger might be faced with a light heart.

From Preston the army passed to Wigan, and thence to Manchester, which they reached on the 29th of November. In Lancashire, if anywhere in England, it might be thought that the Jacobite cause had strong support, and already some leading men from that county had joined the Prince's standard. But it soon appeared that their followers were few, and not more than two hundred were added to the army under the name of the Manchester regiment. Every day it became more plain that the hopes to be placed on the active loyalty of English Jacobites were delusive and vain; and the farther the army advanced the blacker were the looks that greeted them. Such was the aspect of matters ere they reached Derby—only ninety miles from the capital.

Difficulties were now crowding on them. The English Government were fully awake to the crisis, and, dilatory as their action had been, the engine of military force was now prepared. Cope had been vanquished in Scotland. Wade had failed to check the advance in the northern counties. But his army was intact, and was threatening the rear. The Duke of Cumberland had been summoned from abroad some weeks before, and had taken command of a considerable army posted at Lichfield. The king had placed

himself at the head of his guards, and was encamped with them on Finchley Common. The march on London would certainly be met in force, and meanwhile the Prince's army was threatened from more than one point in his rear.

For two days he stayed at Derby to refresh his troops. Victory seemed now within his grasp, and he looked forward confidently to a triumphant entry into London. Even the details occupied his attention, and he was doubtful whether his entry should be on horseback or on foot, in Highland or in Lowland garb.[1] But he had to reckon with others who took a better measure of the enterprise and its hopes. On the 5th of December Lord George Murray and all the military commanders appeared before the Prince to deliver a grave remonstrance. They had done all they could do, and had fulfilled their part of the bargain; but no hint of effective support had as yet come from England, and their hopes of French assistance had proved utterly vain. Three armies were now on foot in England—one just in front of them under the Duke of Cumberland, one to their rear under Wade, and one at London under the king. Against not one of these could they expect a victory, and even a casual success could not be effectually followed up unless they could reckon upon sympathisers who would rally to their aid. On the other hand, by retreating to Scotland

[1] It is scarcely necessary to note that the assumption of the Highland garb by the Chevalier, however calculated to conciliate Highland sympathies, was absurd and incongruous. The house of Stuart was in no wise of Highland origin, and had no connection with the clans. No member of that house had ever dreamed of appearing in such guise, and its annals contained many records of fierce contests with the Highland chiefs. The adoption of the dress by Charles Edward was only one degree less ridiculous than the theatrical absurdity which led George IV. to appear in similar attire during his visit to Edinburgh in 1822.

they might successfully maintain themselves there, by junction with the army at Perth, and with a small French force which had reached Montrose under Lord John Drummond. By such a course success, if slower, was not impossible; and at least the danger would be less appalling than that which threatened them where they were.

The Prince and his immediate advisers were indignant at such advice. He swore that he would adhere to his plan and hazard all in an attack upon the capital. But the advice had been carefully weighed, and was not to be lightly abandoned. Those who thought with Lord George Murray were not to be turned from their deliberate decision. Unwillingly, and with no attempt to hide his chagrin, the Prince was forced to give up his scheme. He announced that he would return to Scotland, but only because they forced him to abandon all his hopes. He would hold no further councils, and he must accompany their retreat not as their leader, but as one to whom freedom of action was denied.

It may be that prudence dictated the retreat. With reckless audacity an ill-assorted and half-disciplined host of less than five thousand men had marched into the heart of England, had threatened the capital, had captured towns, and had overcome such troops as had attempted to withstand them. To a superficial observer it might seem as if the vast population, the overwhelming wealth, the solid political institutions, and the military power of a great empire were to be at the mercy of a small band of reckless adventurers. It was no wonder that, as their real power became visible to the leaders themselves, a very little consideration showed

them what dangers surrounded them. But these dangers had certainly not been impressed upon them by any action of the Government. The whole power of the empire was paralysed by the criminal weakness of the Government; and although it was shaking itself free from the lethargy into which it had fallen, there was no outward sign that it could exert itself effectively to crush revolt. Three armies were on foot, but they seemed to hesitate about coming to grips with this petty invading force. The Crown had at its command thousands of veterans, trained in foreign wars. From the royal family downwards there was a plentiful supply of officers of ripe military experience. The resources of the country were greater than they had ever been, and it had abundant reserves of power. But for the moment it seemed helpless to protect itself against an attempt which seemed, from almost infinitesimal beginnings, to be able to shake it to its foundations. Even when retreat was decided on, that attempt did not seem to lose its vigour and its power of striking an effective blow, and the successes of the Jacobite cause were not closed by the backward march. But in truth that retreat was worse than a defeat: it was the confession of weakness wrung from the self-conscious impotence of those who had started, against their more prudent judgment, an enterprise which they could not hope to bring to a successful issue. So long as he was inflated by hopes of victory, so long as he was buoyed up by delusive fancies of foreign aid, so long as he could nurse the idea that Providence would favour the cause of hereditary right, the Prince was a splendid leader of an expedition which was heroic even if it was somewhat theatrical. But

when the measure of his support had been rightly taken, when the depth of Jacobite loyalty had been plumbed with accuracy, when he found that common-sense and prudence were making themselves felt against the tide of a flowing enthusiasm, then he became no more than a plaything of fortune. He had suffered no defeat: all the more striking was the implied confession that he was outmanœuvred in the hazardous game that he had chosen to play. From the day when he was forced to turn back at Derby Jacobitism was no longer an effective force. It was to leave a memory, a tradition, a gradually decaying thread of influence in the affairs of the nation; but of permanent political results it was to be entirely barren.

The Prince was no longer the blithe companion of his soldiers, sharing their fatigues and mingling in their talk. He hung in the rear of his army; made them wait on his movements; rode behind as one who ostentatiously had ceased to be the director of the march. He sulked at his own impotence, and for a time he ceased even to affect any interest in the plans of those who still professed that their retreat was made for strategical reasons, and with no conviction of coming defeat.

The Highlanders had behaved with exemplary discipline in the onward march, and the silent acquiescence of the districts through which they had passed had given them confidence even though active assistance was not forthcoming. But it was different with the retiring host. Discipline was relaxed; robbery became more frequent; they could not be restrained from plundering the homesteads by which they passed; and in place of silent or even friendly spectators, they

found sullen and threatening looks, and even active hostility, surrounding their retreating steps. Stragglers were seized and maltreated. Many of the towns recovered their boldness, and threatening bands hung upon the rear of the army which a few days before had been watched with wonder and respect. Deserters were restrained from a precipitate retreat to their mountains only by the feeling that they had to pass through long tracts of hostile country before they found a place of safety. Lord George Murray, whose prudence had advised the retreat, took upon himself what was often the arduous task of protecting it; and by the time that the van of the army reached Penrith on the 17th of December he was about six miles in the rear, and was threatened closely by the pursuing force of the Duke of Cumberland, who had left Lichfield as soon as he heard that the Highland army was returning north.

At Clifton, a village some three miles south of Penrith, Lord George had a brush with the Royalist cavalry, who sought to disturb the Highland troops and give time for the Duke of Cumberland to advance. In this skirmish he was successful, and beat off the advancing force. But he was insufficiently aided by the main body under the Prince, and all he could do was to retire and ultimately join the Prince's army when it re-entered Carlisle on the 19th of December.

So far the retreat had been conducted in good order and with no undue precipitancy. The pursuing army had been kept at bay, and the Highland force suffered no disaster that could damp their spirits or make them anticipate defeat.

Tidings of possible French aid reached the Prince,

and it seemed as if the retreat from England were temporary only, and that after he had time to recruit his forces and consolidate his power in Scotland he might return at the head of an even more formidable army. With this view it was deemed necessary to garrison Carlisle, and a small band of some 300 men, consisting mostly of the English adherents and of some French and Irish who were technically in the service of the French king, were left to hold the castle, and thus secure a gateway into England when it suited the Prince to return. To run such a risk upon a chance, which in reality was hopeless, argued a miscalculation of the forces arrayed against him which was characteristic of the leader.

After two days the retreat into Scotland was begun, but the Scotland which he entered was not that from which he had marched in triumph. The Government not only recovered from the effects of its own heedlessness and quick alarm, but its adherents throughout the country had also taken a better measure of the situation, and were prepared to offer resistance to an enterprise which was now plainly seen to be fraught with danger to the national prosperity. In Dumfriesshire and Annandale generally the people were only waiting for some support from the central authority to animate them to an attack upon a force whose retreat they attributed to the failure of the Jacobite cause. In the south-western counties the majority of the population was strongly anti-Jacobite, and Glasgow was sufficiently ardent in the Hanoverian cause to raise a regiment of volunteers under the Earls of Home and Glencairn. In the North a strong body of the Highlanders who had refused to join the rebels was gathered under Lord Loudoun; and the capital was again in the

hands of the constituted authorities. It seemed at first as if the Prince were returning to a country where his cause would have as little support as it had found in the march through England, and as if the authority which he had exercised there a few weeks before had passed away like a troubled dream.

But in truth this represented only one aspect of the situation. The hopes of the cause seemed to revive when the Prince re-entered Scotland. Under Lord John Drummond, the brother of the Duke of Perth, a French force of trained soldiers had landed at Montrose. There was some talk of a larger French expedition under the Prince's brother, the Duke of York, and an even greater expedition for the invasion of England was projected under the command of the Duke of Richelieu. This force was to amount to more than ten thousand men, and they were not only gathered at the seaport towns of France, but transports were provided for their embarkation. But the expedition hung fire, and when the news reached England, Admiral Vernon was sent with a strong fleet into the Channel, and troops were massed upon the coasts of Kent and Essex. The delay proved fatal to the project, and long before the hopes of the Jacobites were dispelled the expedition was definitely abandoned.

Meanwhile the Prince had taken vengeance upon the malcontents of Dumfries and Glasgow by levying money upon these towns. With new spirit the Highland army advanced northwards, and it was determined to lay siege to the castle of Stirling, which was occupied by a large detachment of the Government forces under General Blakeney. Nor did the cause lack support in other parts of Scotland. In Aber-

deenshire Lord Lewis Gordon, the brother of the Duke of Gordon, had levied a considerable force amongst the landed gentry who were favourable to the Jacobite cause. At Inverurie, almost ten miles from Aberdeen, he came into collision with the Highland forces who stood for the Government under Lord Loudoun, and inflicted upon them a crushing defeat. He then joined the French force under Lord John Drummond, and advancing to Perth, where there was a considerable body of the Prince's adherents under Lord Strathallan, he marched thence to join the Prince at Stirling. The Jacobite army then amounted to about 9000 men, the largest number ever collected under the banner of the Prince. With this force he began the siege of Stirling, on the 10th of January 1746.

Meanwhile the Duke of Cumberland had not been inactive. Since the skirmish at Clifton with Lord George Murray he had not attempted to interfere with the retreat of the Highland army, but when they were gone, he had little difficulty in reducing the petty garrison left at Carlisle. The whole of that garrison were taken prisoners, and at one blow all the English adherents of the Jacobite cause fell into the hands of the Government and were reserved for trial. However slender had been the support accorded to the Prince's cause in England, it cannot be said that his English allies had much reason to thank him for any regard for their fate. After entering Carlisle on the 31st December, the Duke of Cumberland was recalled to London to take command against the projected invasion from France. In his place General Hawley, a blustering barrack-room bully, took the command of the pursuing army. As

a subaltern in 1715, he had seen something of Highland warfare at Sheriffmuir, and that experience had given him a poor opinion of their tactics, which he was soon to have good cause to alter. He was at the head of 8000 men, of whom the majority were tried veterans, and so confident was he of success that on arriving at Edinburgh his first act was to erect the gibbets destined for the rebels.

This hectoring bully merits little attention from history were it not that he fitly reflects much in the character of his master the Duke of Cumberland. To insult the loyal inhabitants of the country which he polluted by his presence was in accordance with all his habits. On the soldiers whom his roistering carelessness led to disaster he was wont to exercise the most tyrannic despotism, and a defeat was followed by wholesale punishment, and even by a death penalty for some. He was as cruel as the hired mercenaries of the Middle Ages, without the skill or knowledge which generally accompanied their savage temper. When abroad he decorated his quarters with the skeleton of a soldier whose execution he procured. His life was one of flagrant defiance of every dictate of morality and religion; and when it ended a few years later, he left a will which consisted of a tirade of blasphemous impiety. The English Government had at first left the defence of the constitution to a set of feeble and incompetent dotards; with Hawley they began a new school of contemptuous and heartless scoundrels, which culminated at last in the royal butcher whose name remained as a byword and a curse in Scotland, and who would have given even to a worse cause than that of Jacobitism the respect-

ability which comes from being opposed by men of the type of Hawley and of Cumberland. Human nature would sink low if it did not mingle with its doubts of the wisdom of the Jacobite rebellion some pity for its victims, and some admiration for its heroic loyalty. It would sink still lower if it did not, even while recognising the public good in the ultimate event, condemn to infamy the names of those whose ferocious and bloodthirsty cruelty will for ever be associated with that event.

Hawley's movements were closely watched by a better master in the art of war than he. Lord George Murray lay at Falkirk waiting for the approach of the Royalist army from Edinburgh. On the 13th of January he learned that orders had been received at Linlithgow to prepare provisions and forage for the troops already on the march. Lord George at once advanced to Linlithgow with a considerable body of the Highlanders, supported by a sufficient body of cavalry to enable him efficiently to patrol the Edinburgh road. General Huske, Hawley's second in command, who shared neither the blustering temper nor the military incapacity of his superior officer, was in temporary charge of the force. Murray's scouts harassed the advancing foe, but his numbers were not sufficient to engage them, and towards nightfall he fell back on Falkirk. On the following day he retreated nearer to Stirling, giving time to Hawley to bring up the rest of his army and occupy Falkirk.

On the 16th of January the Chevalier, leaving only a small force to continue the blockade of Stirling, advanced with the main body of his army to Bannockburn. Hawley still lingered at Falkirk,

hoping, it would seem, that the foes he so much despised would melt away at the terror of his name, and that the whole expedition would disperse without a blow, and leave to him the congenial task of taking vengeance on helpless stragglers. Meanwhile he spent his time at Callander House in the company of the Countess of Kilmarnock, who found no shame in a dalliance with the agent sent to wreak vengeance on the adherents of the cause which her weak and wavering husband had joined, and for which he afterwards suffered death. His camp was unguarded and no patrols were sent out. By a stratagem of much skill the Highlanders took advantage of his carelessness.

Lord John Drummond was sent forward with a considerable body along the main road leading from Stirling to Falkirk. This march was intended only as a feint, but every care was taken to attract attention to it by the display of the Prince's standard, and by courting the observation of the foe. Meanwhile Lord George Murray advanced by a circuitous route farther south which opened on Falkirk Moor, then an unenclosed common rising to a considerable ridge. Only when the manœuvre was almost completed was it observed by General Huske, who was without the support of his superior officer. No orders were given, and the army stood perplexed between two advancing forces. Hawley was summoned in haste from his dalliance at Callander House, and advanced with drawn sword at the head of three regiments of dragoons, hoping to reach the height before the Highlanders. But under the cover of the ridge these had marched forward rapidly, wheeled and formed in column on the protected side, and soon

reached the summit in line of battle. The Macdonalds and Camerons formed the first line; behind them were the Athole Brigade, with Lord Lewis Gordon's and Lord Ogilvie's contingents; while the third line was formed of the Irish picquets and the cavalry.

Hawley's dragoons had by this time occupied the ridge, towards which the Highlanders charged. The dragoons attempted to take them in flank, but were foiled by a morass, and they were thus compelled to make a charge in front. The Highlanders had learned by discipline and experience not to trust solely to the wild onset that had so often carried them to victory. They reserved their fire until the dragoons were close upon them, and then at the distance of about ten yards poured it in with effect so deadly that the line of horsemen was completely broken. A few attempted to penetrate the Highland front, but only to fall by the claymores of the second line, or to be despatched by dirks when they had been torn from horseback by the skirts of their coats. The rest galloped along the ridge exposed to the fire from the front of the Highlanders, and few of them rallied from the disastrous rout. Just as the attack began, a violent storm of wind and rain drove straight in the faces of the Royalist troops and added to their confusion. It was in vain, however, that Lord George Murray called to the Highlanders to stand fast and prepare for another volley of musketry. The instinct of their race was too strong, and disregarding all the entreaties of their general they once more resorted to the tactics which had swept the field of Prestonpans. They dropped their muskets and their plaids, drew their claymores, and rushed on with their usual battle-cry. Their left

wing broke the right and centre of Hawley's foot, who were advancing behind the dragoons. They were veterans salted at the fights of Dettingen and Fontenoy; but the onset of the clans was unlike anything they had ever seen, and to its appalling fury was added the gloom of a furious storm in the half light of a winter afternoon. Their powder was wet by the storm; their discipline was unavailing; and the future hero of Quebec, then a young officer, saw the veterans of European wars scattered in dismay by an untrained mob of Highland caterans. Wolfe had been lingering in inactivity under Wade at Newcastle during the previous weeks, but he had been sent forward with Hawley, and was now a brigade-major in Burrel's regiment. It was his first taste of Highland warfare, and perhaps he learned from it some distrust of the formal tactics that served well enough against disciplined troops. His own wing at least held their own and protected the English retreat. They stood their ground, outflanked the Highlanders, and having kept their powder drier in spite of the pitiless storm, they poured upon that wing of the Highland army a steady fire which broke it up in confusion and flight. The battle became a chaos, something like that of Sheriffmuir, in which each side could claim some success, but was obliged to admit some disastrous panic. In twenty minutes from the first onset part of each army was flying in total uncertainty about the issue of the fight. The Highlanders had on the whole the best of it; but their want of discipline prevented them from reaping the full advantage of their success. Hawley abandoned his camp and left his cannon in the hands of the enemy. He retreated during the night to Edinburgh, and, after all his boasting,

returned more cowed and abject in his defeat than even Cope, over whose incompetence he had not failed to triumph when he first essayed the task of checking the rebellion.[1] It was only the steadiness and conduct of General Huske that prevented the rout from being an irretrievable disaster.

[1] In 1758 we come upon the record of Hawley's death at the age of eighty. His last will and testament fitly closes a career which serves as an example of the worst type of military braggart not uncommon in the annals of last century. It is full of the most nauseous blasphemy, and winds up with the words, "The priest, I conclude, will have his fee: let the puppy have it. Pay the carpenter for the carcass box." This refined gentleman was the prime favourite of the Duke of Cumberland!

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM FALKIRK TO CULLODEN.

THE fight at Falkirk marks a new stage in the campaign. At first the success of the Highlanders had been beyond all expectation, and their advance into England had given rise to considerable alarm; but all was imputed to the feebleness of the measures taken against them, and their forward march through the English counties seemed to show their weakness rather than their strength. The expedition appeared likely to crumble away of itself; the apathy rather than the active resistance of the English population seemed sufficient to do it to death. The retreat from Derby seemed to confirm this estimate, and it was deemed that the Highland army would soon be reduced to such weakness as to fall before one crushing and decisive blow. But the engagement at Falkirk proved that as a fighting force the Highland army had in nowise lost its spirits or its cohesion, and that efforts far greater than those yet made were necessary for its annihilation. It was apparent that it could command by fear, if not by enthusiasm, considerable support in Scotland, and that it could inflict blows that damaged heavily the prestige of the English army. Its numbers were increasing; they were animated by the strongest

stimulus of all—a conviction of the weakness of their adversaries. Falkirk was all but a repetition of Prestonpans, but on a larger scale; and its issue had confirmed the result of the lesser conflicts of Lord George Murray at Clifton and of Lord Lewis Gordon in the North. The ultimate result might be certain, but before that result could be attained it was clear that the military resources of England must be drawn upon to a far larger extent. The rebellion was not, as yet at least, to fall by listlessness, by failing enthusiasm, or by lack of sympathy.

Meanwhile, it may be well to pause in the narration in order to estimate the attitude of mind which the rising had so far produced in England, and how that affected the relations between the two countries. At first—apart altogether from any sympathy with the movement—it had been regarded with a sort of pitying contempt. The earlier successes were looked upon as mere casual incidents of which a few weeks at most would obliterate the memory. Within the political arena—a narrow and not a dignified one—the enterprise became a new topic of contention. The party which adhered to Walpole was not sorry to find a new perplexity added to their opponents' troubles. Granville and his followers, secure in the favour of the king, although they had relinquished the spoils of office to the Pelhams, made light of the whole matter, and found a proof of the weakness of the Government in the fact that it could not deal effectively with an affair so petty, and that the tremulous nerves of the Duke of Newcastle were thrown into an extremity of craven fear. So far as the people of London were concerned, the danger was sufficiently distant to be received with equanimity. A handful of banditti, it was said, could

never conquer a kingdom; and slight as was the enthusiasm for the reigning family, it seemed as if the nation, as a whole, were determined to stand neutral, and as if the danger which could come from the more or less pronounced Jacobitism of a few country magnates was purely imaginary—a bugbear conjured up by the Whigs as a means of discrediting the Tory Opposition. So marked was Granville's contempt for a danger which involved him in no responsibility, that Newcastle, as we are told, seemed almost elated when new successes of the Highlanders gave the lie to Granville's prognostications. The one danger seemed to be that of foreign aid to the rebels, and against such a risk sufficient security was taken by the naval protection of the coasts, and by the presence in the Channel of a fleet under Admiral Vernon. A few of the greater nobles proposed to raise regiments for the defence of the reigning dynasty, but the sincerity, and even the unselfishness, of their efforts were open to doubt. To raise regiments and to pay them, it was said, was a noble service; to raise them upon Government pay was a more doubtful act; to receive the pay and not to raise them—as it is to be feared was sometimes the case—deserved something more than contempt.

The people of the North, who were nearest to the danger, were the first to be alarmed. The Yorkshiremen, led by their Archbishop, who donned military attire, breathed out mighty threatenings. The wickedness of the rebellious Scots—because, in the prevailing view, the whole Scottish nation was involved in the attempt—was denounced in language of most edifying fervour. The guilt of rebellion was painted in colours that would have satisfied the most rigid adherent of the Right Divine. The Bishop of Durham urged that

the people should take upon themselves the duties of the military authority, and arm themselves to defend the Revolution Settlement. The Bishop of Hereford preached passive obedience in good set terms. "We are quietly and conscientiously to submit ourselves," said he, "as well to a Caligula or a Nero as to a Trajan or an Antonine: that is, as well to the worst as to the best of governors." In short, a good stock of that inherent Toryism which is ingrained in the average Englishman was drawn upon to denounce and repudiate an enterprise which had hoped to enlist on its side the whole Tory party, and which was now regarded by many only as a symptom of the irreconcilable factiousness of the Scottish nation. That the bulk of that nation was as warmly opposed to the rebellion as they were themselves was a truth which never dawned on these good bishops or their audiences. The sturdy resistance of the clergy of the Scottish Establishment was neglected and ignored. From the first a false note was struck which greatly increased the jealousy between the nations.

The wisest body of the nation probably judged, not without fair ground, that the chief danger proceeded from the supineness of those who underestimated the danger, but that the supineness, even though helped, as it was, by the lack of real loyalty to the house of Hanover, would not last long. The English people had no great love for George II. or his family, but they did not wish to see their peace and prosperity disturbed by a barbarous horde of wild Highlanders. Gradually the impression of the strength of the rebellion grew. It was seen to be led by experienced tacticians. The Highlanders were found to have benefited by the opportunities of drill in the inde-

pendent regiments. At first it was remarked that many of the greatest names of Scotland were not associated with the attempt; but the prophecy of Sir Robert Walpole with regard to the Jacobites was recalled—"If they come again they will begin by their lowest people; the chiefs will not appear till the end." John Bull viewed the matter with much of that phlegmatic indifference which is at once his weakness and his strength. He trusted that it would be settled somehow, much as he trusts that his civil officers will sooner or later get the better of an unruly mob. If there were a few broken heads on either side in the process it would be no very terrible matter. When the rebellion seemed to be gaining ground, Parliament was summoned; the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended; reinforcements were summoned from abroad; the Government seemed to be roused to the danger. This was sufficient to calm the nerves of the average Englishman. The advance to Derby was seen to be something of the nature of a retreat, as it showed the rebels to be too weakly supported in England to allow them to make a stand, and every day's march made their position more precarious. They had only to be met by an effective force to make their weakness visible.

The fear of the rebellion was not great enough to check the endless bickerings of political intrigue and the personal struggles of the little cliques that for the time occupied the political arena. The Pelham clique had a majority in Parliament, but they had neither any solid support nor respect from the nation. The Tories had much of the talent; but the Jacobite rebellion disconcerted them, and they had no cohesion and no settled plan of action. The "Meteor of Par-

liament" was already recognised in Pitt; but his action was still erratic and uncertain, and the genius which was ere long to tower over all others was now only busy in conquering for himself a position.

At length came the news of the retreat of the Highland army from Derby, and the inference was too quickly drawn that the rebellion was utterly crushed. Stories were told, with all the exaggeration of a panic but just escaped, of the savage excesses of the invaders; and these stories, which were for the most part inventions, served to stimulate loyalty of the baser sort, and seemed to justify a ruthlessness of revenge which had none of the justification that might have been derived from a danger prudently foreseen and courageously met. The Duke of Cumberland and Marshal Wade continued their advance; and the arm-chair politicians of St James's were pleased to hear that the task of vengeance had been delegated to a coarse military bully of the type of General Hawley. Six thousand Hessians were summoned from the Continent to restore the broken power of the English Government; and although some—Pitt amongst the others—objected to such agents in restoring the authority of the Crown, their objections were overridden by the necessities of the case. But such an accession of force seemed quite sufficient to make the country secure against any real danger.

The retreat from England was accomplished; Carlisle fell into the hands of the Duke of Cumberland; and it seemed as if the Highlanders had done their worst. But then the news came of the fight at Falkirk, by which they had their revenge on the ignorant presumption of Hawley, and once more had scattered the English dragoons, and outmanœuvred

experienced and disciplined troops almost as successfully as at Prestonpans. It appeared as if English arms could not hold their own in Scotland; and the inference was quickly drawn that there was something in Scottish air favourable to rebellion, and that English liberties were chiefly in danger by the ill-feeling of their northern fellow-subjects. Carelessness, timidity, incapacity, and corruption easily found a way of excusing themselves by decrying their Scottish fellow-subjects, and by bequeathing a legacy of mutual suspicion to the next generation.

Such was the moment chosen by a Court intrigue to overturn the Pelham Ministry, and to attempt the formation of a government by Lord Bath and Lord Granville, without the help of a parliamentary majority. The project lived only for a day, and it served merely to show the utter irresponsibility which Granville united with his brilliant talent. By some mad whim, the king had fancied that he could relieve himself of the "puppy" Newcastle. The attempt proved only his own impotence. For a time he sulked and would see no one. He would not play the game unless he could choose his own instruments; and it was only with the petulance of a spoilt child that he found himself compelled to submit to the power of the majority, until a statesman worthy of the name should grasp the situation and impose himself, by the sheer power of genius, at once on king and Parliament. Granville accepted his defeat and threw up the scheme as a portentous joke; and once again the nation was forced to trust its affairs at a dangerous crisis to the incompetent hands of Newcastle, whose strange fate it was to bridge over the interval between the fall of

Walpole and the rise to undisputed power of one greater than Walpole in the person of William Pitt. The rebellion "fetched breath" at Falkirk, and the dearth of English statesmanship confirmed its recovery of hope. For a time the danger seemed to grow, and it only provoked more bitter outpourings against the Scots. The whole Scottish nation was condemned as a fit nurse of disaffection and revolt. "The existence of rebellion," says Horace Walpole, "seemed too intimately connected with the being of Scotland to expect that it would soon be annihilated." Its annihilation was at least to be the work of some time; and the delay stimulated that spirit of hatred against the Scottish nation which took the place of the preceding alternations of apathy and panic. Confiscation of estates was to be the smallest punishment meted out to those who had joined the expedition. The rebellion was not only to be crushed but its renewal was to be rendered impossible by withholding all mercy and exacting the utmost penalty of the law. While the enterprise was in its inception some had seen in it only matter for contempt, others had been driven into an unreasoning panic, not a few had felt a lurking sympathy for its objects. Now that it had threatened England, and had shown that on Scottish soil it might recover itself so far as to inflict disgraceful defeat upon a disciplined English army, all other feelings were swallowed up in a virulent indignation, which involved the whole Scottish nation in one condemnation with the Highland host.

With the battle of Falkirk the rebellion reached, as we have already said, a new stage. It was now four months since the sudden march of the Prince

had placed him in command of Edinburgh, and had crowned his arms with victory on the field of Prestonpans. With his hopes unduly inflated, he had fancied that Scotland was at his feet, and that the heritage of his fathers only waited for his entrance into England to be securely his. He did not recognise that his supremacy in Scotland was only nominal, and that, however much Toryism in England might have inclinations towards Jacobitism, these were not strong enough to prompt the malcontents to arduous risks, least of all when Jacobitism appeared in the form of a host of savage Highlanders, whose language and ways were unfamiliar and uncouth. The march into England had distinctly weakened and dissipated the support on which he could rely; and necessary as the retreat from Derby was, the wonder is, not that he did not recover his former prestige in Scotland, but that the expedition remained on foot, and maintained an active resistance to the Royalist army for three months more. The incidents of these three months were dramatic enough. They were a series of struggles which, though often successful, were no longer for supremacy, but only to avert inevitable defeat. The expedition was foredoomed; but, driven to bay, its adherents resolved to sell their lives as dearly as was possible, and to try the effect of sudden raids upon various points held by their foes. Such attempts might be prolonged and spirited, but they could only have one final result.

After the battle of Falkirk more than one course was open to the Prince. He might have advanced on Edinburgh, following the defeated and demoralised army of Hawley; but such an attempt, successful though it might have been for the moment in

recovering his hold upon the capital, would have been a daring and desperate one. On the other hand, he might stay and carry on the siege of Stirling, and might hope, by securing that fortress, to hold the entry to the Highlands. His own views were in favour of this plan; and he spent some valuable time in an attempt which was foredoomed to failure, as he had no sufficient means to prosecute a siege against a place of such strength. As time went on the hopelessness of the scheme became apparent to all but the ill-fated leader of the expedition. Immediately after the battle of Falkirk the Duke of Cumberland had been despatched from London to assume the command of the Royalist army. He started on the 25th of January, and reached Edinburgh by rapid stages, reviving the confidence of the Government by his presence, and by the prestige which that presence gave to the Royalist army, which seemed strong enough to crush a force that had shown itself unable to reap the full advantage of successes which chance threw in its way. Cruel and callous as the Duke was soon to prove himself, he was at least an improvement on the coarse and profligate Hawley, who thought the best way of atoning for the disgrace of a defeat caused by his own overweening confidence was to resort to wholesale punishment of the troops who owed to him their disasters. The Duke found himself at the head of a well-disciplined and seasoned army, keen to avenge the disgrace so far inflicted on the military prestige of England, and confident in its power to crush a rebellion already crumbling by its own weakness. It was resolved at once to advance upon Stirling in order to relieve the siege; and pains were taken to impress upon the soldiers that firmness and discipline

were alone necessary to retrieve the disasters that they had already suffered.

The Highland army lingered about Stirling, but its strength was fast ebbing away. Many of the clans dispersed after the battle of Falkirk to carry home the plunder which they had gathered after the dispersion of Hawley's force. Dissensions were rife amongst them, and the slightest spark seemed sufficient to stir the camp into actual combat. Rights and privileges which were deeply rooted in the customs of the Highlanders were little suited to the discipline of an army, and their neglect by the commanders often led to open revolt. One day an armed straggler from the English camp marched boldly through the Highland force in the full equipment of an English soldier. Lord Kilmarnock essayed to arrest him, and found a Highlander's dirk pointed at his breast. He tore from the intruder's hat the black cockade, which was the Hanoverian emblem, but the action was resented as an insult to the clan. The intruder was a Cameron, who had deserted the English army and rejoined his clan; but no hand could change the emblem on his hat but that of his chieftain, Lochiel. For another to attempt it was a crime against the unwritten law that governed the clan. Another day a soldier of Clanranald's, by the accidental discharge of his musket, killed the younger son of Glengarry. In a moment Glengarry's clansmen were in a ferment. Nothing would content them but the instant execution of the offending member of the other clan; and even when he was sacrificed to their fury, they felt the loss of their chief's son so deeply that they for the most part withdrew from an expedition which had been stained by an event of such ill omen.

Charles soon found that he had to deal with a force where there was little of the unquestioning military discipline that can alone retrieve disaster.

Failing hopes, frequent disasters, the bitterness of internecine feuds, soon completed the general distrust of ultimate success, and drove the Highland leaders to counsels of caution. The chiefs, no longer called to councils of war by the Prince, assembled by themselves and resolved to express in no equivocal terms their own views of the course that should be followed. They presented to him a unanimous address in which they urged that the only course which prudence directed was that of retreat to Inverness. There they might maintain themselves until the spring, using every opportunity to seize the English garrisons throughout the Highlands, and when they had made themselves masters of the North they might hope to renew offensive operations on a larger scale with the approach of summer.

No advice could have been more unpalatable to the Prince. He did not despair of reducing Stirling, and at least he hoped to wait there until challenged to battle by the Duke of Cumberland's advancing army. Not in a single fight had he been defeated, and he refused to believe that defeat was possible—or, indeed, that the troops under Cumberland would fight with any show of vigour against their hereditary sovereign. A sort of desperate fatalism had seized on him — the reckless courage of the gambler who had played a perilous game, and was ready to stake his all on the ultimate event. He was thrown into a frenzy of despair, and showed the weakness that underlay his show of courage. He might lead a forlorn-hope, and keep

alive his blitheness amidst danger so long as active exertion stimulated his spirits. The deeper and more abiding fortitude that could be patient under misfortune, and could resist the despondency that is born of ebbing hopes—that nature had denied him.

But rage as he might, the advice was too strong and too deliberate to be resisted. He chafed at his own impotence. He redoubled his suspicions of Lord George Murray and his Scottish advisers; he threw himself more unreservedly on the sycophantic advice of his Irish followers; he fretted and fumed like a spoilt child,—but all was in vain. The retreat was resolved upon, and it was carried out with the disorder and haste that betokened a broken and dissentient host. Charles yielded to the imperious counsels of despair: perhaps he saw, only too clearly, that however necessary these might be, they were the sure precursors of failure and defeat. The army retreated first to Crieff, and then separating, moved in two bodies to the North. One followed the Highland road that took them directly to their mountain fastnesses; the other, under Lord George Murray, went by Montrose and Aberdeen and thence to Inverness. Meanwhile the Duke of Cumberland advanced to Perth, where for a time he was content to occupy the gateway to the Highlands. In the early days of February the scene of the rebellion became restricted to the northern counties, and the movements by which the Jacobite leaders strove to maintain their cause were entirely changed in character. Until it drew together for its last fatal struggle—and even then shorn of much of its strength—the Highland army never again was gathered into one whole. It maintained a sort of guerilla warfare, often successful,

always spirited and alert, but hopelessly unfitted to achieve the object which for a brief space it had seemed as if it might accomplish. For nearly six months Charles maintained himself in security at the head of a sufficiently imposing force; but save for a few brief weeks in Edinburgh, he had never even to outward seeming wielded any semblance of administrative authority. After the battle of Prestonpans he had been nothing but the commander of a successful army. With the northern retreat that army ceased to exist as a united force: it rallied only for a moment to earn the dignity of a sublime defeat.

But the weeks that passed from February till the fatal day of Culloden were not without successful episodes and achievements that showed both skilful leadership and undaunted courage. On the whole, the honours remained with the Jacobites: only the solid weight of preponderating power at length drove them to the wall. They fought like a beleaguered garrison until the last of their resources failed them.

Their first effort was to reduce the enemies whom they had left in the North, and who had undermined their influence just where it might have been most strong. Lord Loudoun had maintained the Hanoverian cause in the northern shires, and held the castle of Inverness. His force was small, but during all these months it had found its opponents still weaker, while the Jacobite clans were occupied with higher game. He had with him the followers of the Macdonald of Skye and of the Macleod of Macleod; but it was doubtful whether the abstention of these chieftains from the Jacobite cause was altogether approved by their clansmen. In all he could count only on some

2000 men, and the prudent advice and the tireless vigilance of the Lord President Forbes alone gave vigour and backbone to Loudoun's scanty force. To defeat that force was the first task of the Jacobite chiefs. Step by step that work was accomplished. The little force of Loudoun was cooped up at Inverness. Whatever the influence that this band of Hanoverian adherents exerted in the North, they were in no position to dispute the Chevalier's advance, or to make a stand against the far more numerous Jacobite clans. The barracks at Ruthven, which had withstood the attacks of the Prince at the outset of his expedition, were unable now to resist attack. The lurking sympathy of many about Inverness — waiting only for some decisive issue in order to declare their open adherence to the Prince under the guidance of that veteran scoundrel Lord Lovat — was a danger which the Hanoverian adherents could not despise. But the Jacobites were scattered over the country. Only a band of some 300 men remained as the bodyguard of the Prince, and it was with a false sense of security that he took up his residence at the castle of Moy, the stronghold of The Mackintosh. The chief himself, after wavering between the two sides, took up arms under Lord Loudoun; but his wife had no such vacillation in her adherence to the Jacobite cause, and had levied a band of her clansmen, at whose head she rode, in a tartan plaid and with pistols at her side. She was proud to receive the Prince at her castle, and there he abode in fancied security while his followers harried the neighbourhood.

Loudoun had already suffered defeat at the hands of Lord Lewis Gordon some weeks before. His posi-

tion was far from secure, but his only chance lay in striking a bold blow against the Prince. All was arranged for a midnight surprise at the castle of Moy, and with 1500 Highlanders—almost the whole of his scanty force—Loudoun advanced for the capture of the Prince. But the doughty hostess had been apprised of the attempt. Her mother-in-law was a Whig, but she knew well how the clan would have suffered in esteem had the representative of the ancient line been captured in its stronghold. With admirable inconsistency she sent word of Loudoun's plan to her daughter-in-law; and scanty though her means of resistance were, the Amazon of Moy Castle was equal to the occasion. She called upon the blacksmith of the clan to patrol the ground between Inverness and the castle; and on the night of 16th February the vanguard of Loudoun's force—the Macleods themselves—were found advancing to the attack. The smith had only some six or seven men at his disposal, but these he dispersed about the woods that lined the road, and as the attacked force approached they discharged their muskets from different places; they raised the battle-cry of the Camerons, and the bagpipes gave their wildest and most terrific skirl as a signal for a terrific onslaught. The Macleods fancied that they had fallen into an ambush of the gathered tribes. They did not wait to see the end of the sudden alarm, but fled to Inverness in such absolute panic that men were trod to death by their flying comrades, and the road was strewn with their castaway accoutrements. The *Rout of Moy* remained as a bitter memory of a baffled attempt. Such a frenzy of panic was a sign of weakness too evident to be overlooked. The Prince

advanced with such troops as he could gather, and Inverness was seized without resistance on the 18th of February. Fort George fell an easy prey on the 20th, and Lord Loudoun was glad to seek safety in flight beyond the Cromarty Firth. Fort Augustus was captured, after only a meagre show of resistance, by Lord John Drummond, and it seemed as if the North at least was to hold no stronghold against the Jacobite attack. The Duke of Cumberland meanwhile had advanced only as far as Perth, and he did not venture to throw out garrisons farther than the Athole district, where they could only check but could not crush the Jacobite clans. While he was at Perth there came the news of the landing of 6000 Hessians under Prince Frederick of Hesse-Cassel, and to meet and arrange plans with the Prince the Duke paid a hasty visit to Edinburgh. It was during that visit that a council of war was held, which gives us a fair means of judging of the general estimate of the Jacobite hopes. To most of the English generals it seemed as if the rebellion were already at an end. The force was dispersed; its authority had disappeared; in the Lowlands the fear of it was nothing but a memory. The English counsellors of the Duke were of opinion that no further battle was possible, and that it remained only to pursue to their mountain fastnesses a few scattered bands of marauders. But one of the council was Fletcher, Lord Milton, the Lord Justice-Clerk. To his judicial functions he added more than the usual charge of political affairs, and he could pronounce more surely as to the prospects of the fight than the hide-bound military pedants who surrounded the Duke. Against the military opinion he pronounced his opinion that the Highlanders were

preparing for another rally, and would yet contest the issue in a pitched battle. It was fortunate for the Duke that he gave weight to the advice of the judge rather than to the reckless counsels of his staff. Had he attempted to overtake, one by one, with scattered forces, the various marauding bands into which the Highland army had broken, he would almost certainly have courted disaster and defeat and prolonged for at least one campaign the civil war. He resolved instead that his advance should be slow, but in overwhelming force. We may condemn the inhumanity of the Duke of Cumberland, and refuse to condone the ruthless cruelty with which he crushed the Highlands when victory had put them under his heel, but we cannot deny to him the prudence and the conduct which made him, though a youth of twenty-five, act with the discretion of an experienced commander.

With calm deliberation the English force advanced from Perth and occupied Aberdeen. Garrisons were left along the line of march as a protection against Highland incursions. Step by step the chain closed round the district where the Jacobites could still maintain themselves; but they were yet able to make some gallant efforts to prove their fighting power. In the North Lord Loudoun and his little band were pressed farther and farther off from Inverness. Even with the help of the Mackays, who followed the Hanoverian sympathies of their chief, Lord Reay, it was impossible for him to maintain his hold upon Sutherlandshire against the advance of Lord Cromarty, who attacked the Earl of Sutherland at his stronghold of Dunrobin, and forced him to surrender. The activity with which

the guerilla warfare was pushed is seen by nothing more strongly than the fact that the Jacobites were able to push their attack home so strenuously in these northern counties, where it soon became evident that the population was, for the most part, hostile to the cause. So vigorously was the campaign carried on that Lord Loudoun and the Lord President were fairly driven from the northern shires, and compelled with the Macdonalds and Macleods to take refuge in Skye.

The Duke of Cumberland had now advanced to Aberdeen, and had pushed his advanced posts to the Spey, whence he proposed to advance to the Western Highlands with the approach of spring. For the moment the northern winter was more than usually severe, and only those accustomed to the hardships of the climate could venture to carry on a campaign amid its rigours. The outposts of each force watched one another in the neighbourhood of the Spey; but by a common consent any decisive operations were postponed until the season was more advanced. Meanwhile all that the Prince could do was to employ his troops in various scattered expeditions. When so scattered they could more easily procure supplies, and the dire emptiness of his coffers was less apparent. The quick marches, the daring attacks, the surprising successes that these scattered bands achieved were dramatic and effective, and served to keep the spirit of rebellion alive, but they were in reality only the beginning of the end. Sooner or later the advance of the Duke would be made: the only alternatives for the Prince would then be to accept defeat and failure or to draw together his scattered followers; and once these marauding parties

came together, the fatal question must be asked—how they were to be fed or paid. Delusive hopes came from France. A fleet arrived at Peterhead with soldiers and supplies of money under the Marquis of Fimarion; but its landing was interrupted and delayed, and at length the French commander deemed prudence the better part of valour and withdrew. A vessel which had once, under the name of the Hazard, been a sloop-of-war in the English fleet, but had been purchased by French owners and renamed the Prince Charles, essayed a landing on the coast of Sutherland, bringing a substantial sum—some £12,000 or £13,000 in specie,—the commodity which of all others was most urgently required by the Prince. But it was chased by an English frigate, and its crew were compelled to run her ashore and make their way inland, where, with their treasure, they fell an easy prey to the Mackays. Every gleam of success for the ill-fated expedition seemed to shine for a moment only to be succeeded by the dark cloud of disaster which became more lowering day by day. All the more heroic were the last efforts that illuminated these dreary months. While Lord Cromarty was acting against the northern force under Lord Loudoun, and while Lord John Drummond was carrying on a hopeless siege of Fort William,—which almost alone amongst the western strongholds held out against the Prince,—a most vigorous and well-planned effort was made by Lord George Murray to seize the various forts held for the Government throughout Athole. That district was one where the influence of his family was supreme. That influence had often been employed for the Jacobite cause, and as an

old adherent of that cause the Marquis of Tullibardine had been outlawed, and the dukedom had passed to the second son. Lord George was a third son —for whom there was no prospect of succession to the family honours whatever the event of the war; but his influence in the Athole country was vast, and even the attraction of his name, much more the success of his arms against his Hanoverian brother, might have gone far to prolong the rebellion, and might have made it hard for the Duke of Cumberland to maintain his communications and advance into the western fastnesses where the Highlanders could easily retreat. The force which Prince Charles placed at the disposal of Lord George was meagre enough — numbering only some 700 men. But they were amongst the staunchest of the Jacobites, and they had the special stimulus of personal enthusiasm and of the strongest clan allegiance in their attempt to clear the district from the hated presence of the Saxon soldier. The forts were many and widely scattered, and to seize them all simultaneously was Lord George's scheme. When each little detachment had done its work they were to meet at dawn beside the Bridge of Bruar, and then to devote themselves, in their united force, to the reduction of Blair Castle.

At the Bridge of Bruar, Lord George and a slender company of some five-and-twenty followers awaited the rendezvous before dawn one morning in the middle of March. Suddenly there came news that the English commander at Blair, Sir Andrew Agnew—a careful but pragmatic military martinet—had been alarmed by the news of various attacks, and was advancing with five hundred men. Flight seemed the only course

open, but to have fled would have been to deliver to the enemy each of the detachments whose arrival they awaited. A half-built turf-dyke stretched along a field which lay close to the road, and Lord George determined to use this for a stratagem which, strange though it was, finds more than one parallel in the history of the rebellion. Helped by a mist that was slowly rising from the ground, he arranged his scanty force behind this dyke. He had the standards with him, and these he posted at due intervals behind the mock rampart. As soon as Agnew's soldiers advanced, and just as the rays of the sun broke through the mist, the bagpipes struck up, the banners waved, and at various points along the dyke broadswords were brandished and the battle-cries of the clans were shouted. Never did a more reckless and daring ruse succeed more completely. The prim veteran, at the head of his disciplined troops, was absolutely deceived. Prudence forbade his advancing against an embattled host of the clans—for such he believed the little band of two dozen men to be. He was only too glad to withdraw in safety, and relieved to find that the enemy refrained from pursuit and permitted him to bring back the column to the stout walls of the castle of Blair. Lord George Murray's scattered bands soon joined him, fresh from the surprise of some thirty fortified posts, and bringing with them 300 prisoners. Flushed with their success they began the siege of Blair Castle, which they had no hope of reducing but by a prolonged blockade. Its walls were seven feet thick, and artillery of a very different calibre from any that the Jacobite army possessed would have been required before an assault could have been attempted. The blockade was soon abandoned, and Lord George and

his forces were recalled for the far more urgent need which was created by the approach of the Duke of Cumberland's army. For some three months a guerilla warfare had been carried on, for the most part with fair success. But the last stake was now to be played in a pitched battle, and for this purpose it was needful for the Prince to call up all his forces. Success in the attempt would place him in possession of the means to pay and to support them. Failure could not involve a fate more terrible than that each of the scattered parties into which his force had been broken up should be pursued and crushed in detail.

Lord George Murray returned to Inverness from Athole. The forces defending the Spey were ordered gradually to fall back as the Duke advanced. Lord Cromarty, fresh from his successes in Sutherland and Caithness, was summoned to Inverness. No sooner did his retiral begin than the ill-will with which these counties regarded the cause boldly asserted itself. By a plot, as bold and hazardous as many of their own, the Earl of Cromarty and his immediate followers were seized by a few resolute men, and made prisoners in the castle of Dunrobin without striking a blow in their own defence. Strangely enough, the sudden collapse of the Jacobite cause in Sutherland took place from altogether independent causes on the very day of the battle of Culloden, in preparation for which the Prince had summoned Lord Cromarty and his band.

With the opening of April the last act of the tragedy began. On the 8th of that month the Duke moved forward from Aberdeen. As he advanced to the Spey, where the outposts of his own army were placed, there was some doubt whether the Highland forces would not dispute the passage. No such at-

tempt was made; and the Duke advanced without opposition to Nairn, which he reached on the 14th—his vanguard pursuing some of the Highlanders who had been occupying the town some distance on the road to Inverness. The Chevalier himself appeared at the head of his guards and of the Mackintoshes, and checked the Royalist advance. For the two days that were to elapse before the fight the Duke made his headquarters at Nairn—sixteen miles from Inverness. His lodgings were at first at a house in the town belonging to Rose of Kilravock, and afterwards at the house of Dalblair, near the encampment.

There was no reason for haste. The blow that was to be struck would be all the more effective if it were dealt deliberately and without leaving anything to chance. There was no stronghold to be attacked; no compact body to be broken up; no threatening force which must be speedily reduced: on the contrary, it was of the first importance that the scattered detachments of the Prince's adherents should be suffered to draw together, so that no mistake might be possible as to the character of their defeat. A hurried attack would be an ineffective one, because its crushing force might not be clearly seen. Nairn was a stage onwards in his march; and it was only because it was the fitting resting-place in the advance of his troops that the Duke chose to stay there for a couple of days. Let us see how each side compared with the other.

The Duke had with him a force of at least 8000 of the most seasoned troops of the English army. They were amply provided with supplies, had only recently broken up from secure winter-quarters, and with them on the coast there was a fleet which brought

with it all that might be necessary in such an expedition. There was ample store of artillery; and the Duke himself as leader represented the supreme authority of the State.

On the other hand, Prince Charles had nothing upon which to rely except a force already reduced wellnigh to despair; unable to draw together owing to absolute dearth of sustenance and of the means of procuring it; beleaguered in a country where many of the population were hostile; wearied by a winter spent in scattered and hazardous expeditions, attempted as much with the object of procuring a scanty subsistence as for any permanent advantage which they could secure. From marvellously small beginnings he had managed to collect a half-disciplined army of some 3000 men. With that force he had managed to deal some effective blows, and for a few weeks had exercised authority in the capital. Gradually his force grew, and he had found himself able, unopposed, to advance into England, and to cause some tremors even to the English capital. But bold as was his enterprise, it gathered no real strength as it advanced; and when tactical considerations compelled a retreat, he returned to Scotland to be recruited by new supporters, but yet found himself unable even with these supporters to exercise any real authority. On his return to Stirling the number of those who were ready to fight for his cause had increased to some 9000 — the highest point to which his force ever rose. But that increase in numbers was not all to his advantage. Dissensions became more rife as the numbers swelled; it was dangerous to bring them together for lack of supplies; and throughout the winter he had been compelled to employ them in efforts

to break the chain of garrisons that was closing in around him. Amongst the ranks of his supporters there were the most bitter jealousies: each section profoundly distrusted the other; and such cohesion as there was came only from the impact of a common despair. Hopes that had been sedulously nursed, of possible help from France, had proved entirely delusive; such support as was vouchsafed was scanty in its measure, and even what was sent had not reached the Prince's hands. His troops were starving and unpaid; desertions were frequent; and it was difficult even for his buoyant temperament to keep up a semblance of gaiety and confidence amidst surroundings so dismal, and forebodings of coming disaster so plain to every eye. One by one the outlying bodies were recalled—from the North, from Fort William, from Athole, and from Stirling—but only a fragment of the army could be gathered together; and even that fragment had lost the discipline and organisation which in the short gleam of success it had managed to attain.

The Duke of Cumberland lay at Nairn, and the 15th of April was spent in celebrating his birthday, while Prince Charles's force lay expectant on Drummossie Moor, about five miles from Inverness, and close to the President's house of Culloden, where the Chevalier took up his quarters. At noonday on the 15th the army was drawn up in preparation for an attack from the Duke; and even in this dire extremity a dissension sprang up because the right of the line was not assigned to the Macdonalds, who claimed it as theirs by right, and who fought with sullen discontent because this hereditary privilege was denied them. The delay in the Duke's advance, whether

calculated or not, was all to the disadvantage of the Highland force. So desperately bad was their commissariat that the soldiers had nothing to eat during the 15th but a single biscuit to each man, and no effort seems to have been made—perhaps in the strain of expectancy it could not have been made—to bring up from Inverness such supplies as it must have contained. A starving and dissentient army was no good omen of success.

As it became apparent that no attack was to be expected on that day, and as the reconnoitring parties brought word that the Duke's army lay inactive at Nairn, a new plan was suggested—mainly on the initiative of Lord George Murray, than whom no one could form a better judgment as to the fighting power of the troops. He proposed that a night attack upon the Duke's camp at Nairn should be made, simultaneously on opposite sides, by himself and the Duke of Perth. The wine and wassail of the birthday feast might blunt the powers of resistance in the English camp; and a night attack would render useless both the artillery and the cavalry, in which the Highlanders were hopelessly outmatched by the Royalist army. The proposal was not adopted without misgivings. Some 3000 or 4000 of the best fighting contingents had not yet rejoined the Prince's army, and the length of the march between Drummossie Moor and Nairn (a good twelve miles) seemed to preclude the possibility of a night alarm. It was only by the urgency of Lord George that the proposal was adopted. It was far from a hopeless one. Nairn possessed no semblance of fortifications, and the camp was placed in an unentrenched field a little to the west of the town. The Highland troops were marvellous in their mobility,

and a forced march of twelve miles between the close of an April day and dawn seemed not beyond their powers. A surprise of this kind would have been eminently likely to add one more to the panics which had become a familiar feature of the war. Had discipline been more thorough, and had the baneful effect of dissension and mutual suspicion been absent, it might well have been that one more success might have fallen to the decaying cause.

To make the ruse more effective the heath was set alight, so as to convey the impression that the fires of the encampment were still burning. About eight o'clock in the evening the march began. Silence was strictly enjoined, and to preserve it the more completely the attack was to be made without musketry fire, but only with the broadsword and Lochaber axe; the tent-ropes were to be cut, and in the confusion a blow of the dirk might account for many an English soldier before he knew even the nature of the attack.

But whatever the preparations, the march soon became disorganised. Lochiel, who led the way, quickly outmarched the rear, and messages were sent in quick succession, beseeching the first column to wait for their supports. The Duke of Perth himself, when messages were in vain, rode after Lord George Murray, when they were only four miles from Nairn, and urged the necessity of a halt. It was already two o'clock in the morning, when only a scanty portion of night remained, and already the wearied and famished soldiers had strayed from the ranks, and were slumbering in the woods of Kilravock, by which they were now passing. It was now hopeless to make the attack in darkness, and at least two miles of their

march must have been in broad daylight. Already the *réveillé* sounded from the Duke's camp. The bolder spirits still urged an advance: the surprise might not be complete, but there was still time to fall upon the camp before it was fully prepared. Lord George Murray refused such a risk. He gave orders for a retreat; and thus one more ground of discontent and suspicion was inspired in the Prince's mind with regard to the ablest and not the least faithful of his adherents.

So rapidly was the retreat accomplished that Drummossie Moor was reached by five o'clock in the morning, and three hours sufficed to cover a road which had consumed six hours of the night. But the men returned famished and dispirited. They slunk off in large numbers to seek some food at Inverness, or to snatch a short slumber in the surrounding villages. Even the threats of their officers did not suffice to recall them to the standards; and the nightmare of a wasted march through the dreary hours of darkness left them utterly demoralised for the stern work of the day. Even the officers who gathered for council at Culloden House were fain to throw themselves down for a few minutes' much-needed sleep.

But before eight o'clock in the morning they had to brace themselves for a last effort. Word was then brought that the van of the Duke's army was only two miles off, and that the main body was within four miles. With the courage of despair the leaders gave the summons to arms. Once more—and for the last time in a fight that was exclusively their own—the pipes shrieked the famous slogan of each clan. The same weird music was to sound thereafter for many a fierce onslaught on many a stricken field: it was on

that day to give the last call to arms in a cause that the Highlanders had made their own, and for which they were giving battle to the best of England's military array. The men were weak from starvation, bewildered from want of sleep, and weary with their midnight march. Of those who had gathered on the moor the day before at least 2000 were absent when the army was drawn up in array.

Scarcely had the drums been sounded when word was brought that the duke's army was not two miles distant. He had with him more than 8000 foot, nearly 1000 horse, and ample artillery. On the Chevalier's side the numbers actually present did not exceed 5000 men, if indeed they were so many. Even the comparison of numbers only faintly describes the odds between the well-drilled and well-equipped troops of the Royalist army, and the famished and wasted ranks of their Highland foes.

Once more the old spirit of the Celtic race was roused by the scent of battle. The torpor of weariness and despair seemed to fall away from them as they rushed to the conflict. With a determination bred of the underlying conviction that now the last stake in a long and hazardous game was being laid, each line advanced. The English artillery did deadly execution in the Highland ranks, and ploughed lanes through them, while the French guns, which represented all the Prince's artillery, did scarcely any damage. For an hour the clans endured this galling and murderous fire with stern resolution; but at length their patience was exhausted, and with a wild cry they burst upon the foe in a charge such as had carried the day at Prestonpans. The onslaught was irresistible, and with impetuous valour they broke

through the first line, and dashed themselves on the second. But their bravery was of no avail. They had to meet a foe of another mettle from the dastard dragoons that had fled from the field of Prestonpans. The seasoned veterans of many a hard-fought European field knew what they were to meet and were prepared; and they were led by officers, amongst whom the future conqueror of Quebec was only one, all trained in the best military tactics of the day. Nor was the left wing that had made the impetuous charge supported by the right. There the Macdonalds, nursing their fancied wrong in being deprived of the place of honour, hung back in sullen hesitation. One of their leaders, Macdonald of Keppoch, in vain attempted to arouse them, and fell as he made a last appeal to their honour and their fealty to the clan. In a few minutes the rout was general. A wall which had protected the right wing of the Highlanders was broken down, and through the breach the infantry, supported by dragoons, poured in upon the flank, and the whole Highland army was thrown into inextricable confusion. The flight quickly became general. A few of the troops retreated with flags flying and with their pipes playing, but the main body of the army fled in panic either to Inverness or to the more distant hills of Badenoch. The stragglers found no mercy, and for weeks and months the country round was harried by the English soldiers, who spared neither age nor sex in their indiscriminate slaughter. The Prince, according to the most trustworthy account—and the account which tallies most with his indubitable courage—waited until all was lost, and at last was forced from the field by his old tutor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, who actually seized the

bridle of his horse and galloped with him towards the Badenoch hills. The Prince soon dismissed the body of horsemen who had accompanied his flight, and pursued his way with a scanty retinue to the house of Gortuleg, where he announced the defeat to the aged trickster Lovat, who was there waiting for the issue of the game in which he had played so desperate a part. From Gortuleg he sought refuge at Glengarry, and then disappeared into the Western Highlands, there to pursue, for five months more, those strange and eventful wanderings which form a wondrous mixture of stirring adventure and romance. During all these months he lived the life of a hunted fugitive, owing his safety only to hair's-breadth escapes, and to that unsullied loyalty—perhaps unrivalled in all history—which prevented hundreds of starving clansmen from gaining riches by the betrayal of their hereditary prince. The narrative of these wanderings—which have been traced with every fulness of detail—belongs to the biography of Charles, not to the history of Scotland. They can be read in countless pages, and live in the proudest traditions of mountain and glen.

On the battlefield of Culloden more than a thousand of the Jacobite army fell. A few of the more ardent spirits gathered once more at Ruthven, and some were not unwilling to renew the hopeless struggle. But even the dauntless courage of the Prince was broken, and he shrank from making further drafts upon the lavish fund of loyalty that the expedition had called forth. His message to the thousand followers who gathered at the rendezvous bade them seek their own safety, and announced his own intended retiral to France. He

hoped once more to return and renew his efforts with more abundant foreign support. It was only in September that he was able to escape the vigilance of the soldiers who ceaselessly dogged his steps, and to avail himself of two French frigates which managed to put in at Lochnannuagh—the scene of his landing—and to convey him with Lochiel and a small band of his followers to France. He landed at Morlaix in Brittany on the 29th of September. The hopes of the Jacobites were not yet dead, and their secret plots and conspiracies were not at an end. But as an effective force the cause was at an end. It fell on the field of Culloden never to recover, and for the next few months the scenes of its closing episodes were at the mercy of a ruthless victor, while all Scotsmen were more or less arraigned by the thoughtless arrogance of their southern neighbours as participants in the guilt of rebellion.

CHAPTER IX.

REPRISALS, AND SAFEGUARDS AGAINST REBELLION.

BEFORE midday on the 16th of April the last wave of Highland valour had spent itself against the rock of the disciplined army with which the Duke of Cumberland encountered it, and in the deadly defeat upon the waste moor of Culloden the last hopes of the Jacobites had perished. The cause was, indeed, lost before the conflict took place, and that was but a last and dying effort which was made by the Highland force. They were at the end of their resources, and met the Royalist army when already weakened by long fast, and foot-sore and weary after a useless night march. Already dissension had broken their ranks, and gloomy forebodings told them that the end was at hand. It may well be that the ferocity of despair tempted them to the savage fury of wild animals driven to bay, and led to furious cries and even to detached orders against the giving of quarter; but no satisfactory evidence can be produced that such was the deliberate plan of the Highland leaders. The afternoon fell upon a disaster as complete, and an outlook as dark for the adherents of the baffled enterprise, as history has to record. The bravest of the Highland force lay slain

upon the withered waste where the conflict had taken place, and hundreds more were slaughtered in their retreat to Inverness, or trapped like wild animals in the huts and shanties where they had taken refuge. Only a wild and scattered flight enabled some of the leaders to escape, and allowed many of the common soldiers to gain their mountain fastnesses, where they were to perish by starvation or to be hunted down by the soldiery, drunk with blood, goaded to fury by the absence of all restraints of discipline, and stimulated by the example of their officers, who vied with one another in reflecting that spirit of ruthlessness with which Cumberland stained the credit of his victory. A story is told of Wolfe, who, accompanying the Duke of Cumberland over the field, was ordered by him to shoot a helpless man lying on the ground. He refused on the plea that he was an English officer, not a hired assassin. The story is typical of the savage bloodthirstiness with which the ruthless victor triumphed over a brave but defeated enemy. The cause of Jacobitism was shattered beyond hope of repair; but this, far from suggesting to the victors the wisdom and policy of mercy, only prompted them to increased virulence of revenge. The soldiers were dispersed over the Highlands to hunt down and butcher, with little discrimination, the fugitives from the battle and those who had taken no part in the expedition. Their wretched huts were burned to the ground, and the cattle were driven off, so that those who escaped the sword might perish by starvation or exposure. When nothing was left to plunder, the wretched inhabitants of the ruined villages were stripped naked and left to die upon

the hillside if they could not creep to the nearest township and beg a morsel of bread. If any remnant of property was found it was confiscated at the will of the military and sold by auction without the warrant of any court. Nor was this ruthlessness of savage revenge—far exceeding any outrage perpetrated by the Highland host either in the security of their triumphal progress or in the despair of their retreat — confined to the remote Highlands. For months the country was given over to the scant mercy of a savage soldiery, and even when absolute tranquillity prevailed, and within a few miles of Edinburgh, where the law-courts were once more in session, the same flagrant disregard of anything but the promptings of revenge was displayed. From January until the late autumn the gallows erected by Hawley in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh stood as an open insult to her citizens. Peaceful tradesmen were exposed to the insolence of the soldiers and the still more intolerable arrogance of their officers. A sulky word, or a retort provoked by violence and insult, or by flagrant injustice, was made the ground of subjecting the townsmen to the ruthless discipline of martial law; and only by slow degrees, and after repeated remonstrance, was a scant and grudging respect paid to the majesty of the law. Whatever danger was threatened by the Jacobite rebellion, Scotland owed no gratitude to those who crushed it. Careless apathy and helpless vacillation had been succeeded by indiscriminate barbarity, and that the ashes of Jacobitism continued to smoulder for at least one generation more in many a Scottish home was due in no small measure to the conduct in which the Royalist

officers too faithfully repeated the example of the Duke of Cumberland. No one had a more splendid opportunity than was open to the Duke of showing the magnanimity of a victor by treating with firmness and yet with leniency the last remnants of a cause which, however mistaken, was worthy at least of decent, if not of respectful, obsequies: no one ever more recklessly threw that opportunity away.

But we must turn now to the political measures which followed the suppression of the rebellion, and to the steps which were taken as necessary to make the Government secure against its recrudescence. We pass now from the irresponsible excesses of martial law to the more deliberate policy of the Government and its advisers.

If there was one quarter where nothing but loyalty to the Hanoverian family prevailed, it was in the Church of Scotland. Even when the rebellion was in the full flush of success, there had been amongst the ministers of the Church some conspicuous instances of courageous maintenance of constitutional principles that might well have shamed those who now triumphed most arrogantly over the fallen cause. The loyalty of the addresses from various Church courts extorted the gratitude even of Cumberland. The Church was indeed too secure and too strong to be easily assailed, and she had but scanty possessions which might have been made the object of extortion. But even the Church was not exempt from insult. The ministers were required to act the part of informers against their own parishioners, and not only to give evidence against those who were suspected but to denounce them to the law, and to keep lists of the disaffected. It is to

the honour of the Church that such an order was not only disregarded but openly disobeyed, and that it remained practically a dead letter. None had been more bold in their loyalty than the ministers of Edinburgh, but they did not now hesitate to let the Duke's secretary, Sir Everard Fawkener, know that they would decline to comply with the behest. There was something even of sarcasm in their reply, when they trusted that, in the defect of their own assistance, those employed in the administration "may be directed to prudent, just, and *manly* measures." A Government of which Newcastle was the head certainly stood in need of such a prayer.

The Church of Scotland was in a position to make insult dangerous and oppression impossible. But there was another Church which had no such security. That was the Scottish Episcopalian Church, which had now fallen into evil fortune. By a strange fate, it had to suffer for faults which were not altogether of its own contrivance, and was bereft of sympathy in quarters where it might well have counted upon it.

The Episcopalian form of Church government, as distinguished from Roman Catholic doctrine, had never laid hold of the national spirit in Scotland, nor had the religious history of the country been favourable to its development. The evils of Roman Catholicism in Scotland had been more striking and more deep-rooted than in England, and it was only natural that the reaction under which that tyranny had been overturned should be more sweeping in its effects. It was not dominated, as in England, by the statecraft and policy of the Tudors, but was the work of a popular outburst of feeling which had been unwilling to tolerate anything that savoured

of the older state of things. A turbulent and selfish aristocracy had found its profit in exaggerating this popular feeling, and had indulged in a shameless robbery of the Church which cloaked itself under the disguise of reforming zeal. When Episcopacy, as distinguished from papal allegiance, had been restored in Scotland, it was in a form which seemed to minimise the points of divergence from Roman Catholic doctrine, and it appeared as the chosen ally of monarchical supremacy. These circumstances marshalled against it the whole force of popular feeling, which reckoned any temporising with such a scheme to be a mere trafficking with the accursed idolatry of the Papists. With the Restoration in 1660 it found itself in a position of nominal supremacy; but it was a supremacy maintained only by the ruthless persecution of godless dragoons, and wielded only by a little clique of Court adherents. It is now a commonplace of history that many of the tales of that persecution were exaggerated, and that some of those who acted for the Government were men of heroic mould and of conscientious convictions. The spirit of theological rancour was not all on one side; but the Episcopal Church was absolutely without any means of appealing to the popular sympathy or of gaining the popular respect. It is indeed surprising that in certain districts it maintained a hold upon the popular feeling which has lasted in these districts down to the present day. But these were isolated instances which did not affect the country as a whole. The Church had been stript of its revenues, and the inheritance of ill-fortune which had dogged its steps and left it a pauper Church lessened its weight and influence, even in the eyes of those who viewed with

horror an imposing ritual or an august establishment. It was powerless to strike its roots into the territorial system of the country, after the manner of its sister Church in England; and even the half-contemptuous patronage which the territorial aristocracy extended to it was valueless in itself, and only served to fan the popular jealousy. Its ancient shrines had perished during a century of civil strife, and it was without all the outward trappings of decent order and picturesque surroundings which instinctively exercise an influence upon the spirit of a people, and entwine their sympathies with those outward symbols that speak to them of long-drawn associations, and make them indisposed to iconoclastic fervour. The iron heel of persecution had stamped its mark on the character of the people, and made them stern in their resistance to a Church government that savoured of aristocratic *régime*, and to a Church ritual that seemed to curb the fiery zeal of self-directed religious feeling. When the Revolution came, its constitutional or political effects were only feebly felt compared with the blow which it dealt to the Episcopal Church government, the defeat of which was welcomed because it was held to have been the submissive and time-serving slave of a ruthless tyranny, owing such influence as it had gained largely to the treacherous betrayal of a latitudinarian clergy. The landed gentry, although in many cases they found it convenient to be nominal adherents of the Episcopal Church, had little sympathy with its clergy. Some of these they despised as too obsequious tools in the hands of the Court; others they disliked for a spirit of religious devotion which seemed to condemn their own laxity. In any case, they had reason to dread the continued prosperity of a Church which might have

made inconvenient demands for restitution, and they were not unwilling to see the restoration of a form of Church government which reduced all the clergy to a uniformity of insignificance. When the Union was forced upon the country, not the least vigorous in their denunciation of it were the Scottish Episcopalian clergy. They had enjoyed but scant sympathy from their sister Church in England, and had no reason to welcome a closer bond. But they did not gain any additional influence from their assertion of national independence as against the Union. The spirit of national independence found a far more effective ally in a Presbyterian establishment. The dislike of the Episcopalian Church to the Union was ascribed much more to Jacobite intrigue than to Scottish patriotism. When patronage was restored in 1712, the Scottish adherents of Episcopacy undoubtedly derived some hope from that restoration, but it was a hope that was doomed to disappointment. In the event, patronage only made the compact between the landed aristocracy and the Presbyterian Church more easy, and enabled that Church to rise superior to the more fanatical forms of popular religious prejudice. So far as it injured the Church, it was by giving rise to dissenting sects, which suspected the Presbyterian establishment of a leaning to Erastianism, but which looked upon Episcopacy as the bottomless pit to which that Erastianism might lead. We are told by a good authority[1] who belonged to that section in the Presbyterian Church which had least sympathy with Presbyterian extravagance, that in the earlier part of the century the larger proportion of the Scottish nation were inclined to Episcopacy. We need not doubt that there were symptoms which

[1] Dr Alexander Carlyle.

indicated that this was the fact; but nevertheless it is certain that the inclination was not very deeply rooted, and that what was strongest and most characteristic in the national temperament turned instinctively to the Presbyterian form. The growing enlightenment and more liberal spirit that soon began to animate that Church really enabled it to do the work which, with a more fanatical Presbyterian establishment, might have devolved upon Episcopacy. Had the Presbyterian Church remained after the middle of the eighteenth century what it was a generation earlier, it might have driven all that was enlightened in the nation into the arms of the Episcopalian Church. As it was, that Church became the refuge only of a hopeless minority, and was regarded as the symbol of attachment to a forlorn political hope.

In England the Revolution had marked the triumph of the Anglican Church against Roman Catholicism. It had been due in no small measure to the courage and independence of the English bishops, and although a few of the English clergy had found themselves unable to accept the full consequences of their own resistance to James II., yet the non-juring party in the Church, which was formed out of those scrupulous spirits who refused to submit to tyranny, and yet feared the sin of downright rebellion, had retired into a peaceful and not unhonoured obscurity, and after a generation or two had gradually melted away. In Scotland the danger of Roman Catholicism had only been a remote and unreal bugbear, and the Revolution really marked only the triumph of Presbyterianism over Episcopacy. The vast majority of Scottish Episcopalians were therefore non-jurors by compulsion. The history of the last two generations, personal sym-

pathy, natural gratitude, devotion to a religious ritual that seemed the only alternative to a rude and grotesque fanaticism,—all these at once determined their position. The Scottish Episcopalian could hardly be other than a Jacobite, and what was lacking in the identification of the two causes was supplied by the narrow-minded and illiberal proscription to which the Episcopalians were subjected.

For a time it had seemed as if the prospects of Scottish Episcopacy were more promising. The Act restoring Patronage was passed in 1712 by the Government of Harley. That Act nominally affected only the Presbyterian establishment. But as things then stood it looked as if it were to be but one step in the restoration of Episcopacy. It was in pursuance of the same policy that the Government in the same year passed what was deemed to be an Act for the Toleration of Episcopacy in Scotland. It was "to prevent the disturbing those of the Episcopal Communion in that part of Great Britain called Scotland." They were free to assemble for worship in any town or place except the parish churches. Magistrates were bound to give them protection under severe penalties. The only restriction was that the clergyman should produce his letters of orders, should subscribe the oath of allegiance, and should pray in express terms for the queen and the Electress Sophia. This Act, broadly as it contrasted with the policy pursued since 1690, was yet not wide enough to embrace the more uncompromising of the rigid Episcopalians. But its spirit and intention were evident, and even amongst the strict Episcopalians there were not wanting those who might be ready to purchase toleration and security by a prayer for the queen which might soon be replaced

by a prayer for her brother when restored to his hereditary rights. Even if they could not reap the full benefit of the Act for the moment, they were at least freed from any rigour of persecution.

But such hopes as they might have indulged were soon dispelled. The queen died in August 1714, and the rebellion of Mar in the next year brought down upon the Episcopal Church the full rigour of the law, administered by a Government whose sympathies were against her, and who naturally dreaded what was looked upon as a hotbed of sedition. The oaths were now strictly enforced, and the non-jurors who had found casuistical arguments for accepting them under Anne found no such subterfuge for their conscientious scruples under George I. Even this was not enough, and in 1719 a new Act imposed severe penalties upon all who performed the Episcopal service to a congregation of more than eight without having taken the prescribed oaths and prayed for King George and his family by name.

Rigorous as it was, this Act did not entirely proscribe Episcopacy. But it did what was even more fatal, by forcing into more striking prominence the Jacobitism of that Church, and giving to the whole Scottish Episcopal Church a special tendency both in ecclesiastical doctrine and in ceremonial usage. Proscription gave greater strength to the attachment to the Scottish Office, which seemed to reflect a doctrine more pure and less tainted with modern heresies than the English liturgy. In regard to the doctrine of the Eucharist, that Office approached much more closely to the Roman Catholic creed. The mixing of water with the wine, the commemoration of the faithful dead at the altar, the consecration of the elements, and the

use of the oblatory prayer, were the points in which the more strict party claimed to represent the primitive and catholic "usages" of the Church, and from which they took their name of the "Usagers." They had their sympathisers in England, but these sympathisers were only an insignificant minority in the English Church, and were debarred by their tenets from all share in her government or in her revenues. Throughout the great mass of the English Church of the eighteenth century such themes aroused no interest and attracted no attention, fiercely as they were to be fought over a century later. But in Scotland they occupied the chief thoughts of the scattered and depressed remnant of the Episcopal clergy. It was a clergy tenacious of principle, pure in morals, ardent in its religious impulse; but its absorption in these subtleties developed in it an entire incapacity for political struggle, fostered a spirit of ecclesiastical independence which rendered it intractable even to the leaders of the Jacobite party, strong as was its sympathy for the cause, and gave rise to a schism within its own borders which diminished even that slight influence which it might have exercised over the nation.

To one party in the Church it seemed as if the wisest policy were only to maintain the Episcopal succession without seeking to establish any diocesan government, and without accentuating any of the distinctive "usages" of their own distinctive ritual. They were content to have occasional consecrations of bishops in sufficient numbers to prevent the extinction of the episcopal succession, and these bishops were to constitute a college whose members exercised a very limited individual authority. Others again maintained

a more heroic attitude—refused to trim their sails to political exigencies or to succumb to lay dictation, and laboured with some success to restore the primitive rule of the Church by assigning to each bishop a territorial diocese; while with almost equal rigidity they maintained the distinctive "usages" of the Church that marked her characteristic doctrines. As time went on the application of the Act of 1719 became less rigorous. But the High Church party in the Scottish communion had to complain of a lack of sympathy from the latitudinarian clergy of the Anglican establishment. They aimed above all things at independence: but attractive as the independence of a national Zion might be to the Scottish mind under another guise or under happier conditions, it was an unlikely means of gaining Scottish sympathy to force into prominence those features of Episcopacy that approached most closely to the Roman Catholic office. Failing in all other support, this party in the Scottish Church sought for an alliance with the Eastern communion, and entered into negotiations with the Patriarchs of the Greek Church. For a few years the emissaries of the "highest" section of Scottish Episcopalians were haunting the synods of Muscovy and carrying polyglot letters to and from the Metropolitans of the Orthodox Church. But there also their sturdy tenacity of doctrine forbade the necessary concessions, and the strange conferences came to an abortive end. There appear to have been some hopes of success at one time, but they disappeared with the death of Peter the Great in 1725.

The further the Usagers pressed their heroic—albeit impracticable—policy, the more hopeless became their cause. Strangely enough, the same thing which

rendered them less tractable allies of the Jacobite leaders, rendered them also more obnoxious to the Hanoverian Government. They were unwilling to make their Church a mere handmaid and convenient tool of political intrigue, but they were equally unwilling to compromise their consciences by any casuistical acceptance of the oath of allegiance and abjuration. The whole Church became more and more deeply imbued with the non-juring spirit, and while this spirit taught them to place the interests of pure doctrine higher even than political fidelity, so it rendered them all the more liable to the suspicion of Jacobitical sympathy and Jacobitical intrigue.

The College of Bishops gradually yielded to the revived diocesan order, and by the year 1742 some sort of concordat had been arranged which promised peace between the Usagers and their more latitudinarian opponents within the bounds of the Church. But hardly had this concordat been accepted when a cruel fate involved Scottish Episcopacy in the disaster which followed Culloden. For twenty years before the rigour of persecution had gradually been relaxed. The breaches within the Church had been repaired, and she might congratulate herself on having healed her schisms just at the moment when Dissent was becoming rife in the household of her prosperous Presbyterian rival. But the slackness with which the statute of 1719 had been administered had not taught the Scottish Episcopalians caution: it had rather inspired them with recklessness. Queen Anne's Toleration Act of 1712 would not now have satisfied them; and instead of it, they found themselves exposed to the vengeance of a Government which found in them the representatives of a creed which was deemed

to be only disguised Roman Catholicism as regarded doctrine, and veiled rebellion as regarded politics.

The lash fell on them in the Act of 1746. It revived, with additional penalties, and under more rigorous conditions, the provisions of the Act of 1719. Any one exercising the functions of a pastor at any Episcopal meeting where more than four persons were gathered, without having taken the statutory oaths,[1] was to be liable to imprisonment for six months for a first offence, and to transportation for life for a second. As under the Act of 1719, every Episcopal clergyman was bound to show his orders; but only such orders as had been given by some bishop of the Church of England or of Ireland were to be registered, the registration of all other orders being declared void. The other penalties were hard; but this, which denied to their communion the very right to recognition as a Church, was the most direct insult to that party of the Scottish Episcopalians whose independence chiefly compels our respect, however much we may doubt whether their policy was the wisest for their Church. It aroused their bitterest resentment. They felt, with some reason, that "it brought in a shadow of a foreign Episcopacy, which had not been much heard of before, among us."

Even this Act was not enough. Hitherto the laity

[1] These oaths were—1st, The Oath of Allegiance to George II. 2nd, The Oath of Abjuration, renouncing any allegiance "to the person pretended to be Prince of Wales during the life of the late King James, and since his decease pretending to be, and taking upon himself the style and title of King of England, or of Scotland." 3rd, The Assurance—acknowledging George II. to be king *de jure* as well as *de facto*, and pledging the declarant to the maintenance of his title against the Pretender; and 4th, The Oath of Supremacy, pledging the declarant "to abhor, detest, and abjure, as impious and heretical, that damnable doctrine, that princes excommunicated or deprived by the Pope may be deposed or murdered by their subjects."

had been unmolested; but now attendance at any illegal Episcopal meeting-house was to be subject to fine and imprisonment, and to deprivation of all political rights. No device could have been better contrived for the injury of the Church. The clergy were inured to hardship, and could hardly now have much dread of deprivation or of poverty. But the Episcopal laity were of another type. Their adherence to the Church had often been prompted more largely by dislike of an aggressive Presbyterianism than by ardour for a proscribed faith; and their zeal was not usually proof against such penalties. Many abandoned their attendance at Episcopal worship, and having no inclination to the Presbyterian Establishment, were content to steer the safer course of abstention and indifference.

As if even this were not enough, a statute of 1748 provided that no one other than a minister of the Established Church could perform any divine service in any house or family of which he was not the master, without rendering himself liable to the penalties attaching to an unauthorised chaplain,—imprisonment for a first offence, and transportation for a second.

It was with good reason that the historian of the Scottish Episcopal Church found no other description of her state than that "she still breathed, though in a weak and languishing condition." She had to wait until the fury of vengeance, bred of weakness and vacillation, had passed away, and till security and strength could dispense with the help of proscription and persecution. When that time came, the Church was not slow to learn the lesson of allegiance to constituted authority.

But after the defeat of Culloden she was exposed to the full fury of the storm. Wherever the troops of Cumberland passed, whatever else was spared, the Episcopal meeting-house was given to the flames—or, if flames would have endangered neighbouring houses, was demolished to the foundations. The clergy were hunted from one hiding-place to another. They gathered a handful of their people under the shelter of the rocks, or in the nooks of a remote glen, and worshipped in secret, waiting for the signal by which their pickets told of the approach of a file of soldiers, whom some informer might guide to the spot. The stories of their adventures linger to this day in many villages, especially on the north-east coast. The religious fervour and its attendant heroism, which had been so conspicuous in the days of the Cameronians, were not confined to one section or to one generation of Scotsmen — still less were they limited to one form of religious belief. They burned as brightly on the rocky coast of Angus and Mearns and in the mountain glens of Inverness-shire as on the wild heaths and moorlands of Galloway and Ayrshire — as warmly in the hearts of the proscribed Episcopalians as in those of the persecuted Covenanters.

But the vengeance of the Government did not stop short at religious proscription. The havoc that had been spread by Cumberland's soldiers through the length and breadth of the land had its counterpart in the Statute-book. It was not enough to have decimated the Highland population by the sword and fire and famine. The sting had to be taken out of the clan system by finally crushing the power of the chiefs.

We have to turn farther south for the earlier punitive proceedings which were taken against the leading agents in the rebellion who had failed to escape from the clutches of the law, or who had not paid the penalty of their offence upon the field of battle. The first trials were those of the officers of the Manchester regiment, almost all of whom were found guilty, and nine of whom eventually suffered death, with all the horrors that then accompanied an execution for high treason. Their fate touched the hearts of a populace which was little disposed to condone an attempt that had spread alarm even to the doors of Parliament. Most of them were men of respectable station and high character, whose sincere conviction of the righteousness of the cause commanded respect, and whose heroism in the hour of death extorted admiration even from those most inclined to condemn the folly and recklessness of their acts. One of these, Mr Townly, the captain of the Manchesters, thoughtlessly left behind in the retreat to hold Carlisle against Cumberland's pursuing army, was a man of good family, some literary accomplishment, and easy fortune, whose dissatisfaction, both as a Roman Catholic and as a Jacobite, with the existing Government had led him to enter the French army as a volunteer, returning home only when the cause which he had at heart seemed to invite the assistance of all loyal Jacobites. None of these prisoners belonged to the class who are prepared for any attempt, however desperate, by a career of crime, or by the promptings of poverty. Some repented of their acts, but all died with a calmness and fortitude that proved them worthy of a cause which needed only to add to its heroism more

prudence and political wisdom. The behaviour which they showed at the scaffold could not but leave an impression dangerous to the established Government, and one which might well have suggested the expediency of tempering mercy with justice. The concourse which gathered at their execution was "the greatest in the memory of man"; and "it was observed," says a contemporary account, "that the mob offered no insults to any of the prisoners this day, though they had behaved very rudely to them in passing to and from their trials."

Other prisoners, of more august position, were yet awaiting their trial. Of these one was the Marquis of Tullibardine, the elder brother of the Duke of Athole. His father had been more than suspected of Jacobite leanings in the days of the Union, and he himself had joined the ill-fated expedition of 1715. He had then been attainted and deprived of his hereditary rank, which had passed to his younger brother, and, save when he returned for the short and ill-fated expedition of Glenshiel in 1719, he had lived in exile in France until he returned with his Prince for the more heroic effort of 1745. In the Jacobite army he had held the place next to the Prince himself, and his brother, Lord George Murray, had been the mainstay of the expedition; but failing health compelled him to surrender himself a prisoner only a few days before Culloden. He was dying when brought to London in June, and in the next month his death as a prisoner in the Tower removed him from the certain penalty which awaited his second treason. His last advice to his fellow-countrymen was that they should abandon for ever designs which he saw had now received their final defeat.

On the 28th of July the three leading Jacobite lords who had fallen into the hands of the victors were brought to trial. These were the Earl of Kilmarnock, the Earl of Cromarty, and Lord Balmerino.

The trial was conducted with the august pomp and dignity of a state ceremonial, in which the principal participants had their duly assigned place. This was not without a certain impressiveness, and gave to the whole procedure the gravity of a constitutional act, in spite of the gruesome tragedy which it covered. For the purpose of the trial, Lord Hardwicke, the Lord Chancellor, was constituted High Steward of Great Britain; and the peers were summoned to meet in Westminster Hall in their robes of state. The Chancellor proceeded in state, accompanied by the judges, from his house in Ormond Street to Westminster Palace, and amid the beat of drums the procession passed through the Painted Chamber to the House of Peers. There the House was constituted, and when Black Rod announced that the passages were clear, the whole assembly, which fitly typified the august dignity of English legal procedure, passed in procession to that great hall where so many of the most dramatic episodes in our history have found a congenial scene. For the occasion its architectural grandeur was enhanced by rich trappings, and the hall was crowded with a select audience, composed of all that was most distinguished in the land. Meanwhile the prisoners, attired as for a gala, had been brought in coaches from the Tower, with the axe carried by a ceremonial officer, its edge symbolically turned away from its destined victims, in token that they were as yet guiltless in the eye of the law. They received and returned the greetings of the court as if they

were but figures in an august pageant, and as if that pageant had no tragic side, or rather as if that tragedy was most fitly indicated by the stately courtesy which no personal hazard could compel the peers of the British Parliament to curtail or abandon. It would argue a lack of imagination, and an obtuseness of temperament, to be insensible to a ceremony so pregnant with constitutional significance. Kilmarnock and Cromarty had already repented of their rashness, and pleaded guilty, throwing themselves on the clemency of the Crown. Nothing proves more strongly the sincerity of their remorse, or the dignity with which they carried it, than that such a plea in no way prevented them from playing their part with honour and with nothing of that abject humiliation of which a repentance following upon failure is apt to be a symptom. Balmerino, on the other hand, did not feign a repentance which he did not feel. He raised an objection as to one item of the indictment, which wrongly alleged that he had been present at the siege of Carlisle; but when it was given against him, he regretted that he had caused any trouble to the court, and declared that he had no more to say. When the time came for demanding a verdict, the bishops, according to the decent usage that withdraws the fathers of the Church from a vote which decides the issue of life or death, asked leave to retire; and the question was then put, beginning with the youngest baron. The verdict of guilty on all the prisoners was a unanimous one, and the 30th of July was appointed as the day upon which the prisoners might plead in arrest of judgment. On that day the court met with the same ceremony as before. Kilmarnock and Cromarty acknowledged the justice of their condemna-

tion, admitted the heinousness of the error which they had committed, and offered pleas for mercy which were both manly and unaffected. Balmerino was as undaunted as before. He took exception to the retrospective effect which it was sought to give to the Act passed in March, which ordained that the rebels should be tried wherever the king might appoint, and counsel was assigned him to argue the point. Another adjournment took place till the 1st of August; but on that day Balmerino declared that his counsel had convinced him of the futility of this plea, and that he desired to withdraw it. Sentence of death was then pronounced in that appalling form which applied to all prisoners condemned for treason —although the habits of the time usually led to the omission of its more atrocious accompaniments of drawing and quartering, "by the clemency of the Crown in the case of persons of quality." Its work done, the High Steward broke his staff and declared the commission at an end.

Balmerino disdained to seek for a pardon which his own conduct made impossible; but the most powerful intervention was made on behalf of his companions. That intervention was successful in the case of Cromarty; but the 18th of August was appointed for the execution of Kilmarnock and Balmerino. Early on that day the Guards were marched to Tower Hill and marshalled round the scaffold. The sheriffs of London and Middlesex had hired a house for the reception of the condemned lords, from which they might pass easily to the scaffold. There the officers of the law met and breakfasted, and soon after ten they proceeded to the gate of the Tower, where they demanded the bodies of the prisoners.

These being delivered, the mournful procession moved "in a slow and solemn manner" to the house in Fenchurch Street, where each of the lords was conducted to a separate room. The house, the scaffold, and the passage from the one to the other, were draped in black.

In the chambers allotted to them the two condemned prisoners received their friends during the short time that remained, and Balmerino sought and obtained a last interview with Kilmarnock, in which they discussed and repudiated the charge that they were in any way concerned with the order to give no quarter at Culloden; Kilmarnock, however, admitting that he had been informed that such an order had been signed by Lord George Murray. Balmerino sought only to exculpate his Prince from any such cruelty, and took leave of his fellow-prisoner with the words, "My dear lord, I am only sorry that I cannot pay all this reckoning alone. Once more, farewell for ever!"

Some time was still spent in devotion, and at length, about twelve o'clock, Kilmarnock was conducted to the scaffold. He was dressed in a suit of black; and that the spectacle might be the better seen by the assembled crowd, the black drapings of the scaffold rails were turned up, and those who stood upon the scaffold were asked to kneel. Kilmarnock knelt down and engaged for a few minutes in silent prayer, and at a signal from himself the axe fell, and at one blow his head was severed from his body.

Meanwhile Balmerino was waiting in the chamber that had been assigned for his use. The horror of suspense did not betray him into a single lapse from the calm and heroic composure with which he played

his part in the dramatic scene. The approach of death was not darkened for him, as for his companion, by any pang of remorse or consciousness of error. Like a soldier, he acknowledged the debt he owed as the loser in a great game where the stakes were victory or death; but the dignity with which he paid that debt was not interfered with by any doubt as to the rectitude of his own conduct. He had spent the interval in conversation with his friends, in which he showed neither fear nor bravado. He drank a little wine and ate a morsel of bread, bidding the company to drink to him "ain degrae ta heaven." When the under-sheriff came to announce to him that his time was come, he dismissed his friends as he might have broken up a social party. "Gentlemen, I will detain you no longer, for I desire not to protract my life."

He marched to the scaffold with the mien of a general leading his troops to battle; and it served to mark the contrast all the more strongly that he wore, instead of the suit of mourning in which Kilmarnock appeared, the regimental dress which he had worn on the field of Culloden — a blue coat turned up with red, with brass buttons, and a tie wig. Far from showing any concern himself, he besought his friends to betray no sign of grief. He walked round the scaffold, bowed to the people, thanked and rewarded the prison warder, and looking to the block, greeted it as his "pillow of rest."

With a calm deliberation that was almost supernatural, he put on his spectacles and read a short address to those near him, handing the paper to the sheriff to do with it as he thought proper. Once more he disclaimed all knowledge of any order against

the giving of quarter, which he thought "beneath the dignity of a soldier." According to the usual custom, the executioner craved his pardon; but with careful courtesy Balmerino declared that "the execution of his duty was commendable," and presented to him the usual douceur with apologies for its scantiness. "I never had much money: this is all I have; I wish it was more for your sake." With the most absolute calm he prepared himself for execution, felt the edge of the axe, and bade the headsman remember that mercy would consist in striking with resolution. He did not forget that the calmness of his demeanour might be taken as a proof of arrogance. "Remember," he said to a friend standing beside him, "it arises from a confidence in God and a clear conscience." He then knelt down, and after a few words of prayer, uttered aloud, he gave the signal to the executioner. But his dauntless intrepidity had so astounded the man that the blow was badly dealt, and only mangled his neck: two more blows were required before the ghastly work was done.

> "Pitied by all the fair, Kilmarnock died;
> The brave, Balmerino, were on thy side."

It would be difficult to say that in these two executions the Government went beyond the fair penalty demanded by the magnitude of the offence or the instinct of self-preservation. The heroism of the Jacobite attempt cannot blind us to its danger, or to the certain risk which those who were the leaders in a portentous and desperate effort must have been conscious that they incurred. No Government would be safe in overlooking or in palliating such an offence against itself, and it would have required a far

stronger administration than at that time governed England to have treated such an offence with the confident contempt that indiscriminate mercy would have implied. But none the less, our human sympathy can hardly accept the dictates of political expediency in judging of individual conduct, and it will assuredly plead in favour of the accused the errors of the Government against which they rose, as well as the natural impulse of loyalty to the exiled family, which was shared to a greater or less degree by many, was to some an overmastering enthusiasm, and which only narrow partisanship could stigmatise as in itself criminal or degrading. With Kilmarnock that error had been committed under a sudden impulse, and was followed by a sincere repentance—which had not waited to declare itself until the cause had failed—although honour forbade him to desert his comrades in the struggle. In the case of Balmerino the fire of loyalty burned with a steadier flame, and knew no abatement from remorse or wavering. It was fed by religion, by the instincts of a soldier, by an unshaken and unshakable conviction in the righteousness of the cause. It was inevitable that a large body of public opinion, while it could not condemn the punishment, should yet feel a lurking sympathy with its victims. It was one of those cases—always imposing a severe strain upon the administration of justice—when her edicts derive support from the logic of political argument, but none from the instincts of the human heart—where we may condemn the criminal, but cannot regard him either with horror or contempt. We have, of course, become familiar with cases where the presence of a political motive has been held, by perverted sympathy, to excuse acts in

themselves cowardly, cruel, and odious. But no such charge could fairly be brought against the Jacobite rebellion. Mistaken as they might be, many of those who joined it could not have refused the summons except by being false to their sympathies, their loyalty, their religion, and their conscience. No such expedition could be carried on without that occasional disorder and outrage that must necessarily attend the march of an undisciplined army; but no act of deliberate cruelty can be averred against the rebel leaders upon any sound basis of proof, and the terrible enterprise of civil war could hardly have been carried on with less of aggravation from military excess. Contemporary political partisanship might employ regarding them the language of indiscriminate hatred and contempt; history may condemn their error and rejoice in its discomfiture; but the great mass of human sympathy must inevitably sway in its verdict between palliation for the error, pity for the misfortunes, and admiration for the heroism, of that forlorn hope.

Of that cause Kilmarnock and Balmerino were no unworthy representatives, and their manner of death certainly did not lessen the movement of pity that stirred the nation. But the vengeance of the Government was not yet sated. Many of the obscurer prisoners lay in the prisons of Carlisle and York, and their number was increased by some 400 Highlanders who were taken with arms in their hands and driven like cattle into the shambles. To have executed such a number would have aroused the conscience even of a nation which recent danger had inclined to cruel reprisals, and a selection was made by lot of those who were to be put on trial, the rest being offered

the alternative of transportation. Nowhere was a speedy condemnation more certain than in Carlisle and York, where the alarm created by the rebellion had been most acute; and there, accordingly, the rebels were chiefly tried. One hundred and thirty-three were arraigned at Carlisle, of whom ninety-one received sentence of death; seventy-five at York, and of these seventy were sentenced. Out of these a very ample proportion suffered the last penalty, and before the end of November nearly eighty persons in all had been executed for participation in the rebellion, the share of many being very slight, and their action scarcely voluntary, while the evidence against them was in many cases tainted to the last degree. Much as we may condemn the recklessness of the attempt, he would be callous to the extent of inhumanity who denied all pity to these wretched Highlanders, many of whom had obeyed what they believed to be the inviolable commands of their chiefs, and who now found themselves done to death by tribunals whose procedure was to them a mystery, and of whose very language they were absolutely ignorant.

At the close of November yet another victim was brought to trial. This was Charles Ratcliffe, brother to that Earl of Derwentwater who had been beheaded in 1716. Like his brother, he had been condemned to death for his share in the rebellion of 1715, but had escaped from Newgate and had since lived in France, became a naturalised Frenchman, and served in the army of the French king. His sympathy for the Jacobite cause was explained, if not excused, by the fact that as the son of a natural daughter of Charles II., he was by blood a cousin of the exiled king. In bar of judgment he pleaded that he was not subject

to the court, and that he was Earl of Derwentwater, and wrongly described as Charles Ratcliffe. The plea availed him nothing; and on the 8th of December he was beheaded on Tower Hill. The scene resembled that of Balmerino's execution. The prisoner was dressed in a suit of scarlet, faced with black velvet and trimmed with gold. Like Balmerino, he faced death intrepidly, forgetting no point of ceremony, omitting no detail of the usual greetings to his custodians or the gift to his executioner, and wearing to the last the courteous dignity that was born of the conviction that he died in a righteous cause. But the murmurs against reprisals that forgot all mercy in their severity were daily growing in strength. The scaffold on which Ratcliffe was executed had been erected in such haste that the workmen were compelled to labour at it on Sunday, and the tendency of popular feeling was shown in the severe criticism which greeted even this insignificant detail. "Which," it was asked, "is the greater sin—to let a condemned rebel live a day or two longer, or to break the Sabbath? What could it mean, unless some people had a mind to convince the world (quite needlessly) that they never do anything but in a hurry and without deliberation?" Plainly the Government recognised that the patience of the nation was nearly exhausted, and that the holocaust of victims must soon have its end.

The scaffold claimed another victim, in whose strangely dramatic career the last scene was not the least striking. Lord Lovat had been turned, by personal disappointment, from the ardent supporter of the Hanoverian dynasty in 1715, when his action had effectually broken the power of the

Jacobites in the north-west of Scotland, into the unscrupulous intriguer for the Jacobite cause in 1745. The part he played was one which always had a special charm for him, that of studied dissimulation; and even after his encouragement of the rebellion amongst his own clan was no longer a matter of doubt, and had aroused the suspicion of his old friend, Lord President Forbes of Culloden, he continued to express his unfeigned surprise that his neighbour should have any doubt as to his unwavering loyalty to the Hanoverian cause. He still seemed to cherish the design of providing for either issue of the war; and although he compelled his often unwilling clansmen to take up arms, and placed his son at their head, he attempted; however vainly, to cloak his own designs, and wrote in terms of apparent candour to Forbes of Culloden, protesting his unbroken fidelity to the Hanoverian cause. The love of dissimulation clung to the aged reprobate as a habit of his blood, long after he must have abandoned any hope of concealing his treachery. On the evening after Culloden he received the Prince in the house of one of his clansmen at Gortuleg. Now that the fatal defeat had come, and the die was cast for ever, he concealed himself for a few days in the castle of Cawdor, in the close neighbourhood of Cumberland's army; but he soon fled to the mountains, and there, in spite of his eighty years and his broken health, the old man contrived to maintain the life of a hunted fugitive for some six weeks, until at last he was captured in an island in Loch Morar, where he was discovered hidden in a hollow tree. He was carried to Inverness, and from there he wrote to the Duke of Cumberland, begging for mercy on the ground of his old friendship,

and recalling the days when he had carried him as an infant through Kensington Gardens, and at Hampton Court. Even in the extremity of distress—his clan scattered, his ambition ruined, the whole fabric of his deceit and guile crushed to the dust—not only did his undaunted spirit not desert him, but he still retained the lively humour, the dexterous facility of moving language, and the strain of romantic feeling, which add a deeper interest to his dramatic personality. As he passed in a litter through the wild wastes of Stratherick—that part of his vast domain of which his love was most intense—he was accompanied by the wondering and pitying dismay that told of the clan loyalty to a chief whose past record had strained it so hard. Were he to die here, he said, he would have what he always chiefly wished, "the coronach of all the women of my country to convey my body to the grave." It was not all acting which made the weary, broken intriguer find a solace in the romantic love of his clan — surviving all the trials to which it had been subjected.

By slow stages he was conveyed in a litter through Stirling, Edinburgh, Berwick, and so to London. He was still attended by a few Highland men and women, who, thoughtless of themselves, strove to make the last days of their chief more easy in a land so strange to them, and who were allowed to watch by his bedside when the equipage rested for the night.

The incidents of the journey sound strangely to our ears. A prisoner of state was being conducted to his trial on the most solemn of all charges, with his doom already foreseen. But in place of that strict custody with which it would seem only decent to guard the passage of such a prisoner, much of that easy famili-

arity which mixed so oddly with the ceremonial observances of last century obtruded itself on the scene. His journey was attended by a curious crowd, and he was permitted to indulge himself by convivial meetings with old acquaintances. His mood of caustic humour burst forth at every opportunity. We are told how he amused himself by feigning sleep when some rash intruder peeped through the curtains of his litter and how he avenged the ill-timed curiosity by a tweak of the nose. In the inn at St Albans he met an old acquaintance in Hogarth, who came to greet him when he was in the hands of the barber, and whom he "received with a salute which left much of the lather on Hogarth's face." His journey was not so hurried as to prevent the artist from painting that portrait which remains so striking a monument of the genius of Hogarth, and the combination of savage ferocity, intellectual power, and unquenchable humour in his subject. As he approached the Tower of London he was met by the sight of the scaffold erected for Kilmarnock and Balmerino, and indulged in some of that stately moralising on human fate which he knew so well how to assume upon occasion. Familiarity with his antics did not prevent his warders from being impressed with the eloquence of his disquisitions.

While a prisoner in the Tower he conducted himself, in spite of occasional lapses into humorous byplay, with dignity and composure. To Erskine of Tinwald, the Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland, he wrote in terms of simple and even pathetic friendship, with all the apparent confidence of conscious rectitude which no sense of hypocrisy could debase into cowardice or fear. Knowing well the arts that would be employed against him, he did not scruple to give directions as to the

means by which exculpatory evidence might be manufactured to command. Like a fox hemmed in by the pack of hounds, he was determined to struggle gamely to the last.

The case of Lovat was not in some respects parallel with that of Kilmarnock and Balmerino. He had not been taken in active rebellion, and there was therefore some doubt whether the statute which permitted the trial to take place elsewhere than in the place where the treason had been committed was applicable to him. His claim to the peerage had been established only by the Court of Session; and as such claims could now be established only before the House of Lords, there might also be doubts as to his status as a peer. It was resolved, therefore, that he should not be presented, like the others, before the grand jury of Surrey, and that he should not be arraigned as a peer before his peers. There was another course to which no legal technicalities could be a bar, and which was of more ancient and more august authority. Articles of impeachment were moved against him in the House of Commons on the 11th of December, and his prosecution before the House of Lords, as the great court of the realm, was to be conducted by managers for the Commons. The trial began on the 9th of March. The articles of impeachment charged him with treacherous correspondence with the Pretender from the year 1743, and with having procured from him commissions as Lieutenant-General, and General of the Highlanders, and a patent of creation as Duke of Fraser; with having entered into negotiations for obtaining money and troops from France to levy war against the king; with having raised great numbers of men for the Pretender's service; and with having been in close league

with the Pretender's son and the other leaders of the rebellion. With characteristic effrontery Lovat denied the charges, admitted the "mild and equal rule" of the reigning family, and simulated a tone of indignant surprise that, after the proof of his fidelity in 1715, he should now find that fidelity questioned in his old age.

The trial was held as before in Westminster Hall, and lasted for six days. Owing to adjournments, sometimes necessary by the prisoner's health, it did not conclude until the 18th of March. During that time the old man had arrayed against him the leaders of the Bar — Dudley Ryder and William Murray, then Attorney- and Solicitor-General. His guilt was abundantly proved; but none the less much of the evidence was gossip and hearsay, and where it was strongest was so tainted as to bring some shame even on those who were compelled to rely upon it. Even in the case of the most heinous crimes, the punishment of which is demanded by every instinct of humanity, and where no delicate scruples can prevent the use of such evidence as is procurable, there is nevertheless an instinctive dislike of the resort to the accomplice turned informer. But there the informer is only used to prove plain facts, or to guide the eye of the law, and the crimes detected by his aid are such as society instinctively abhors. The league between him and his accomplice in the dock has been one that was based on no idea of honour, and one in which each partner knew that he could prevent the treachery of his associate only by anticipating it. It is far different where the charge on which the prisoner is arraigned is one for which there is legal rather than moral condemnation, and one with which a large por-

tion of the nation is in secret or avowed sympathy; where the bond which subsisted was one based on every pledge of honour and fidelity, and in which thousands risked their lives and fortunes on that implicit mutual trust without which no such design could ever be attempted. Still more is the case altered when the informant is not one of the meaner or more insignificant participants, but one who was the closest confidant of its leader, necessarily privy to his most private correspondence, and certain, in the event of its success, to make good his claim to the highest rewards which a restored prince could bestow. Yet so weak was the chain of evidence felt to be, even in the hands of a lawyer so consummate as the future Lord Mansfield, that the Crown was compelled to resort to that of the wretched, double-dyed traitor, Murray of Broughton, who, after having acted as Prince Charles's secretary, now exposed himself to the contempt of humanity, and saved his own worthless life, by betraying every negotiation of which the threads had been held in his hands. Men of his type are insensible to shame, and it is not surprising, therefore, to read that "he made a very brisk appearance, dressed in black velvet," and that he "spoke all the while very distinctly, and with a good deal of resolution." Lovat's life is not one that calls forth our sympathy, and his trickery and falsehood were black enough to darken a clearer character than his. But beside such a poltroon as Murray of Broughton, Lovat stands out as a man compared with the most base of vermin, and his record of lawless turbulence is a white sheet beside the black page that records the treachery of his denouncer. If much of Lovat's conduct in his last hours was scarcely more than

acting, yet in his outspoken expression of contempt for Murray he used words of dignified truth and sincerity; and they were words to which Scotland responded in the universal loathing which, during the years of despised existence which the wretch purchased by his infamy, shunned him as though he carried the infection of some foul disease.

However strong is the chain of evidence by which Lovat's guilt is proved, yet he commands our admiration for the indomitable pluck with which he fought a losing battle, where all the odds were strained against him. Burdened with infirmity; blind, deaf, and crippled by rheumatism, he could not even make notes of the evidence brought against him, much less deal with it in such a way as to match the array of professional skill which was ranged against him; and yet his request that some one should be allowed to make such notes for him, and that his counsel should speak for him when his own faculties failed him, was sternly refused, and he was told that his counsel could speak only to points of law. It is not surprising to hear that even the callousness of the fashionable London crowd, that sought its diversion in the drama being enacted in Westminster Hall, was roused to something like shame for proceedings in which every trick and technicality of the law was made use of to run to the death a weak and broken old man of eighty, confronted by all the forensic skill which the English bar could produce, and arraigned before an assembly to whom the story of his life seemed like a tale of half-fabled marvel. To that scene his language and his appearance were uncouth and almost savage, and its ceremonial pomp was

strangely out of keeping with the patriarchal power that he had wielded over territories far wider, and vassals far more submissive, than those which belonged to any English nobleman.

The result of the trial, however, was inevitable: on the sixth day a unanimous verdict of guilty was pronounced. On the 19th of March Lovat made a speech, not denying his participation in the rebellion, but reiterating his services in 1715, and palliating the rebellion by the treatment which had been meted out to the Highlands,—a plea to which history may accord more weight than the court was prepared, or even empowered, to give to it. Sentence was then pronounced. Lovat begged to be recommended to his Majesty's clemency; but with the audacity of humour, which never deserted him, he could not allow the scene to close without one more gibe. Asked if he had anything further to say, he replied, "Nothing, but to thank your lordships for your goodness to me. God bless you all, and I bid you an everlasting farewell. We shall not meet all in the same place again—I am sure of that."

During the interval that remained before his execution his dauntless courage and his reckless humour never for a moment deserted him, and with them he combined that vein of religious eloquence which seemed to reflect some undercurrent of his character, and the demeanour of graceful courtesy which he knew so well how to assume upon occasion. That these were fitfully combined, and showed themselves only at the prompting of wayward caprice, is true enough; but they are not, therefore, to be condemned as all hypocrisy. Lovat was an accomplished villain:

we may condemn him for his wiles, but we can hardly despise him. He was a stranger to scruples; but his is not that hypocrisy which creates in us loathing or disgust. Even when his piety is most unctuous, it is half-redeemed by the saving humour which it cannot altogether disguise. The tricks and antics are almost too patent to deceive us, and all the while the rogue seems to grin at us behind his mask. On a larger scene, and with power resting on more solid foundations, his genius might have made him one of the great men of history. As it was, he lived out of his time; the whole fabric of his authority was foredoomed, and was already crumbling to dust around him. And yet amidst its ruins he could still do battle bravely, and when the fight was all against him, he could add to his bravery a sleepless subtlety of device. When defeat came at last he paid the penalty with a smile, letting no whining interfere with his manliness, and no nervousness betray him into forgetfulness of the mask that he chose to wear and the part that it was his to play.

In regard to religion he declared that he was a Roman Catholic, and would die in that faith: "He adhered to the rock upon which Christ built His Church, to St Peter." He recalled his many changes in religion; discussed once more the questions which he had argued with his professor at Aberdeen, with the priests at Saumur, and with those whom he met at the French court. His own faith was now fixed: "But I have charity for all mankind; and I believe every sincere honest man bids fair for heaven, let his persuasion be what it will." Amongst all who gathered about him in his cell, he was the most cheerful and most brisk in talk—now indulging

a gleam of sarcastic humour, now paying a well-turned compliment or performing an act of kindly courtesy, and now capping with a French or Latin quotation some pithy remark or some train of religious or philosophic argument. Careful to prepare himself for the last scene, he practised with a pillow how to lay his head upon the block, till he could say "that he would be able to act his part in the tragedy well enough." The thought of his people and their glens was with him to the end. He arranged that his body was to be carried to his own country, and buried in the tomb at Kirkhill on which he had already inscribed a high-sounding epitaph; he told his jailers how once all the pipers of the North were to have gathered for his funeral, but now he was sure some of the good old women of his country could sing a coronach before him, "for I am one of the greatest chiefs in the Highlands."

The execution took place on the 9th of April. The evening before he had spent in smoking and drinking a glass with his jailers, and when they drank "a good journey" to him, he said "Amen," and knocking the ashes from his pipe, observed, "Gentlemen, the end of all human grandeur is like this snuff of tobacco." The next morning was spent, according to the strange usage of the time, in what partook of the character of a ceremonial reception. After breakfast he drank to the friends who had gathered round him, and conversed on indifferent subjects. At eleven o'clock, after a short private prayer, he was conducted to the apartment of the governor of the Tower, where a company of ladies and gentlemen was gathered to receive him. He greeted them with the calm courtesy with which he would have entered a drawing-

room, and talked with them freely until the sheriff came to conduct him to the scaffold. He had to be helped up the steps by two warders, and the sense of humour prompted him to yet another sally as he looked round upon the crowd. "God save us! all this bustle about taking off an old grey head that can't get up three steps without two men to help it!"

With unperturbed calmness he looked round upon the preparations, read the inscription on the coffin, rallied the executioner, and distributed the usual gifts. He did not forget the proper quotation from Horace—

> "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori";

and added one from Ovid—

> "Nam genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi
> Vix ea nostra voco."

He then knelt down, with careful attention to the directions of the executioner; arranged the signal for the blow, which, after a few moments of silent prayer, he gave by dropping his handkerchief, and one blow of the axe closed the drama which he had played with such consummate skill and calmness.

His wish that his body should be carried to his Highland home had been conceded; but when it came to the point the Government were nervous, hesitated, and at length absolutely forbade its transport. It was feared that the funeral procession might be a signal for new sedition, and in the present state of the country such a risk could not be run. Perhaps the old man foresaw such a possibility. If so, it would not lessen his eagerness for the plan, as on the eve of his death he was roused to new indignation against the Government by the progress made

towards the abolition of the hereditary sheriffdoms. However this might be, the prudence or timidity of the Government prevented it, and his body was buried within the precincts of the Tower.

Thus ended, for a space,[1] the long list of cases in which the penalty of death had been exacted from those who were arraigned for their part in the rebellion, and with this last victim there disappeared a figure the like of which was not again to appear in Scottish history. In Simon Fraser there were united to a degree which has made his the most striking personality in the history of the Highlands during the first half of the century, all the characteristics drawn from a French stock and grafted upon the stem of the Celtic clan. As the old order withered towards decay, an apparent, but fitful, power and force were imparted to it by some of the chiefs who knew how to attract the enthusiastic affection, and by others who knew how to compel the slavish obedience, of their clans. But the power of the law and the influence of Government were giving intimation, long before it could be attested by overt acts, of the gradual but sure approach of a new system. In view of that approach, the chief who, like Lovat, sought to maintain, and even to increase, his power over his clan, had to mingle treachery and chicanery with boldness, and had alternately to defy the law and to appeal to its quibbles and subtleties to baffle his opponents. The racial elements never showed more distinctly than in the person of Lovat, but they were

[1] Of those exempted from the Act of Indemnity, Dr Archibald Cameron, the brother of Lochiel, was executed as late as 1753, upon the Bill of Attainder passed in 1746. But harsh as this seemed, it was to some extent excused by his being privy to a hopeless and abortive attempt to renew the rebellion in 1752.

increased and developed by the roving life of adventure and intrigue at home and abroad, which made of him, by training as well as by inheritance, the consummate actor, the Protean shuffler, the versatile and practised player of many parts. Nature and training alike taught him how to combine relentless cruelty and imperturbable courage with the most cunning stratagem, the deftest intrigue, and, when needful, the most unctuous profession of warm feelings of religion and benevolence. These feelings, strange as it may seem, cannot have been entirely hypocritical, unless we are to suppose that some of the most astute and experienced of his contemporaries, who chose Lovat as the friend of a lifetime, were completely deceived by a very superficial and palpable disguise. The religious feeling which is merely assumed deceives no man of any penetration for very long. It is much harder to detect that religious feeling which, true and sincere in its foundation, is being used for the express purposes of equivocation and deceit. It was not a merely superficial hypocrisy which made Lovat so dangerous as he was. It was rather the vein of passionate feeling, of deep religious conviction, of enthusiastic and romantic attachment to the clan and to its home. All these, combined with his reckless audacity and his practised knavery, made him approach, on one side, to the leader of a forlorn-hope or the defender of a beleaguered garrison, and, on the other side, to the captain of banditti or the chief of a band of cattle-reivers. He lived out of his time, and his fall is only one symptom of the crumbling of the whole system of which he was so conspicuous a type.

But measures had to be taken of a more wide-reach-

ing effect for the security of law and order. It was not enough to make examples of those, whether in high place or in low, who had taken part in an attempt which the carelessness and timidity of those responsible for the security of the Government had made so dangerous. The possibilities of rebellion had to be stopped at their source. It was only natural that the same spirit which had offered so poor a defence should now be eager to provide against any renewal of the attempt.

It was perhaps not unnatural that in the first flush of a victory attained after so long a delay, and after a whole series of defeats and failures, the sway of martial terror should prevail not only over any thought of mercy or of prudence, but even over the supreme consideration of law. Cumberland's was a spirit eminently fitted by arrogance, ruthlessness, and an exaggerated sense of triumph over what was after all but a weak foe, to be the leading agent in the work of reprisals. He was surrounded by men of a kindred spirit to his own, and was little disposed to listen to the advice of those who knew the spirit of the Highlanders, and who could take a juster measure of their guilt. No one had laboured harder to withstand the rising forces of rebellion, or had contributed more to their final discomfiture, than Duncan Forbes of Culloden, who, when the rebellion broke out, had been for eight years Lord President of the Court of Session. But he soon found that counsels of prudence and mercy were met only by mockery or suspicion, and that to be inclined to leniency was viewed as a proof of half-hearted loyalty. When he met Cumberland at Inverness, and ventured to suggest the regard that had to be paid to the laws of the country, he was

answered by the derisive taunt, "The laws of the country, my lord! I'll make a brigade give laws, by God!" In the congenial society of his military advisers Cumberland spoke of Forbes as "that old woman who talked to me of humanity."

In the West Highlands Cumberland's brigades gave laws after a fashion of indiscriminate cruelty, dealt out to all who had the misfortune to fall into their hands. The region was too remote to permit the details of that cruelty to reach the ears of Londoners, who, callous as they were, might have been roused to some indignation by the recital. As it was, the ordinary mood of Englishmen was not out of sympathy with the policy of unmeasured reprisals, and it did not pause to make any nice discrimination of guilt. All Scotland seemed to share the blame, and Scotsmen found themselves the objects of suspicion and dislike —even when they had made sacrifices of which their southern neighbours had not dreamed for the maintenance of the reigning dynasty. Weak as the Government of the Pelhams was, it had the support of a large majority. Parliamentary opposition had for the moment dwindled down into a matter of small and selfish personal cliques struggling for the spoils of office. There were, therefore, but few voices which did not swell the shout of condemnation with which the rebellion was greeted on its fall.

The first and most obvious measure was one for the disarmament of the Highlands. The Statute-book already contained Acts—of 1716 and 1725—which provided for such disarmament; but they had been virtually suspended or evaded, and the levying of the Independent Companies had been a proceeding which a strong government might have adopted as

a means of using for its own purposes a splendid fighting material, but which, in a weak government, was nothing short of suicidal. Even the warmest friends of the Highlands could not now oppose a measure of disarmament so necessary for self-defence, and scarcely a voice was raised against it. Peremptory provisions were made for the delivery of all arms, severe penalties were imposed on all who concealed them, and the search for them was placed in the hands of the victorious army, which was now spread over every part of the Highlands. Evasion was no longer winked at, and the spirit of those who might have been disposed to attempt resistance was too effectually broken to allow them to think of it. The 1st of August 1746 was fixed as the date on which all arms must be delivered, and a failure to do so was to be punished by fine and imprisonment for the first offence, and by imprisonment in case of contumacy. Continued contumacy was to render the offender liable to compulsory military service in the colonies.

But to this measure was added another which spoke of a baser spirit, and which had no such justification. The poverty and necessity of the Highlanders had forced them to use for their clothing no other material than their own rough homespun. The severity of their climate and the hardy manner of their life had determined the fashion of their garments and the manner of wearing them, and these had become a symbol of their nationality. Some remnant of that Celtic love of colour which remained amidst all the squalor of their savage surroundings had made them dye these garments after a peculiar fashion of their own, and out of this they had framed a rude system

of heraldry, in which was enshrined their clan-attachment. The British Parliament now celebrated its tardy triumph over rebellion by a campaign against the tartan and the philabeg; and the use either of the colours or the fashion of the Highland garments became a penal offence. It was a sort of proscription which sowed the seeds of discontent and hatred far more deeply than the occasion was worth. Had the spirit of rebellion been indeed as widespread and as dangerous as the previous fears and the new-born triumph of the Southerner assumed, such a measure as this was the best means of exciting it to renewed activity. As it was, it only bred in the Highlands a mood of despair and melancholy, and served to kindle a half-sentimental sympathy elsewhere. Such trifling on the part of the Legislature was prevented only by accident from being the cause of serious troubles. But as it was, the tartan became the symbol, south of the Tweed, of that sort of Jacobitism which began and ended in romance, and at the most gave a deeper colouring to reviving Toryism. By the same error that deemed all Scotland to be imbued with the spirit of rebellion, it was believed that all Scotsmen wore garments that to all Scottish Lowlanders were previously but the marks of an uncouth and unfamiliar barbarism. By its incursion into the sphere of the tailor, the British Parliament gave to the Highland dress — strangely altered, it is true, and far distant from anything which had been seen on the field of Culloden—a hold upon the imagination which it could not otherwise have obtained. From being a habit which necessity had imposed on a primitive race, it became a mark of kinship, and even a national symbol. By one of the strange freaks

of development with which history sometimes amuses us, it survives as the distinctive mark of the Cockney shopman on his annual holiday, when he graces the Scottish Highlands with his presence, and poses as the representative of the Highland chief.

The Act which confiscated the estates of those who had joined the rebellion, and vested them in certain commissioners, was one which could have no very wide political results, and from which only a very magnanimous policy could have refrained. The estates were not of such value as to produce by their change of ownership any very far-reaching political effect; and even the real value was seriously diminished by the action of the courts of law. Dowers and settlements, as well as the claims of creditors, were exempted from the effect of the forfeiture; and the judges had sufficient sympathy with the luckless owners to give a wide, and perhaps not always a well-authenticated, extension, to exemption based upon these pleas. Many of those who had joined in the rebellion secured their family estates by transferring them to kinsmen who prudently remained neutral or sided with the Government; and agents were often appointed to draw the rents who were not unconnected with the exiled owner, and managed to convey to him a certain portion of the revenue. As time went on some of the attainders were removed and the estates restored; and on the whole, in reviewing the territorial changes wrought by the rebellion, we are struck not so much by the wide impoverishment of the families which had been its adherents, as by the large numbers whose estates are even yet held by their descendants. Few Scottish families owed their decay to the rebellion: in far more frequent instances

economical laws, personal extravagance, and the ousting of territorial wealth by advancing commerce, have been, at a far later day, the causes which separated the land from those who represented the former chief.

The suppression of a rebellion must sooner or later be followed by something of the nature of an amnesty. For the security of the victors that amnesty cannot be unduly delayed, as the delay means a prolongation of civil strife. It depends on the spirit of the Government and the amount of courage it possesses whether such an amnesty is a mere statement of certain limits within which it will execute vengeance as soon as it is able to do so, or simply affirms that the lists of proscription are torn up and scattered, and that the ordinary law can deal with all offenders against its majesty for their future acts. Usually an intermediate course is followed; and the Act of Indemnity of June 1747 may perhaps be said not to lean unduly in the direction of proscription. Some eighty persons were excepted from its provisions by name, but for all others the record was closed; and if they chose to accept the Government as established, they might purge themselves of any taint of rebellion. The persons excepted were beyond the arm of the law; and although in one case, as we have seen, the law stretched its arm to seize the offender when he unwarily ventured within its reach, yet many were allowed as years passed to return and re-assume, more or less openly, the position of citizens within the pale of the law.

But measures of disarmament, proscriptions of peculiar fashions in clothing, and forfeitures of estates, were after all of limited effect. If rebellion were to be rendered impossible, it must be by some scheme of

a deeper and more widely reaching kind. It was not the wearing of a peculiar dress, or the possession of a stock of arms which were certain to become antiquated and useless, which made the Highlanders a nation by themselves. That was the result of living under different laws, acknowledging a separate authority, and knowing no loyalty but to their chief. It was fostered by the prevalent system of land-tenure, which to a large extent represented notions borrowed from feudalism, and lingering on long after feudalism had been abolished elsewhere. The proprietor of the Highland estate was the head of the clan, whose members held their tenancies from him on condition of "wardship" or military service. They lived under his absolute sway, knowing no law but that of implicit obedience to his commands and unbounded devotion to his person. The rebellion had owed most of its danger to that unquestioning loyalty which forced unwilling tenants to follow their chief to the field, and in whose eyes devotion to the cause of the Stuarts was only a consequence of their devotion to the religion of the clan. But absolute as that devotion was, and much as it struck the unaccustomed minds of English observers, it was already beginning to decay. The pride of a fancied dignity of birth, derived from the claim of kinship with the chief, the poverty of the soil, and the irksomeness of labour, had been its chief supports. The clan feuds promised a full glut of private revenge, with ample promise of plunder, such as it was. Already it had been degraded to the uses of a somewhat rudimentary commercial system, by which one clan plundered the Lowlander, while the Lowlander paid blackmail, by way of an insurance, to the clan which was his plunderer's

hereditary foe. It rested partly on a strain of romantic and devoted loyalty, enshrined in the imagination of a heroic and enthusiastic race, but partly also on savage treachery and selfish greed, with a thin veneer of diplomatic cunning. It was powerful enough in 1745 to be the foundation of a bold and astonishingly successful enterprise, but the rebellion was its last expiring effort. Failure and despair had strained it to the bursting-point; and on the eve of Culloden starvation and the ominous presage of defeat had driven crowds of the Highlanders to escape from their standard, or passionately to swear that they would fight no more. Devotion to their chiefs had not made the drill-sergeant acceptable, nor military discipline anything but an irksome yoke. On the Moor of Culloden it was not merely a horde of baffled clansmen, pressed by weariness, disease, and want, that had been crushed before an army disciplined in foreign wars, but the ruins of an ancient and barbaric system that had crumbled before the advancing power of authority and law—however ill these were represented by Cumberland and his generals.

It remained to write this triumph in the Statute-book, and that was the work neither of Cumberland nor of the Scotsmen who had stood fast by the Hanoverian family. It was Lord Hardwicke, the Lord Chancellor, who saw that it was not individuals only, but a system, which had to be crushed and destroyed. The hereditary jurisdictions, which were a standing menace to the majesty of the supreme law, must be ended; and the tenure of land, so far as it kept alive the remnants of a savage polity, must be entirely changed.

It is not surprising that even the most loyal of the

Scottish lawyers hesitated before these measures. They were jealous of the innovations of English law. They still loved the cumbrous phraseology and the traditional antiquity of feudalism. They knew how weak in practice was the king's writ in wide regions of the Scottish Highlands, and how a rough justice had been administered amidst the clans; and they hesitated about superseding this by what might look well on paper but might be weak in working. Their knowledge of the Highlands told them that, as things then were, a circuit court could not safely be held in these remote regions unless protected by an adequate military force. They clung, too, to the customs of those amongst whom they lived, and shrank from breaking down a system to which they owed the confidence that they had felt in the loyalty of certain clans, even if it had constituted the danger in the case of others. The Lord President Forbes was after all a Highlander, even if he had found himself for a time the representative of a minority of the Highlands.

In regard, therefore, to this proposed legislation, he found himself uneasy and dissatisfied, and in sharp conflict with the policy of Lord Hardwicke. In the disarmament of the Highlands he was ready to concur; but in this, and in no more fundamental change, he found the hope of future security. It required the calm judgment of a lawyer, viewing the crisis from a distance, biassed by no personal sympathies, and firmly convinced of the ultimate triumph of the law, to foresee the proper course—to establish a more enlightened system, and to break down the barriers that separated race from race. We may regret the disappearance of an interesting and picturesque survival,

but we cannot the less refuse to acknowledge that Lord Hardwicke's remedy was the right one, or deny to it the gratitude due to what worked a great benefit to Scotland.

In this session of 1747 there were accordingly passed two Acts: one abolishing tenure by wardship, and the other abolishing, at one blow, the hereditary jurisdictions in Scotland. These embraced offices so widely divided as that of the Lord Justice-General for Scotland, and those of petty clerkships in small districts to which individuals had been nominated, under some anciently granted power, for life. Hereafter justice was to be administered, not by the local proprietor, whose ancestor had secured the right of "pit and gallows," but by sheriff-substitutes, nominated by the Crown. The rights of vested interests were recognised, and all claims which were sent in were carefully considered. But in place of £587,090, which was claimed, only £152,037, 12s. 2d. was allowed as the compensation-money for these rights.

The Act was not passed without considerable opposition. The Tories, who still carried on a fitful contest with the Government of the Pelhams, tried to animate their ranks by appeals to the rights of property which were thus rudely assailed. The Jacobites, however powerless they might be, might still add some energy to the opposition; and many of those who had no sympathy with the Jacobite cause could not be expected to view with pleasure the disappearance of a system on which their own influence greatly depended. The patriots, who professed to dread above all things the growth of an unconstitutional power in the hands of the Ministers of the Crown, expressed their detestation of a measure which added largely to the patronage

of the Crown at the expense of the ancient rights of the aristocracy, and, as they maintained, of the liberties of the people. But the opposition was in vain, and the same session saw both the Acts placed upon the Statute-book.

With this work accomplished, the Government appealed to the country in an election, and they were rewarded by an increased majority. Parliamentary opposition seemed for the moment silenced, and in November of that year the king met the new Parliament with the rebellion finally crushed, with its supporters brought to condign punishment, and with the statutes which promised to serve as an effectual bar to its renewal passed in spite of the efforts of the Opposition, and the hesitation even of the friends of the Government.

In the next month one of these friends whose loyalty had been most tried, whose counsels had been rejected, and whose motives had been suspected, passed away, worn out by the toil and anxiety that had fallen to his share, and still more by the vexation caused by distrust and ingratitude. Duncan Forbes died in December 1747. In himself he represented a type of statesman and of lawyer which stood in sharp contrast to the generation that preceded and to that which followed him. In purity of motive, in freedom from faction, in respect for the law, in pride in its majesty, in earnest effort for the welfare of his countrymen, he marks a phase of Scottish legal history which enriches its annals. But in many of his economical notions, in the strange direction of his religious speculations, in his inexplicable blindness to the faults of some of his friends, in his old-fashioned prejudices and remoteness from the range of modern politics, he

stands in equal contrast with the foremost lawyers of England in his day, and with the new school of thought that was to arise in Scotland in the generation following his own. His steadfastness to the Hanoverian dynasty was unshaken, but much as he deplored, and ably as he combated, the Jacobite rebellion, he was not prepared for the changes that were to make its renewal impossible, and he did not grasp the new range of political interest that was to open to his country's view.

CHAPTER X.

PARTIES IN SCOTLAND AFTER THE REBELLION.

We have now to turn to a new scene, and to a new chapter in the history of Scotland. Seldom has a country started more suddenly upon a new career than Scotland did after the Rebellion. Formal and legislative changes, forced on her by the heavy hand of authority, came rapidly enough; but the changes in habits, and even in thought,—changes which are usually the result of slow and gradual processes,—came in this instance with almost equal rapidity. The Jacobite rebellion, in spite of all its heroism, was doubtless a mistake, upon which the pedagogues of history may be justified in emptying all the phials of their denunciation, but from it Scotland emerged a new nation.

In order to understand the new page of her history which now opens, we must take a reckoning of the change through which Scotland passed when the storm-cloud of the Rebellion had blown over. How did she steer her course when she had escaped the rocks and quicksands of civil war, when Jacobitism ceased to be a living force, and sank into a decaying but picturesque memory? Upon the special direction which she gave to the results of her

recent experience was her future history to depend. The salient fact is, that her destiny was shaped by her own hand. Outside influences touched her, but their effect was, after all, but slight: and herein lies the secret of her strength. And it is none the less a truth that the memories of Jacobitism helped to preserve the national individuality of Scotland.

Hitherto the mass of the Scottish nation had been hardly known to the English people. The relations between the two countries were but few,[1] and the distinctive traits of national character were in sharpest contrast. The strangely composite character of the population north of the Tweed was very dimly understood by the ordinary Englishman. He had a vague notion of a people forming a part of the same United Kingdom as himself, and owing allegiance to a common government, but in large measure composed of men of whom he had heard as little better than savages, still wedded to primitive usages, wearing a strange and antic dress, speaking an uncouth language, and living under alien laws and customs. He knew them to be swayed by a system of tribal government which seemed incompatible with modern civilisation; and he had not the faintest conception that the clan system might enshrine the most romantic ideas of loyalty, and might rival in its devotion the loftiest code of chivalry. The English mind has never been particularly receptive of facts outside its own immediate range; and in this instance the Eng-

[1] A single fact is enough to mark the separation. In the year 1758 a memorial was presented praying that the post from London to Edinburgh might be shortened from the usual ten and a half or twelve and a half days to seven. For all practical purposes Scotland was as far from the metropolis then as are the Western States of America from England at the present day.

lish citizen had more than ordinary reason to be puzzled and perplexed. The wide gulf which divided the Highland clans from the Lowland Scots was one which the Englishman could scarcely grasp, and which he naturally ignored altogether. Even the Lowland Scot was a man whose ideas and manners were uncouth to him, and, for all he knew or cared, the Lowland Scot was part and parcel of an alien nationality, mainly represented by the barbarous tribes of whom he had heard strange travellers' tales, such as might have reached him from the unknown regions of Central Africa. That the Lowland Scot was closely akin to him in race, spoke an ancient and comparatively pure dialect of his own tongue, and was united to him in a common antipathy to the Celt, were facts altogether beyond his knowledge. It was enough for him that he was alien in religion, in manners, in politics, in law, and in the interests of his everyday life.

The Scot had never concealed his passionate hatred of the Union with England. Only a small minority really understood the value of that Union, and even they did not obtrude their views too freely, and trusted rather to the effects of time and habit than of exhortation to conciliate the sympathies of the nation. The pride of the Scot was proverbial, and it was made both odious and ridiculous in the eyes of the southern Saxon by its accompaniments of sordid poverty and of inordinate jealousy. That a few Scots had attained to influence and power in England was a fact which nowise tended to lessen the antipathy of the Englishman. The success was viewed with grudging and suspicion, and was ascribed to that baseness and chicanery which are easily imputed to a poverty-

stricken race, prone to abuse its wealthy neighbours, even while it battened on the good things which it obtained amongst them.

It was thus the misfortune of Scotland to be burdened with a character for qualities the most contradictory. With the rashness, the savage propensity for fighting, the reckless disregard for law and order, the plundering habits and the alien language of the Highlander, were associated the cunning, the servility, the ready and dexterous craft, the rigid and apparently Pharisaical religious tenets, which were believed to be typical of the Lowland Scot. Out of the mixture of all these evil qualities was concocted the average Englishman's notion of the Scot; and now, to crown all, there was ascribed to him the blame for the danger and alarm caused by the latest attempt of a discredited Jacobitism. This common verdict was absolutely unjust. It was reached by linking together, with reckless carelessness, tendencies the most inconsistent. Yet it serves to explain much of the prejudice under which Scotland laboured. Against that prejudice she had to fight in winning her just place in the Imperial partnership.

During the first half of the century she had lost rather than gained ground against the weight of adverse feeling amongst Englishmen. In truth, she took little trouble to gain an affection which she was not prepared to reciprocate, even had it been freely given. The Union had been carried by a ministerial clique in the teeth of national prejudice. It had ridden rough-shod over Scottish sentiment, and its possible benefits were to the mind of the average Scotsman only chimerical at best. That the antipathy to it was often exaggerated, often ignorant,

and not rarely due to some personal jealousy, did not make it any less dangerous from a political point of view. In the hatred it aroused every faction that opposed the actual Government found a useful ally. English pride, on the other hand, was wounded because a Union which could bring to England no benefit except that of security against a long-standing danger was scouted by the poorer nation, which had nothing to lose and much to gain by partnership. To the foreseeing statesman the Union was not expedient only—it was an imperious necessity. But that did not prevent its rubbing national prejudice on the raw, and increasing that antipathy for which recent history, no less than divergence of habit and feeling, gave such abundant foundation.

Before the Jacobite rebellion there were not a few Scotsmen who had close relations with England, who became, indeed, her adopted sons, and swelled the ranks of her statesmen, her divines, her literary men. But they had either striven with an almost servile exaggeration of imitation to become Englishmen in all but name, or they had lived, like some of her great nobles, a double life—now courtiers at St James's, and now chieftains of Highland clans amidst their vast territorial domains. Neither class really represented the Scottish nation, which, in spite of this thin stream which carried into England a certain Scottish element, remained essentially alien and distinct. Strange as it may seem, the Jacobite feeling during the first part of the century was to a certain extent a bond of union between Scotland and one section, at least, of English feeling. The English Tory, whose Jacobitism was partly a tradition of the

past, but still more certainly a phase of political faction, knew that he could rely upon a steady wave of Jacobite feeling in Scotland, and that it might be trusted to cause chronic uneasiness to the Government which he hated. As long as Jacobitism remained a vague and uncertain force, which rather weakened the allegiance paid to a Whig Government than threatened civil war, so long the discontented English Tory was ready to own a certain sympathy with the Scotsman to whose national pride and jealousy he felt that he might safely appeal. He was not indisposed to stimulate and encourage Scottish faction, so long as it formed a convenient instrument of attack on a Government to which he was opposed.

But with the final failure of Jacobitism, which left it only a memory and a ghost, to be occasionally resuscitated by the fitful efforts of a scanty remnant, even this slender bond of sympathy passed away. The English Tory found himself discredited and weakened by the reckless audacity with which his Scottish allies had striven to give reality to their fervent loyalty. The attempt was now seen to be ill-timed and ill-measured. It had appealed to English sympathisers for sacrifices which called for far greater sincerity than really existed amongst those who called themselves, or at least allowed themselves to be suspected to be, Jacobites. It had come to an untimely end, and the sooner that it could be buried out of sight and memory the better, so that the scene might be left free for some new phase in the endless wrangling of faction and of parliamentary warfare. Jacobitism ceased now to be even a slender bond of union between any section

of Englishmen and Scotsmen. In England it survived no longer even in the form of party spirit; in Scotland it remained for a few years more as a romantic dream. Upon Scotland the main burden of the attempt had rested; to her remained the heaviest part of the discredit, and to her were bequeathed the most cherished memories of an heroic effort. Jacobitism ceased to be a real political force in Scotland, but it entwined itself with a strong chord of national sympathy. In England the political feeling which had expressed itself in Jacobitism soon took a different dress, and its memory remained only to increase English prejudice against the Scots.

In a certain sense, then, Scotland was driven even farther apart than ever from England. But the effect of the Union was stronger than mere sentiment. By slow degrees the bonds between the two countries were becoming closer; intercourse was more constant; commercial conditions were bringing them into more direct contact. The presence of Scottish members in both Houses of Parliament insensibly blended together large classes of each nation; long service in the same camps abroad spread the feeling of brotherhood, and wore down the differences of manners, and even of dialect. The action of a single supreme court of appeal drew the law courts closer together, even though it did not obliterate the distinctive character of Scottish jurisprudence. It might have been that Scotland would cease to retain her separate national life and become a mere province of England. It was fortunate, perhaps, that there was at the end of the Jacobite rebellion enough of national jealousy and antipathy to prevent this result. Time was certain to weaken that jealousy. Contrasts would wear away.

Points of contact would become more numerous. The very physical conditions of intercourse would efface boundary marks. But it was not a small or insignificant thing that when Scotland took up the more modern phase of life which opened with 1746, she stood virtually alone—at once in character, in custom, in religion, and in law. The great European movements in which England was so directly interested, and which were so fateful for her own destiny as well, passed by unheeded so far as the great mass of the inhabitants of Scotland was concerned. With a certain proud tenacity, and a self-centred rigidity of purpose, she turned to her own affairs; and the years which succeed the Jacobite rebellion show us no array of striking or important events, but the deliberate work of Scotland in shaping new conditions in her own fashion, and in building up for herself, on peculiar lines, a literature, a philosophy, an ecclesiastical, municipal, and economical system, which, each one of them, powerfully reflected the national character, and made a distinct contribution to the life of the Empire. Had Scotland remained in a sulky estrangement, and had she attempted, in an exaggeration of national jealousy, to turn back the finger on the dial, and develop her intellectual and political life altogether apart from England, the end could only have been failure and contempt. Her praise was rather that she adapted herself to new conditions, that she sought to efface needless differences, and felt strong enough to trust that her national characteristics would imprint themselves on her work without any artificial accentuation of contrasting elements. The efforts of the wisest and most patriotic Scotsmen were given to the obliteration of those distinctions between different parts of her

population that might have made her a divided nation. The Lowland Scot felt his responsibility for the amelioration of the Highland districts, and went to work on it with all the ardour of missionary zeal. Her Church laboured to embrace within her educational system the most remote corners of the Hebrides. An instinct of self-preservation told her that if she were to be one nation, she must make one form of religious belief dominant everywhere, and that she must adapt to her use the language and the customs which were dear to the Highlands. The pioneers of her manufactures and her commerce felt that they must not neglect their Celtic brethren in the attempts to build up some solid structure of national wealth. It was thus, and thus only, that she could, and did, secure that when the two streams flowed together, the Scottish character and Scottish tradition should not count for little in the mingled flood.

The generation which follows the Jacobite rebellion thus shows us a Scottish national life, open to outside influence, freely reaching after outside experience, adapting itself to changing conditions, enlarging the bounds of traditional creeds and habits, and striving with much enlightenment to cope with new difficulties. Within its own sphere of influence it was bold, and in some respects almost revolutionary. It soon learned to find—nay, its poverty compelled it to seek—every opportunity for sharing in the larger destinies of the Empire. But at first its work was chiefly new modelling its own domain.

The first and most striking feature of that domain was its crushing poverty. Whatever other advantages Scotland possessed, she owed none to natural wealth; and even such resources as belonged to her were as yet

hardly guessed, much less developed. The statistics which are available were framed on no very settled principle, and present too many discrepancies to allow us to rely with confidence upon them; but one inference at least may safely be drawn, that her poverty could hardly have been greater than it was. Vast tracts in the Highlands were so uncultivated—often so incapable of cultivation—that our only astonishment is that the population of these tracts, which was certainly not less than that of the present, if not considerably greater, managed to pick up sustenance enough to maintain nature even upon the hardy fare which habit had made possible to them. The coal and iron mines of the Lowlands were as yet worked only in a few scattered centres, which did not permit the boldest imagination to dream of their future possibilities.[1] Her foreign commerce was scanty, and her ports, which two or three generations later were to teem with shipping, were now little more than petty harbours which could be used only by ships of insignificant tonnage. In 1760 there were scarcely 1000 merchant vessels belonging to all the ports in Scotland, and their aggregate tonnage was only 53,000 tons. In 1800 the number of vessels had more than doubled and the tonnage had increased by more than threefold. In 1840 there were nearly 3500 vessels, and the tonnage approached half a million tons. Such was the increase during the period which this narrative covers, and it was only the prelude to far greater things. But the start was made in the middle of last century; and it was not in this

[1] Even at the end of the eighteenth century the output of iron was only 18,000 tons: in little more than sixty years it exceeded 1,000,000. In 1800 the total imports and exports were each under a quarter of a million pounds in value: half a century more raised the imports to nine millions in value.

direction only that Scotland was preparing herself for a new career. Already a few enterprising men had begun to see the possibilities of hidden wealth. The West Indian trade, in spite of the jealousy with which it was viewed by the western parts of England, was developing in the hands of the shrewd burghers of Glasgow. Some of the leading men were spending thought and care in the improvement of agriculture. The linen manufacture was as yet advancing steadily, though it afterwards suffered a decline; and the fishing industry was receiving legislative encouragement. The establishment of the Board of Manufactures in 1727 proved the existence of schemes of national development; and the banks, which had been started under no good omens and with so much timidity as to give no promise of success, were making modest extensions of their enterprise, and venturing upon considerable although cautious increase of their capital. But, in spite of all these embryo endeavours, the fact remains beyond dispute, that the leading feature of Scottish life was still, and long continued to be, a poverty which its southern neighbours, with all their contempt for the proverbial beggary of the Scot, could hardly appreciate, much less exaggerate. With all the pride of birth and station; with all the wide distinction between the different grades of society; with all the aristocratic privilege that still belonged to the territorial class; in spite of vast estates and large retinues of servants, the ordinary conditions of life in Scotland, even amongst the better class, were such as would not have been tolerated by the fairly well-to-do shopman of London. An equipage was a luxury to which only a few of the wealthiest aspired. The houses were mean and confined, and even those of the landed proprietors of much preten-

sion to pride of race and consideration were on a more humble scale than would now be deemed sufficient for the moderate tenant-farmer. Of the ornaments of life nothing was known. Few except the richest and most highly placed of the proprietors sought to arrange the immediate surroundings of their houses with an attention to grace or even order. Ploughed fields reached to the very door of the dwelling-house, encumbered besides with the untidiness of the stables and the poultry-yard. This was not from a scanty supply of labour or because wages were high, but only because domestic life had not yet learned to hide its homeliest details. With an abundant social life and much conviviality, there was joined a frugality which neither sought nor cared for any attempt at elegance or display. The cheapness of food was a sure sign of the poverty of the nation. A few pence was the price of dinner at the ordinaries frequented by the best professional classes. Butcher-meat sold for about 2d. or 3d. a pound. Eggs were about 3d. a dozen. Good claret was cheap, and, dispensed in carts which made a circuit from door to door, it formed the ordinary drink in middle-class families. The incomes even of the well-to-do bore a strict relation to these prices, which so clearly indicate the general poverty of the country. The salary of a judge of the High Court was £500 a year.[1] A professor of the University was well paid at £100 or £150 a year. The average income of the clergy was about £50 or £60; that of the parish

[1] In 1758 some improvement took place in the pay of judicial posts. The Lord Justice-General was then assigned a salary of £2400; but this office was a sinecure, held by a great nobleman. The President had £1300; the ordinary judges £700, with an addition for those who performed justiciary functions of £300. At that date an English judge received £2000 a year.

schoolmaster—a man of dignity in his neighbourhood, possessing the proud security of a freehold tenure of office—was scarcely £12. But scanty as this provision was, it was reckoned that the total revenues of the thousand parish clergymen of Scotland were not much less than one-tenth of the whole rental of the country. Only a few years before, Fletcher of Saltoun had proposed that the highest income which any man in Scotland should be allowed to hold should be £200 a year. Even those who sought, for controversial purposes, to place the income of the country at the highest possible estimate, could not venture, even when they added to the rental all profits from agriculture, all the produce of manufactures and commerce, and all incomes derived from Government, to compute the total at more than £5,360,000, distributed over about a million inhabitants. It is not necessary to discriminate between opposing estimates to feel assured that the poverty of the country was such as scarcely to admit of exaggeration.

But this poverty, fortunately, did not have its worst and most natural result in crushing down the nation to a low and degrading level of monotony. The most marked feature in Scottish society, and that which did more than anything else to develop the strength and adaptability of Scottish character, was its endless variety. It is unnecessary to point to the most dramatic contrast—that between the Highlander and the Lowlander, separated from one another by barriers of race, language, habits of life and social customs, no less than by difference of temperament and of sympathy. But even within the Saxon boundary, with those whose traditions and whose history were the same, who had known no difference of social usage or social

economy, who had been partakers of the same religious and political disputes, there were the sharpest and most stimulating contrasts. Each grade of society was nicely divided, from the great landed proprietor, whose dignity and influence were not impaired by the fact that his poverty would have stirred the contempt of a petty English squire, down to the agricultural labourer, whose condition was little, if anything, above that of the serf. Every variety of political feeling was represented, from that of the Episcopalian nonjuror, who clung with rigid tenacity to the doctrine of the divine right of kings, to the philosophical republican, who only a generation later seemed the natural ally of the French Encyclopædists. So far as religion is concerned, it is doubtless the incontrovertible theory of the ordinary Englishman that the unvarying type of Scottish religion is that of the rigid Presbyterian, entrenched behind an impregnable wall of orthodox Calvinism, and only slowly and cautiously expanding to the liberty of modern thought by regular gradations from the Covenanters to our own day. The delusion is a comfortable one, and it saves all trouble of discrimination and inquiry; but it is none the less complete in its absolute blindness to the real facts. Much of the strictness that characterised the Scottish Presbyterians of fifty years ago took its origin in England quite as much as in Scotland, and derived its strength not from the fact that it had descended in an unbroken stream from the preceding generation, but from its recalling a peculiar type of Scottish religious feeling, which was remote and historical, and had at the best been characteristic only of a very limited sect. In the middle of last century, the peculiarity of Scottish religious feeling was not its

narrowness or its strict orthodoxy, but its extraordinary variety. There were, indeed, fringes on each edge, which clung with untiring—we may say with heroic—tenacity to their distinctive creeds, and which showed surprising dialectical subtlety in the nice distinctions of these creeds. But, on the other hand, there were the Episcopalians, who, under a galling and unceasing persecution, which was not the less exhausting and crushing because it did not resort to extremity, and did not employ the faggot or the axe as its instruments, adhered with absolute loyalty to the political and ecclesiastical ideals which they had inherited, and the high strain of whose morality scarcely suffers by comparison with the Annals of the Saints. It is true that they also pursued, with much subtle casuistry, the nicest distinctions of creed, and almost wrecked their cause by disputes about what seem but insignificant varieties of ecclesiastical doctrine. By the law which determines that extremes should meet, they bore no little resemblance to the straiter sects of Presbyterians, who deplored the backsliding of their times, and who enclosed themselves within the narrow fold which enshrined the Ark of the Covenant received from their fathers. That Ark had been preserved, as they conceived, by their fathers' blood, and they strove with passionate zeal to preserve it intact from modern innovation. What wonder that, under such inspiration, they devised new subtleties of separation, and that a strained sense of religious duty developed, as it so easily does, into an ascetic rigidity, and hence into pharisaical, and even hypocritical, sanctimoniousness? Such development is a characteristic, not of Scotsmen, but of human nature.

But between these extremes, which have their heroic

as well as their fantastic aspect, there lay an endless variety of types. The main current of Scottish thought in regard to religious questions, about the middle of the eighteenth century, ran in the direction of freedom and liberality of thought, often carried to an exaggerated length. There was an almost undue readiness to strip away from religious ethics any distinctive principle which seemed to mark them off from natural rectitude. There was a predominating desire to adapt religion to the maxims of the world, and to deny any feature of the religious character which stood in striking contrast to the models which human nature adopts for itself without religious guidance. An advance in material improvement, the removal of undue restrictions, the smoothing of the wheels of life, were felt to be a work of benevolence; and such a work was recognised as not only a becoming handmaiden to religious duty, but even a convenient and pleasant substitute for it. It is not too much to say that the prevailing tone amongst the educated classes in Scotland was one which detested and despised religious enthusiasm, and identified it with religious fanaticism, which attached very little importance to the niceties of religious doctrine, and which recognised little distinction between religious and natural ethics. It had to contend against a mass of prejudice and narrowness—not so much from the relics of the older creed, as from a class which had inherited the ignorance and virulence of that creed without its manliness and its heroism. There was a large section of the Scottish clergy who were ready to comply with the prejudices of congregations by a narrow dogmatism, to flatter their bitterness by violent tirades, or to attract their attention by eccentric buffooneries. It was important for such

men that they could appeal to the traditional doctrines of the Covenanters, however ill they might represent the lofty and enthusiastic boldness of the Covenanting heroes. Against this section of the Church her more educated adherents had to wage war; and it was fortunate for Scotland that they waged that war successfully. Their victory had its drawbacks; but that a Scottish literary school and a Scottish school of philosophy were formed and flourished in the eighteenth century was mainly due to their efforts.

Not only was there in Scotland a great variety of religious feeling, much of it of a type very different from that with which English opinion identifies Scottish Presbyterianism, but there was also a singular richness of social types. They pass before us on the canvas of Scottish life with an almost bewildering variety. We are familiar with the peculiarities of the Highland chief and of the Lowland laird, the shrewd lawyer and the unlettered but wily citizen. That their characteristics should be strongly marked and their individuality striking, is only in keeping with the ruggedness of the national genius and the dramatic experiences of its history. But we are more apt to forget other types—that of the cultured and refined scholar, versed in the ways of courts, with wide relations abroad, withdrawn from the rough business of politics, averse from religious enthusiasm, and beguiling his leisure with the pursuit of elegant accomplishments—such as Clerk of Penicuik; that of the *dilettante litterateur*, whom we could hardly conceive breathing in the atmosphere of a rugged Presbyterianism, like Hamilton of Bangor; that of James Stirling, the mathematician, who, after years spent in Venice and as teacher in Italian universities, settled down at last

as manager of the Leadhill mines, and made them one of the largest, if not indeed the principal, commercial undertaking in Scotland; or that of the whimsical Allan Ramsay, who disturbed the consciences of some, and pleased an equally important section of society, by boldly introducing dancing assemblies and theatrical entertainments to the capital. Whatever Scottish life was, it at least suffered from no undue monotony.

It is not least amongst the women of that society that some of its most characteristic developments are to be found. They lived amongst conditions eminently fitted to stimulate their mental growth. They learned by dire experience the terrible realities of national struggle, and knew the stuff out of which tragedy is wrought. They had shared in all the incidents of the struggle except the actual clash of combat—and even of that they knew something. They drew in with their earliest breath a wealth of tradition and of romance that served them for history, and they learned by personal experience of its vicissitudes the true meaning of national life, which to most is nothing but a name. The constant flow of social intercourse, trammelled by few vexatious conventions, gave them readiness and sprightliness of wit; and to an ingrained pride of race, which was not without its interest nor failed to impart a certain dignity, they added a breadth of sympathy which daily intercourse with their poorer neighbours brought to them. Above all, they had, for the most part—what abstract political science might condemn, but what enhances the dramatic interest of life—an ardent, an unselfish, and a romantic devotion to a fallen cause.

The instances of those ladies of the old school that appear as stately and characteristic figures on the

scene of Scottish society during the last half of the eighteenth century are too numerous to be counted. Amongst them we may name Lady Hamilton of Rosehall, daughter of Stirling of Keir, who had suffered for his Jacobitism, and widow, for more than fifty years, of Sir Hugh Hamilton, a wealthy Lanarkshire proprietor. Her brief married life left her an ill-portioned, and soon a childless, widow; but for all these years she remained a central figure in society—old-fashioned, but ever bright and full of sympathy; homely in dialect, but yet stately in her simple dignity; an eminent economist, but yet lavish in her hospitality; an ardent Episcopalian and Jacobite to the last, even when old rancours had died away, and her belated loyalty was merely a romantic monument of the past; rigid in her ideas of social duty, but despising that concession to fashion which would have circumscribed her society to what was modish and exclusive, to the disadvantage of the ties of kinship and association. Another was Lady Sarah Bruce, daughter of the Earl of Kincardine; quiet, gentle, and sincere: tolerant though a Jacobite; keen in her enjoyment of life, and with an almost Rabelaisian zest for its good things. Yet another was her niece, Lady Rachel Drummond, daughter of James Lundin, a strange, eccentric, harebrained wit and spendthrift, who assumed the forfeited title of Earl of Perth, and whose Jacobitism was of a dye so deep as almost to repeat the traditions of mediæval feudalism. His daughter was brought up with the education of the banquet-hall and the field. Full of exuberant life, with the manners of a hoyden and the reckless audacity of a school-boy, but endowed with keen wit, with ready practical sense, and with undaunted independence; and even, in a strange

way, widely read. In the uncouth roughness of her dialect she only carried a little further the ordinary usage of the day; but her unrestrained audacity of manner startled even a circle that was nowise over-conventional, and seemed an inherited vein of the traditional "Drummond Ire." Her Jacobitism, down to the last, showed no sign of waning. Proud of her great descent, she seemed to cling to the honours of her ancient family with all the more tenacity because its glories were passing. She had no patience with those Jacobites who admitted any compromise with modern views. "A new light!" she would sarcastically declaim—"a new light must come in through a crack either in the brain or in the heart." Her political zeal was kindled in old age by antipathy to the Friends of the People and the Jacobins. In such a life we see on a small scale the change that wrought gradually, but surely, far beyond the range of an old lady's opinions—by which the remnants of decaying Jacobitism came to feed the flame of a later Toryism. Like the others named before, this type of a Scottish lady of an earlier age passed away with the century in which the ideas they represented had played their part, and the end of which saw them superseded like a fashion that has decayed.

From the very variety of the types which were gathered together upon a narrow scene and shared a common tradition, it almost necessarily resulted that the society of Scotland in the middle of last century was not weighed down with any burden of social convention. It was a society singularly free and giving singular opportunity for the development of individual idiosyncrasies. The national feeling was strong; but the wide divergences of religious and political opinion;

the dramatic surprises of history, which had made them familiar with the tragedy of civil war; the sympathy, scarcely concealed, and often, indeed, accepted as a passport to social distinction, for the Jacobite cause; the divisions that had placed numbers of the same family in opposite camps; the vicissitudes of families, that made rank and aristocratic eminence acquainted with the hardships and versed in the devices of a grinding poverty—all these continued to make a society singularly free from the trammels of any troublesome monotony of social form.

It is from all these various currents that the main stream of national development was made up, and it is not difficult to pronounce what was the direction of that stream in the middle of the eighteenth century. There was not likely to be any want of national feeling. The stern facts of history; the hatred of the Union; the jealousy of a poor and proud nation for its more wealthy and somewhat supercilious neighbour; above all, the rugged independence of national character, were certain to secure such a feeling, and to prevent Scotland from sliding easily into the grooves of English habit, and merging her individuality in that of her rival. But she was no longer under the sway of fanatical zeal which had marked the Covenanting sects, and that uncouth enthusiasm was almost as much a thing of the past as the white-heat of the Jacobite nonjurors. Both remained as the animating creeds of minorities, and with enough of vitality to impart a certain colour to national life. The mingling of pride and poverty, of high notions of aristocratic dignity with an almost ludicrous simplicity and quaintness of social habit, of national exclusiveness with a strain of cosmopolitan experience, imparted a keen

intellectual stimulus to the Scottish society of that day. The prevailing ambition of her leading men came to be that of advancing, on national and distinctive lines, towards the improvement of social conditions, the enlargement of thought, and an almost Pagan latitude of opinion. They detested the dictates of religious ethics which had made a pharisaical sanctimoniousness of demeanour the standard of morality, and they sought for some principles of belief higher than the artificial subtleties of theological contention. They despised the fervour of religious enthusiasm, which had been heroic under persecution, but which degenerated into the extravagances of fanaticism when that persecution was only a memory. They looked upon the material improvement of their country as one branch of its moral development, and refused to confine their attention to the dictates of an effete hierocratic system. The younger men especially were animated by a spirit of national and patriotic independence; but theirs was a patriotism which was at once proud of national institutions, and determined that these institutions should be developed and expanded according to the dictates of a liberal spirit of intellectual and religious freedom. It is this combination of a fundamental conservatism with intellectual freedom which constitutes the chief interest of Scottish history during the next generation. It had its own pitfalls, and, as we shall see, was liable to errors of its own. But it is only by keeping our eyes fixed upon its development that we can rightly understand the part which Scotland played during the latter half of the eighteenth century, and rightly apprehend a national movement which has often been misinterpreted and misunderstood.

Before we proceed to examine the main factors of national life, it will be well to notice the chief agents in her government during the remainder of the reign of George II. The fall of Walpole in 1744 had led to the appointment of Lord Tweeddale as Scottish Secretary. He was a feeble man, deriving any importance which he possessed from the memory of a long line of ancestors, from great wealth, and from the fitful support of that erratic genius, the Earl Granville, whose daughter he had married. Of all men he was the least fit to deal with a crisis like that of the Rebellion of 1745; and the Lord Advocate of the time, a laborious lawyer of plebeian origin, named Robert Craigie, was an equally inefficient agent. Weak as Newcastle was, he could not afford to have incompetent subordinates. Tweeddale was deprived of office; Craigie followed him into retirement, and a new *régime*, which lasted throughout the reign, was instituted. The government of Scotland was placed in the hands of the Duke of Argyle, who had succeeded his brother in 1744, and who had long, as Earl of Islay, been Walpole's chief agent in the North. Virtually this meant that, so far as Scotland was concerned, the government was conducted on the lines laid down by Walpole, and that she was spared those years of contemptible and degrading time-serving which disgraced the government of Newcastle in England, and which bridged over the period between Walpole and Pitt. As his chief instrument, Argyle had Andrew Fletcher, whose judicial title was Lord Milton, and who held office as Lord Justice-Clerk. Both were men of great acuteness, of untiring energy, and of much skill in certain stratagems of statesmanship. Without commanding power and with-

out any leading political principle, they nevertheless performed well the task that fell to them—that of pacification after civil war. Their influence was exerted, as soon as might be, in mitigating the penalties meted out to the rebels and the suspects. They did their best to promote the material well-being of the country. They were not, indeed, men who could stir the enthusiasm of the nation, who could guide it into new paths, or who could rise to the height of any great principle in their policy. Had they been such, they would have stood in almost supernatural contrast to the typical politician of the day. But what they did do they did well. They had to govern the nation by a judicious use of Government patronage. They had to appeal to merely selfish motives. They had to prevent any section of the nation from becoming too powerful, and they successfully managed to prevent any dangerous outbursts of party hostility and rancour. They found it to their advantage to encourage national enterprise; and, so far as they exercised a wider influence at all, it was one which helped to smooth the way for that more tolerant and liberal mood that soon became the dominant characteristic of every phase of Scottish life.

In Scottish national life there had hitherto been three main factors—the landed Aristocracy, the Law, and the Church. The first of these had done nothing, in a long and disastrous history, to merit the gratitude or the respect of the nation. For generation after generation its annals had been a long series of faction fights, in which settled government, order, and national progress had been retarded and broken up by the selfish ambition of a proud and quarrelsome class, striving only for their own aggrandisement, and using,

as a means thereto, every dispute that had agitated the nation. In the fall of the ancient Church they had interested themselves chiefly as the plunderers of her wealth, which they had used to repair the ravages in their own fortunes produced by ceaseless faction fights. They had assumed the guise of ardent religious reformers, but it was only because religious reform promised a rich harvest of spoil. The Reformed Church had emerged from the struggle with all the zeal and fanaticism which were natural to a despoiled and poverty-stricken Church, owing no gratitude to the Law or the State, and disposed to attach but little weight to her connection with it. The domains of the Church had fallen into the hands of the landed aristocracy, and the Church was forced to supply, by the arrogance of her claims to spiritual authority and by the assertion of her independence of the State, that calm and secure dignity which rich endowments and overpowering social influence gave to the reformed Anglican Church.

The landed aristocracy used for merely selfish purposes the plunder which their sacrilegious selfishness had gained. They were without public spirit. The interests of their dependants was as nothing in their eyes. For advancement they looked only to England, and found it only in a slavish subserviency to one or other English party. In all the struggles that for two generations past had shaken Scotland to the base, they had taken the lead; but it is impossible to point to one Scotsman of the territorial class who had risen above the troubled waters of faction, and had known how to guide and moderate its excesses. There are many instances of men who won and who deserved great influence; but that influence had always been

gained or strengthened by intrigues with English parties, and had never managed to make itself the leader or exponent of Scottish feeling. Much as we may find to praise in the conduct of John, Duke of Argyle, his career offers, in this respect, no exception to the rule. Their dependants were still little else than serfs. For their material advancement nothing had been done. From any political influence, or from anything which could arouse their interest in the government of the nation, they were rigidly excluded. In the disastrous struggles of the Jacobite rebellion, their sides had been determined, not by their own sympathies or predilections, but by the fiat of their territorial superior. Even Argyle did not scruple to add to his own influence by alliances with intriguers like Lovat, and by the patronage of freebooters like Rob Roy. The connection between the landed proprietor and his serfs, and that between the chief and the members of his clan, was a romantic and picturesque one, redeemed by the heroism inseparable from loyalty even when unthinking and blind; but on the side of the chief it did not from generation to generation produce a single great national leader who could aspire to guide the destinies of the nation for its own good, and nothing else.

With the abolition of the hereditary jurisdictions a blow was struck at the territorial aristocracy from which it could never hope to recover. These jurisdictions were a remnant of mediævalism, inconsistent with every principle of sound policy, and remaining only as a monument of the overweening power and selfishness of a class. For the first time Scotland found herself with the essential attribute of a nation —the uniform administration of the law. For the

first time the liberties of the individual were secure, so far as law could make them. Hitherto it was only their passionate love of freedom and their unswerving heroism in its defence which had kept Scotsmen free in spite of the defects of law. It is worth noticing that it was to the help and to the guidance of English statesmen and English lawyers that she chiefly owed her escape from a thraldom far greater than ever threatened her from any foreign foe.

The second factor in importance in Scottish national life was the authority of the Law Courts. The sphere of their influence was indeed restricted. Over wide tracts of Scotland the king's writ did not yet run; and even where its authority was respected, it was curtailed by the hereditary jurisdictions. But, in spite of this, it necessarily, as the sole representative of the supreme authority of the State, carried enormous weight, and decided all questions of property. But hitherto it had been in great measure the subservient tool of the faction which happened to be in power, and suffered itself too often to be an agent in the hand of the executive authority. The chief criminal judge was still an hereditary nobleman, and his colleagues on the bench were often quite as much ministers of state as the unbiassed exponents of the law. In matters where political interest did not intrude, the administration of the law was just, and its representatives were men of commanding ability and of much professional skill and erudition. The pride of a great profession, which soon learns that its strength rests upon its independence of political dictation, was already planted, and was sure to grow, but as yet it yielded but scanty fruit. The authority of the bench was, however, weakened not only by political bias, but by its close connection with,

and its subserviency to, the landed aristocracy. From the ranks of that aristocracy its members were chiefly recruited, and by sympathy and habit, as well as family bias, it was ever prone to reflect the feelings of the class from which it sprang. In questions affecting that class, the opinions of the judges were confidently anticipated, and it was notorious that they were coloured by family sympathy. Their skill and dexterity as exponents of the law were much more frequently shown in finding specious theories to defend the opinion to which they were pledged than in steering a straight course to the goal of absolute justice. The retarding alliance was soon to be thrown aside, and the connection of the law with the landed aristocracy was to remain only as a beneficial tradition, observed sufficiently to secure for the profession high social weight and prestige. The Scottish Bar and Bench, even before it shook off the territorial bias, had been dignified and graced by men of profound learning and lofty character. But here again Scotland was to no small extent indebted for the ideal of an unbiassed tribunal by example and contact with the leaders of English law and by the influence of the Supreme Court of Appeal. The intercourse thus founded became the basis of mutual esteem and of frank interchange of opinions; and the pursuit of a common end could not but tend to plant more deeply a sound theory of the principles by which that common end was to be attained. For at least one generation after the Jacobite rebellion, owing to the many questions which arose in connection with the forfeited estates, the intricacies of feudal law were pressed to the utmost, and the most recondite subtleties took the place of broad and sound legal principles. Scottish

jurisprudence ran the risk of being crushed under a mass of learning most of which was little but lumber. From this fate it was in no small degree preserved by contact with the jurisprudence of England and by the new treatment rendered necessary by the development of commercial law.

There was yet another potent factor in the national life, which touched still more closely the deepest sympathies of the Scottish people. This was the Church, which had, as one of its leading charges, public education, and, as its chief handmaid, the parish school. Whatever might be the case with the other great national institutions, the reputation of the Church for public spirit stood high, and her recent action gave her the right to great independence, and to great confidence in her own future. She owed nothing to the landed aristocracy. Against her no charge of luxury or of worldly aggrandisement could be brought. Her history and the intense allegiance of the nation had secured for her such independence of the law as rarely falls to the lot of an established Church. She could appeal for her sincerity to a long course of persecution manfully withstood, and had merited the gratitude of the dynasty by unswerving loyalty to the Revolution settlement. She had, it is true, at certain stages in her history, encouraged a somewhat gloomy and bigoted form of religious belief, partly the result of the violent reaction against Roman Catholic traditions and against Episcopacy, and partly the consequence of that enthusiastic zeal to which persecution naturally gives rise. Many of her adherents, steeped in the literature of the Scriptures, and intellectually exercised in the subtleties of theological disputation, were provided with power-

ful controversial instruments; but the very vigour and intensity of their conviction, based, as it was, not on mere enthusiasm, but on a certain rude dialectic, was subject to strict limitations, and might well have imposed somewhat narrow and galling bonds upon the intellectual development of the nation. What strikes us most in the years following the Rebellion is the courage of the Church, not only in combating the elements of disorder within her own bounds, and in shaking herself free from any sentiment of narrow or rancorous religious bigotry, but also in maintaining her own independence, and showing that her loyalty to the established constitution was equalled by the fearlessness with which she claimed a high place in that constitution, and in the social development of the nation.

Already in the preceding generation the Church had passed through some epochs of controversy, which had led to the formation of dissenting bodies, dangerous both from their numbers and the respect which they commanded. It is an odd fact, considering the popular estimate regarding the multiplicity of the phases of Scottish doctrine, that disputes as to theological tenets were not numerous in the history of the Scottish Church, and belong only to a comparatively brief period of her life. The most serious had its origin in 1720, and arose upon a question which has been prominent in almost every phase of Christian doctrine, and belongs perhaps to the central controversy which must agitate the minds of men as to the limits of human responsibility. The doctrine of predestination, which affirms that the ultimate fate of every human soul is fixed by divine decree from all eternity, is, in truth, but one phase of the insoluble dispute as to Free-will and Necessity; and intimately connected with that

doctrine of predestination is the question whether the benefits of Christianity, and the promises which it holds forth, are to be won by the struggles of the individual towards what is right in conduct, or by his acceptance, with implicit faith, of the doctrine which his creed affirms to be essential to salvation. The question is only one passing phase of a problem which —whatever the balance of profit or loss which we are inclined to give to it—must always divide into two streams that part of human thought which is attracted to philosophical speculation. The problem is, in the philosophical aspect, doubtless as important as it is intricate ; but for those who regard it only as a factor in the secular history of a nation, it involves no great difficulty. The tendencies of the two theories which must ever prevail on the subject are perfectly clear. He who believes that rectitude of conduct and obedience to the moral law are the main essentials, must inevitably tend to displace the supreme importance of a dogmatic religious creed. He, on the other hand, who elevates that creed to the first place, and believes it to be the primary and essential condition of the salvation which his Church offers, must just as inevitably tend to lower the supreme eminence of the moral law, and must give a certain encouragement to those who postpone the dictates of duty to a formal creed, and who cloak hypocrisy of conduct under an artificial orthodoxy. The dispute is one which, in one form or another, must for ever divide men into two camps: and he who studies mankind in history is better employed in searching for that which in either creed might reasonably attract the ardent faith of its supporters than in seeking for its exaggerations or its absurdities.

The opening quarter of the eighteenth century found the Scottish Presbyterian Church exposed to two influences. On the one hand were those who looked back with reverence upon the recent history of their creed, and who, under the pressure of persecution from which that creed had emerged victorious, clung with an unyielding tenacity to every point in its tenets, and recognised in the devoted support of these tenets the essential duty of a Christian man. On the other hand were those who, while they accepted the doctrines of their Church, found themselves unable to accept what they held to be its exaggerations and absurdities as something hallowed by the fire of persecution, and who believed that for an epoch of greater peace and for the advancement of the nation's weal, something else was quite as essential as rigid adherence to an iron-bound creed. The conditions of the time, the inevitable encroachments of a modern spirit, the fainter colours in which the traditions of persecution were handed down to the younger generation, the necessary result of increasing contact with a larger society, with new experience and opposite traditions,—all these developed a modern party in the Church. On the other hand, the intellectual mood which had been engendered by hardship; the sense of national independence, wounded in pride and sensitive to any outside dictation; the keen dialectic which controversy had developed; the enthusiastic defence of the citadel of the faith against what seemed to be the assaults of a time-serving and opportunist latitudinarianism,—all these were equally potent agents in an opposite direction. Any one skilled in the weather portents of religious storms might easily have foretold where the tempest of controversy in the Scottish Church must soon burst forth.

It was in 1720 that the struggle became acute; and its main features need not delay us long, as we have here to deal with it only as one phase of the nation's history, and with none of that detail which might be in place in an ecclesiastical history. About that year the minds of those who clung to what they fancied to be the chief stronghold of orthodoxy—the supreme importance of faith and the worthlessness of any merely ethical system—were much stirred by symptoms of what appeared to them as unsound teaching. The subject of dispute—the old dispute between Arminianism and Antinomianism—was evidently a symptom of the widening gulf between those who clung to a rigid dogmatism and those who wished to liberalise the teaching of the Church. In their nervous anxiety, the dogmatic school gave an emphasis to their assertion of the absolute sufficiency of orthodox belief which shocked the common-sense of their more reasonable neighbours. "It was not," they maintained, "sound or orthodox to teach that we must forsake sin in order to our coming to Christ." Whatever the logic of the theological position, such a dictum is apt to scandalise ordinary consciences; and the pioneers of the more modern way of thinking saw their opportunity and not unskilfully made use of it. While the controversy was yet in its early stages, some one suggested as a useful treatise on the much-debated subject a volume written by a certain Edward Fisher, gentleman commoner of Brazenose College, Oxford, in the year 1646, under the title of "The Marrow of Modern Divinity." The book reflected the tone of dissenting thought in England at the time it was written, a tone not distinguished either for very liberal theology or for very sound ethical principles. The book itself was harmless

enough, but it is the bane of theological discussion that it accentuates the rough corners of peculiar tenets, and exaggerates them into elements of bitter controversy. The older and narrower party took the "Marrow" as the standard of doctrine round which they rallied; and they were perforce driven into extreme statements of that side of the controversy which it favoured. The Moderate party had even now sufficient strength in the Assembly to turn the scales against the adherents of the "Marrow." The most daring and unguarded statements of the Antinomian point of view—the thesis "that a believer could not commit sin;" "that the Lord is not angry with a believer for his sins;" "that a believer hath no cause, neither to confess his sins, nor to crave pardon at the hand of God for them, neither to fast nor mourn, nor humble himself before the Lord for them"—such maxims formed easy subjects for attack. The instincts of mankind condemn such doctrines. Their practical result it is not difficult to foresee. To the unbiassed reason of the ordinary man they appear to degrade and discredit the whole religious system in the name of which they claim to speak. They provoke at once disgust and ridicule, and sound intelligence recoils from them as from a real danger to society. Only a patient and passionless consideration of the question—the very sort of consideration which it is least likely to obtain—teaches us that such doctrine, palpably pernicious as its tendency is, can nevertheless find conscientious supporters when once men allow themselves to be involved in the meshes of theological logomachy. In truth, the "Marrow" men only erred in driving their logic to the length of practical absurdity; and their exaggeration gave to the Moderates the

opportunity for a far-reaching victory. The Assembly emphatically condemned the Antinomian teaching, and in doing so it gave a very decided bias, in a direction which was practically sound and rational, to the teaching of the Church for the rest of the century. The "Marrow" controversy was the first episode in the struggle between the rigid and the latitudinarian parties in the Church, and that the latter conquered was an event of no little consequence for Scotland.

The "Marrow" men were defeated; but however repugnant to common-sense or sound principle their tenets may seem to be, unquestionably they represented the popular side in the controvesy. Their defeat was due to policy and to skilful management—not to the force of numbers. The next struggle in the Church found the forces divided into almost identical camps, but marshalled under different banners. The late fight had been upon a point of doctrine; the new fight was on a point of ecclesiastical order. Those who had adhered to the doctrine of the "Marrow" now fought for the rights of popular election: those who had rejected the crudities of Antinomianism were determined now to maintain the authority of the law and to contend for the rights of patronage.

It was on this last question that the first serious beginning of Dissent in Scotland took its rise. It was in the year 1732 that Ebenezer Erskine, the minister of Stirling, began the campaign against the rights of patrons, which, he contended, amounted to a placing of the Church of God under bondage to man. The exercise of these rights—frequently, perhaps, their abuse—had given rise to widespread discontent, and Erskine found an abundant array of adherents. The cause was maintained with equal vigour by his brother

Ralph Erskine, of the Presbytery of Dunfermline; and in the eastern counties of which Fife was the centre the Anti-patronage cause was overwhelmingly strong. Sermons were preached in bold defiance of the laws of the Church, which it was impossible either to condone or to ignore. The Anti-patronage party declined, even on the orders of the superior ecclesiastical court, to ordain ministers rightfully presented to charges under this existing law. The question was brought before the Assembly, and no alternative was open to that court but to proceed to sentence of deposition. It is easy to condemn such action, and to lament that greater leniency was not shown. A certain type of mind will always feel prone to press such pleas for leniency, and to think that to do so betokens breadth of mind and generous toleration. They forget that in ecclesiastical disputes toleration beyond a certain point means merely a cowardly condonation of lawlessness; that on the part of an Established Church it is a betrayal of its trust; that its inevitable result is to enthrone in place of law the caprices of individual or party fanaticism; and that it is fatal to any real religious liberty. Religious liberty, in its popular and demagogic sense, is often identical with liberty for the fanatic to trample on the law. In its sound and constitutional sense it means the security to every citizen that law shall reign supreme over sectarian caprice. To permit any trafficking with that supremacy is not toleration: it is a cowardly and dangerous betrayal.

The aims of the Erskines were doubtless upright and conscientious. Personally they are entitled to the praise of bold and unselfish fighters for what they believed to be the pure and primitive order of the Church. But the Church had to choose between their

deposition and the alternative of ceasing to be an Establishment based upon the law of the land. Their deposition naturally led to the formation of the Secession Church, where they might safely and with perfect freedom inculcate those doctrines which they conscientiously believed, but which the law prevented the Established Church from tolerating. That Secession Church was the first of a long and numerous brood, almost all of which sprang from disputes over the vexed question of patronage. It is the habit of many ecclesiastical historians to lament that Secession, and to condemn what they are pleased to call the intolerance which found in deposition the only remedy for the evil. We may venture to dissent from both the blame and the lamentation. The Church, as a State Establishment, was the custodian of the law, and had no alternative but to cast out from her pale those who defied that law. The formation of a dissenting sect is an episode which the secular historian may perhaps view without any serious dismay or any overwhelming regret. Religious liberty permits each man to adopt his own form of religious belief and of ecclesiastical government. That variations in belief or in conception of government should lead to new varieties of sects is no very appalling calamity; and perhaps the safety-valve thus opened may not be useless when the pressure of religious enthusiasm becomes unduly great. But that men should be permitted to remain within the pale of an Established Church and trample on the laws prescribed for that Church, is an expedient more dangerous to the public weal than the most prolific crop of dissenting communities. These doubtless embody many jealousies and mutual antipathies which are none of the mildest, and the existence of which we may reason-

ably deplore. But human nature contains within itself abundant fuel to keep alive the flame of antipathy; and it is questionable whether that flame requires to be fed by the jealousy of the sects. It is possible that it would not burn less relentlessly even if the inherent differences of temperament which sectarian separations reflect were glozed over by a specious and fictitious union, and if all, however radically different, remained within the pale of a Church whose law was interpreted and whose government was directed by each according to his own vagrant fancy, or—still worse—his own conscientious belief. Diversity of sect need not breed internecine hatred: an unreal and hypocritical union within the bounds of a Church that is ready to shape itself to suit every idiosyncrasy is a far greater evil.

For good or ill, however, the Church cast out from herself that portion of her adherents who conceived themselves to be the most rigid and unyielding custodians of the essential purity of the faith and order committed to their charge. It is not for us to pronounce on the merits of the dispute, or on the justice and expediency, in a religious sense, of the course pursued by the Church. We have to regard it only as it affected the secular history of the nation, and as it shaped the progress of national thought. And there can be no question that this elimination of an untractable element left to the Church a power which was but very slightly impaired, and allowed her freedom to shape a course which vitally affected the nation. The Dissenters became a powerful and an important element in Scottish life. But they speedily diverged into new branches, and dissipated their strength in hair-spun disputes as to various degrees

of orthodoxy in the domain of ecclesiastical order—maintaining throughout all no very definite antagonism as regards religious creed. They left the course of the Established Church all the more untrammelled by reason of their desertion. Henceforward for what remained of the eighteenth century the dominant party and the prevailing spirit in the Scottish Church went strongly in the direction of a moderate and latitudinarian creed. The Church maintained, with zeal and firmness, what it held to be an essential orthodoxy. It was proud of its independence, and accepted its State connection, not as a price paid for the sacrifice of that independence, but as its chief and distinguishing sign. It had no desire to smooth down or surrender the distinctive tenets of Presbyterianism so as to adjust them to the forms of Anglican Christianity. But however well marked might be the landmarks of the National Zion, it was animated by a spirit which sought to adapt itself to more modern needs, and which employed secular as well as religious means to effect its work. In the minds of this dominant party the Church was to cultivate order and discipline quite as much as enthusiasm or fanatical zeal for orthodoxy. It was to raise its priesthood by securing recruits who were more fitted for the intellectual and literary arena of the new generation than for the fiery atmosphere of the conventicles in the stirring times of the hillside Covenanters. It was to secure for itself political support. It was to conciliate society by a demeanour which did not frown on the pleasures and ornaments of life. It was to take an active part in the promotion of every scheme of public improvement, and was to accept as a Christian duty the advancement of the material welfare of

the nation. The Church of Scotland, under the guidance of this party, was to be an intensely conservative, but at the same time an intensely modern, influence in the nation. It was conservative in the sense that it sought for no new creed, and did not aim at reading a new sense into the old tenets; that it preached no doctrine of social revolution, and made no appeal to popular prejudice, but sought rather to curb that prejudice and minimise its possible power; that it did not strive to free itself from the law, but strove to base its foundation on legal discipline and settled order. But it was modern in the sense that it confined itself to no mere ecclesiastical concerns, but ranged over the whole field of human interest; that it sought to ally itself with advancing thought and new developments of literature, that it inculcated a lenient if not even an accommodating code of morals, and gave to a new society the liberty of action that modern taste required.

It must not be supposed that, because this party became the dominant factor in the Church's history for at least sixty years, they were without opponents even amongst their own brethren, or that the triumph of their policy was the immediate result of the elimination of the seceders. Within the Church there were still many whose views approached very closely to those of the deposed clergy, and who not only regretted the deposition, but sympathised very deeply with the doctrines and views of ecclesiastical polity which had been its cause. There remained an ever-present and sometimes a powerful opposition, which was known as the High or the Highflying party, who would fain have infused into the Church much of the Covenanting spirit. That opposition embraced

men of wide influence and commanded deep respect. It was at times a convenient instrument in the hands of designing politicians, who looked with suspicion or dislike upon the secular influence of the Church, and who thought that such influence might be lessened by the encouragement of a party whose aims and methods were more purely ecclesiastical. But in the main the history of those sixty years shows us the Moderate party gradually coming to the front, skilfully planning their course, and maintaining it throughout with singular success.

The close of the Rebellion left the Church with a strong claim to the gratitude of the reigning dynasty and to the friends of law and order. Her chief rival, the Episcopal Church, had already lost all positive influence, and was now burdened with the negative disability which was the penalty of her Jacobite leanings. Had the Presbyterian Church still been impregnated with the Covenanting spirit, as must almost necessarily have been the case had she continued to embrace within her pale the seceders whom she had so recently cast forth, the consequences might have been serious for a Government so weak as that of Newcastle, and the Union might have been maintained only at the cost of another civil war. As it was, the Church was as fair and moderate in her triumph as she had been steadfast in her loyalty. Such of the demands of the civil government as transgressed the ordinary rules of decency and decorum—as, for instance, the attempt to make the parish clergy the agents of a detective political police—were rightly met either by disregard or by remonstrance. But for the rest, the Church was content to pay to a Government which had owed its preservation in great measure to the Church's loyalty,

an observance which a strictly Covenanting Church might have found it inconsistent with conscientious scruples to yield.

It is not surprising to find that the Church, or a large party within the Church, sought for some advantage which it was deemed that justice might decree to her, and for which her loyalty might well give opportunity. A claim was put forward for an increase in the payments to the clergy. The claim had much to commend it. The total rental of Scotland was at the lowest computation £800,000 a year, while the highest estimate placed it at nearly twice that amount. The amount of the tithes was variously estimated at from £57,000 to £80,000. In many cases the incomes of the clergy fell below £30 a year, and the average was little, if anything, over £60. The last settlement of these revenues had been made in 1633, and since then the wealth of the country and the cost of living—both doubtless moderate according to any modern standard—had enormously increased. The landed aristocracy had enriched themselves by the shameless plunder of the Church, and it seemed only fair that the remnant which still belonged to the Church should comprise, for its own small share, a proportion of that increase that had swollen the whole. All these arguments might fairly be used in favour of the attempt; yet it was doubtful whether that attempt was prudent or well timed. It had its origin amongst some of the more sanguine Churchmen of the West country, whose sturdy Whiggism was not prone to make light of its own merits, and who thought that the hour of triumph might be the most opportune for securing revenues which would increase their power. But, on the other hand, it could not be asserted that, poor as

the Church was, the average income of the clergy did not compare favourably enough with those of England. She was a poor Church, but scarcely a poverty-stricken one. Compelled to a rigid frugality, her clergy were not driven to the verge of starvation. The powers which were vested in the Court of Session enabled that Court to revise the income of any particular parish, and, on good ground shown, to grant an augmentation of the stipend. It was a bold, but perhaps an impolitic, design at such a juncture to appeal to Parliament for new statutory powers. As it turned out, the only effect of the scheme was to raise a storm of indignation amongst the heritors. The Jacobite and Episcopalian interests were strong amongst that class, and it would have been more than was to be expected from human nature had these interests failed to accentuate the conflict between the demands of the Presbyterian clergy in the first flush of their triumph, and the selfishness and greed of the landed gentry. No such magnanimity was shown. The overweening pride and the thirst for worldly lucre that prompted the parish clergy to ask Parliament to grant them the affluence represented by £80 a year were represented in the most odious light by their old ecclesiastical foes. The underlying sympathy between the landed gentry and Episcopacy became more strong, although for the moment the terrors of proscription prevented its publication. The sympathy lived through that proscription, and took more definite shape when the proscription was removed. Other causes subsequently strengthened the alliance; but through whatever phases it passed, it was marked by that same grasping greed on the part of the territorial aristocracy which showed itself with undeviating impartiality both in resisting the legal

claims of the Established clergy and in confining within the narrowest limit any liberality which they showed to the clergy of that unendowed Episcopal Church to which, as a class, they attached themselves.

The attempt was foredoomed to failure. It did not secure the hearty support of all whose championship of the Church was most ardent, and who were least inclined to bate any of her privileges. Amongst her more moderate adherents it was openly discouraged. By her enemies it was made an occasion of ridicule and invective. A deputation was appointed by the Assembly to proceed to London and to prosecute the scheme at Court and in Parliament. But it was to no purpose. The King received the deputation, professed his interest in the Church, but gave them a plain hint that their presence was more needful in Scotland than in London. Despair enforced the course which prudence might have counselled earlier, and the scheme was quietly dropped. It had been complicated by a claim of a somewhat similar kind advanced on behalf of the parish schoolmasters. Like that of the Established clergy, the position of the schoolmasters was fixed, and such emoluments as they enjoyed were secured to them by statute. They had a freehold tenure of their office, and had acquired—often with ample right to it—an influence and dignity which were considerable, and which even their scanty pittance did not altogether annul. The average income of the schoolmasters was scarcely £12 a year. The claim on their behalf was almost irresistible, and a nation so strongly convinced as the Scottish people was of the vital necessity of a sound education as a prime condition of national welfare was certain, sooner or later, to admit and liquidate that claim. But the double

demands were pitted one against the other, and their force was lost. The schoolmasters had to wait a while until they were raised to a rate of livelihood equal to that of the farm-servant.

Thus far the attempt of the Church to assert her claim had been met by failure. But she entered upon a more sound and, as it turned out, a more successful policy when she turned to the maintenance of discipline within her boundaries. Without such discipline it was seen by the clearer heads amongst her adherents she must soon cease to be, in aught but name, an Established Church. A fiercer party, appealing to the heated prejudices and to the religious rancour of popular fanaticism, might impose itself on the Church, and might not only drive from her portals all real liberal opinion, but might force their yoke upon the whole people of Scotland. If this was to be resisted, the principle must be established beyond gainsaying that the discipline of the Church and the authority of the law must be obeyed, and that the Church was to be not an endowed sect, in ever-recurring antagonism with the State and recognising no law but her own, but rather a dignified national institution, defended and yet controlled by the law, and through her alliance with the State securing for all the priceless advantage of liberty and independence as against the tyranny and rancour of contending ecclesiastical factions.

It has been the habit of those who contemplate the history of Scotland, and view her contests from an alien standpoint, to mass together under a general appellation, to which they are much addicted—that of the Scottish Kirk—all sections of her religious and ecclesiastical factions. This has saved them much trouble, and enabled them with much convenience to

compass an easy classification. On one side is ranged all that is bitterest in rancour, all that is narrowest in dogma, all that is most irksome in social convention. The rigorous superstitions of the Covenanters, the subtle religious metaphysics of sects which held fast by the same main religious tenets, but whose very sympathy in larger questions developed amongst them hair-splitting distinctions as to special points—all that sanctimoniousness of manner which the precision of an ascetic creed is apt to share with a time-serving hypocrisy, and all that pharisaical rigour which imposes upon the vigorous impulses, no less than upon the weakness and the waywardness of human nature, a yoke from which it angrily revolts,—all are ranked in the same phalanx. Against this solid force is set all that symbolises the romance, the poetry, the music, and the fire of the nation, no less than all that makes for its growth in wealth and in intelligence; and between those two it is inferred that there is an undying enmity. Such superficial critics ignore the fact that much which they identify with the main stream of the religious and ecclesiastical history of the country consists only of side-streams and back-eddies which broke away from the central current, and carried with them much of the froth and foam and turbid water which that main current could so well spare. When we consider the history of the Scottish Church, and the part —no mean one—which she had to play in the history of the country, we may turn our eyes steadfastly away from the Seceding bodies, of which she had so fortunately freed herself before she had to take her part in the most notable advance which the nation was now to make. Nay, more than this, we must discount the extravagances, the fanaticism, the turbulent zeal, which

a certain section within her own boundaries yet exhibited. We have to see how a certain number of determined and enlightened men obtained, after a singularly bold and skilful struggle, a position of dominance in the Church, and maintained that position, by virtue of their talents and their liberality, for two generations at least. We shall doubtless have to observe in that dominant party the faults of their own qualities, and to detect in them a proneness to certain errors which weakened their influence and perhaps paved the way for a reaction. But it is none the less true that they played a manly part in a new phase of Scottish intellectual development.

Before we enter upon the questions which agitated the Church in the years which followed 1750, it may be well to notice some of the leaders of her parties, and their most striking characteristics.

Amongst these we may name Professor Leechman of Glasgow University, whose teaching had an enormous influence upon the younger clergy who came under his charge, and whose philosophic methods not only enlarged the scope of Scottish theological teaching, but stimulated more inspiring and liberal views of religious truths. Widely as he was separated from the older and narrower school, his own simple and ascetic life was a bulwark against any charge of laxity, and he held himself aloof from the buffoonery into which the convivial habits of the time were only too apt to degenerate. The philosophic abstractions in which he was prone to indulge gave to his teaching a suspicion of heterodoxy in the eyes of the older school, and perhaps encouraged amongst weaker heads that propensity for ethical disquisition which sometimes prevailed unduly in

the sermons of the younger clergy of the day. Simple and abstracted himself,[1] he was a convenient figure-head for that Moderate party to which he essentially belonged, and to whom his high and saintly character necessarily brought weight against any charge of undue laxity.

Of a very different type was Dr. Alexander Webster, the leader of the High-flying party, of whom we shall hereafter have more to say. Unlike Leechman, he was a ready speaker, "fertile in expedients, prompt in execution," and with all the acuteness—his enemies said, the want of principle—that enabled him to shine in ecclesiastical discussion. Without much solid ability himself, he was skilful in drawing to himself the credit for the designs of others. It sounds strange to have to add that the leader of the strictest party in the Church was notoriously addicted to a profuse conviviality. That conviviality he joined, in a marvellous combination, with the most fervent and even unctuous devotion, and it did not prevent him from exercising, for many years, an unbounded sway over his own section of the Church.

Another typical figure, belonging to an older and more conservative school, of which the Moderates were to some extent the heirs, was Principal Tullidelph of St. Andrews. In a certain species of lofty and rotund eloquence he had, in his prime, no rival in the Assembly, and he was compared by no mean judges even with Lord Chatham in his glory;

[1] Dr. Alexander Carlyle had the privilege of his acquaintance when a young student at Glasgow University. Leechman's house was open to him and to others, and Carlyle gives an amusing account of the silence and inaptitude for society of the learned Professor, and of the profuse conversation of his wife, who deemed herself an authority in criticism. Carlyle found the latter so tiresome that his visits ceased.

although the same critic shrewdly adds, that whatever the stateliness and dignity of his matter, "he certainly had not so much argument, nor such a convincing force of reasoning." Even with such abatement the praise may seem unduly high; but however lofty and Olympian the old man might be, he was hardly fitted to shine amidst a new generation, where the wits were sharpened and the debating powers quickened by intercourse with a wider circle, and by acquaintance with more modern literature than had prevailed when Tullidelph was young. He well maintained the more dignified type of a Scottish clergyman, and kept the Church from yielding to the aggressive violence of the more popular party. But it required stronger powers and more quick and adaptable capabilities to gain for the Moderate party the commanding influence which a new generation achieved for them.

Such were a few of the more influential clergy of the earlier part of the century. A new school was rapidly growing up; but meanwhile they powerfully affected the course which the Church took in the controversies which were rife in their own day.

The most hotly contested point in the struggle upon which the Church was now engaged was still, as for more than a generation back, the question of patronage. The Act which restored lay patronage in 1711 was still as much honoured in the breach as in the observance. The rights of the patrons were frequently set at naught; and so comprehensive were the functions of criticism and of approval assumed by the congregations, that a presentation to an incumbency often meant little more than an introduction to a long, harassing, and most frequently unsuccessful, contest to establish rights which it was the business

of the popular representation to weaken, and which could best be assailed by attacks on the character, mental qualifications, or doctrinal soundness of the unfortunate presentee. These objections, however vapid, irrational, and perverse they might be, found ready acceptance from the local Church Courts or Presbyteries. The cause was carried to the General Assembly of the Church. Before that larger tribunal, the frivolous and captious nature of the objections was easily detected, and an order for the induction of the presentee was issued. But that order the Presbytery frequently failed to carry out, either from sympathy with the objectors or from a timid fear of consequences; and the authority of the Church was thus set at defiance.[1] To overcome this difficulty the Assembly resorted to the somewhat questionable device by which the Presbytery was relieved of the duty, and the orders of the Assembly were performed by delegates—or, as they were called, "riding commissioners"—who had frequently to seek the protection of the military in carrying out the function. Such a device was an undue and cowardly compliance with the pretended scruples of a stubborn and unruly Presbytery, and it had the effect, which might have

[1] At times the action of the Anti-patronage champions in the Presbyteries was not without a whimsical strain of humour. On one occasion we find the Assembly ordering a certain Mr. Thomson to be "inducted" to the parish of St. Ninians. A Mr. Finlay of Dollar volunteered for the duty, but when the luckless presentee appeared, he was addressed from the pulpit by his proffered introducer in terms of unmitigated reproach and insult. He was told that in saying that he accepted the charge in the fear of the Lord he was guilty of heinous blasphemy; he was assured that the speaker and 20,000 more true men would go twenty miles to see him deposed; he was adjured to abandon his claim; and finally, in so many words, he was admitted to the cure. Such degradation of a solemn service did not seem to the High-flying party to be a breach of good taste.

been expected, of weakening rather than enforcing the authority of the Church and the Law.

It became evident to the more far-sighted of the Moderate party in the Church that such temporising was no longer possible. In this party there were some young men—notably Alexander Carlyle of Inveresk, William Robertson, afterwards Principal of Edinburgh University, and others of their friends—who were resolved to make a stand against such weak-kneed measures as seemed to give countenance to the Dissenting sects. It had become the habit in the General Assembly to dismiss the clergyman of a recalcitrant Presbytery with a mild rebuke which carried with it none of the severer penalities for disobedience. At length, in 1751, the refusal of the Presbytery of Linlithgow to settle a presentee in the parish of Torphichen, seemed to give a suitable opportunity for a trial of strength. A certain number of the younger clergy and laymen of the Church met and concocted measures by which a somewhat more severe sentence than was usual should be passed on one member of the defaulting Presbytery. In that Assembly they were defeated; but it was a defeat which was of so much advantage to them that it gave them a sense of comradeship, a distinct policy, and a conviction that time was on their side. Next year an even more notable case of disobedience came before the Assembly, in which the Presbytery of Dunfermline—the district most steeped in dissent from its intimate connection with the Erskine family—were the defaulters. What had but a year before been a minority was now a majority; and they had the courage of their opinions. The principal offender was a Mr. Gillespie of Carnoch, a man of high character, and

with no special love for dissent, but whose conscientious scruples had made him the stubborn opponent of patronage. A large majority of the Assembly now voted for his deposition; and the very respect in which he was held, while it enhanced the halo of his martyrdom, proved all the more surely the strength of the party which was resolved to maintain the legal discipline of the Church. Henceforward their course was clear.

It must be noted that, however opposed this new and growing party was to the extreme Whiggism of the Covenanters, and however close their political connection came to be in later days with the Tory party, they were as yet most closely allied with the men who had been the leading adherents of Walpole in Scotland, and to whose hands Walpole had chiefly intrusted her administration. Such men were the new Duke of Argyle, formerly Lord Islay; the Lord Justice-Clerk Milton; Andrew Pringle, afterwards, as Lord of Session, known as Lord Aylmoor; and Hew Dalrymple, Lord Drummore. The Government of Newcastle, feeble, spasmodic, and narrow in range, continued in large measure to govern Scotland through these men, but, just in so far as it did not do so, tended to alienate the Moderate party from the Whig cause, and to throw that party into the hands of the Tories. As regarded the present, the Government in London, knowing less of Scotland than of Central Africa, interfered little in her affairs, and were well content to find that a strong party in her Church was so far separated from the stubbornness which was the proverbial characteristic of Presbyterianism, as to be keenly defending the theory of the subordination of the Church to the Law. Even Newcastle's ignor-

ance could hardly fail to appreciate a state of things so surprising and so fortunate.

It was thus that the Moderate party in the Church first recognised its own power and began to shape its policy. It is, perhaps, somewhat misleading to speak of that element in the Church as a party at all. It really embodied a principle, which was of the first importance in the history, not of the Church merely, but of the nation. Its ideal was that of a Church which, abandoning the fantastic theocratic notions of a previous age, should conceive its best independence and freedom to be based on the Law. It was not to be humble and subservient, but neither was it to assume an authority which would make its members the slaves of ecclesiastical domination. Abandoning likewise the harsh and forbidding code of morality which frowned upon all secular pleasures, held aloof from all intellectual progress, and assumed to itself a mood of sanctimonious gloom, the Church was to consider the advancement of material comfort and prosperity as an important sphere of its work, was to take an active interest in the chief intellectual developments of the age, and was to adapt itself to all those ways of modern life which recognised social pleasures and amusements as in no way opposed to the highest ideal of Christian duty. According to this ideal, the Church of Scotland was to embrace within herself much of that more expansive and more attractive phase of Scottish life which had formerly sought refuge within the more indulgent bosom of the Episcopal Church, but which, in the depression and misfortunes under which the taint of Jacobitism had submerged that Church, was only too ready to accept shelter in another haven.

CHAPTER XI.

ECCLESIASTICAL AND SECULAR INNOVATIONS.

THE main strength of the Moderate party—if we can call that a party which represented rather a widespread tendency of national thought and feeling than a deliberate organisation—lay not in the elders of the Church, who grudged the independence of their juniors, but in the younger men, who were better fitted to grasp the tendencies of the time, and who saw in the maintenance of the discipline of the law the best guarantee of the status of the Church and of her liberality of spirit. The older Moderates had been eminent for respectability, but they had scarcely the gifts required for carrying the war into the enemy's country, or for using the secular weapons of wit and sarcasm. That older school was well typified by Principal Tullidelph, already named, whose gaunt and dignified figure, and whose somewhat cumbrous eloquence, gave him a ponderous but ineffective dignity in the councils of the Church. He was hedged in by an overpowering sense of his own respectability, which made him an easy prey to ridicule, and enabled men of less august personality to goad him into an impotent rage, and exposed him as an easy victim to their gibes and their sarcasm. Another was Dr. Patrick Cumin, whose learning and

sagacity were weighted, in the view of some,[1] by defects of temper, even although they were supported, as in the case of the leader of the opposite party, Webster, by what was then a qualification of some importance, a constitution which enabled him to sustain with fortitude and endurance the conviviality of the times. But for the coming struggle, younger and bolder men, more fit for the heat of the fray, were necessary; and their influence was to be enhanced by the alliance of others whose literary position gave them an independent reputation.

A supply of such younger and more quickwitted men came to answer the demand. Circumstances favoured them, and they were shrewd enough to take advantage of their opportunities. The debates began to take a somewhat lumbering course in the hands of the Conscript Fathers of the Church. Their hitherto unassailed dignity rendered them indolent and careless. The laymen deserted the Assembly when the Assembly became dull, and when the excitement of a racy and personal debate no longer tempted them to abandon the delights of the tavern and the carouse. Business became halting, and the need of new blood was perceived. It was the conviction that the wheels of the machine were driving heavily that led about this time to the introduction of a new custom into the debates. It had hitherto been the habit to call upon the older members of Assembly to deliver their opinions, and when they had given judgment, little was left to the juniors but a silent vote. But now this custom

[1] Dr. Alexander Carlyle imputes to him such defects, but Ramsay of Ochtertyre seems to take an opposite view. Carlyle may have been prejudiced by the fact that even Cumin's Moderatism did not induce him to look kindly on the attendance of the clergy at theatrical representations.

was broken, partly by the sluggish apathy of the elders, partly by the pushing and forcible manners of the younger men; and these younger ministers, to the astonishment of their elder colleagues, boldly took it upon themselves to initiate debate and to propound independent opinions. However distasteful such action might be to the older school, it was soon made evident that the younger party had the spirit, the eloquence, and the sagacity needed to maintain their self-assumed position and to do good service to the Church's cause. The Assembly now became an arena for the display of talent in debate and for the prosecution of a spirited policy. Within its walls the younger clergy could match themselves against the leading lawyers and politicians of the day, and found themselves able to hold their own against men who had won renown even in the more stirring scene of St. Stephen's. To lead a party in the Church became no ignoble ambition. It was no longer necessary to represent a narrow and bigoted fanaticism. On the contrary, it became the mode of the day to affect latitudinarianism, and, with a natural reaction, these younger men assumed an almost obtrusive liberality of opinion and prided themselves on being men of the world, claiming to take a leading part in all the affairs of the nation, and fired with a not ungenerous desire to attract to the service of the Church all that there was of light and leading in Scotland, and to further every movement tending to national prosperity. To the older and more solemn conservative school their sprightly vigour was looked upon partly with the indignant astonishment of mastiffs watching the brisk gambols of trim-built terriers, partly with the misgiving of a pedagogue half-amused and half-shocked at the

tricks of a mischievous pupil, partly with the indulgence of a parent who felt that the vivacity of youth would pass. But to the narrow and bigoted rancour of the extreme faction, which tolerated rather than welcomed the association with the State, and were on the alert to detect any attempt to interfere with the independent jurisdiction of the Church Courts, the younger men opposed a bold front, in spite of repeated charges of laxity and irreligion. To the mood and temperament of the High-flying party the new school were an utterly accursed crew, hateful at once for their principles and for the means and methods by which they sought to advance these principles. But opposition only gave them new courage. The struggle which they thus maintained comprises the most interesting part of Scottish ecclesiastical history for the next two generations.

The man who was to exercise the chief influence as leader of this party during the next generation, and as one of the most distinguished ornaments of his Church, was Dr. William Robertson. He was himself a son of the manse, and was born in 1721. After an education at what was then one of the most notable parish schools—that of Dalkeith—he proceeded to the University, where he was the contemporary of several men whose names became distinguished both in Scotland and beyond her borders. Some of these young students, wearied of the dreary prelections of their theological professor, formed themselves into a Speculative Society, and sharpened their faculties by the gymnastic of debate. Amongst these Robertson was a leading figure; and although in after years he scarcely shone in an arena of marvellous conversational capacity, his faculties were certainly quickened in these earlier scenes.

At the age of twenty-three he was ordained minister of Gladsmuir; and a year later, by the death of his father and mother, he was left in sole charge of a young family of brothers and sisters. About the same time the troubles of 1745 broke out, and the young clergyman found nothing inconsistent with his profession in proceeding to Edinburgh for service as a volunteer, and, after the city was surrendered to the rebels, in betaking himself to the camp at Dunbar and offering to serve under Sir John Cope. Such an experience did not count for nothing in the development of the future historian.

When the troubles of the Rebellion were over, Robertson returned quietly to his charge at Gladsmuir, where he soon gained a reputation as a preacher of high literary merit, as a good parish clergyman, and as a man of singular charm of manner. He had a near neighbour, Patrick, Lord Elibank, one of the most lively and interesting conversationalists of the day, who was at first strong in his Jacobite sympathies, but who, through the influence of Robertson and another neighbour, John Home of Athelstaneford, the author of "Douglas," changed his views, and became a peaceable member of the literary galaxy that adorned Edinburgh in the succeeding generation. From Gladsmuir Robertson moved to the parish of Lady Yester in Edinburgh in 1758, and in 1759 he published his first historical work, "The History of Scotland." In 1769 he published his "History of Charles V.," and in 1777 that of "America." Each of these books attained a popularity which seems somewhat extraordinary to modern readers, upon whom their pomposity and somewhat superficial philosophising are apt to pall. They gained the ear of the reading public, and not only secured for their author

fame of no mean kind, and the pleasant posts of Principal of Edinburgh University and Historiographer to the King, but also a pecuniary return that was unexampled in the literary profession of the day. We know Dr. Johnson's opinion of the books: "He loved Robertson but he would not talk of his book," he once said to Boswell; and the keen perception of Johnson could not brook the prolixity of Robertson, his painting of fancy portraits evolved from his own consciousness, his intolerable verbiage, his "mass of wool covering a very little gold." Posterity, we fear, has confirmed Johnson's verdict, and the history which pleased the polite readers of last century, and appeared to them as even more correct and dignified than that of Gibbon, is not likely to come again into vogue. But none the less he performed a work and achieved a fame which added immensely to the influence of his Church, and enhanced the position of her clergy.

Robertson was first a member of the General Assembly in 1746, but it was not until the more stirring session which succeeded that of 1751 that, as a young man of thirty, he began to take a leading part in the debates. The question of patronage was then at its most critical stage; and the younger party in the Church were determined to secure the independence of the patron and—as they held—of the clergy, by insisting that the settlement of presentees should proceed according to the law of the Church. It was not, in their opinion, enough that a Special Commission should be appointed to perform a duty refused by a recalcitrant Presbytery. The Presbytery must comply with the order of the Assembly, or must face the alternative of deposition.

Robertson took a prominent part in the debates on

the subject in 1751, and had the support of some of the foremost laymen in the Assembly, including Sir Gilbert Elliot and Andrew Pringle, afterwards a Lord of Session under the title of Lord Aylmoor. They found as yet little support in the Assembly, and obtained only 11 votes against nearly 200 which were cast in favour of temporising measures. Confident that they had common-sense and the laws of the Church in their favour, Robertson and his friends continued the struggle until it ended next year in the firm handling of the recalcitrant Presbytery of Dunfermline, and finally in the deposition of Gillespie.

Such an example restored order to the Church and began a new era in her history. "Young men of genius and ability," to use the words of Dr. Carlyle of Inveresk, "were no longer afraid that the knowledge acquired and the habits induced by a liberal education would disqualify them for obtaining popular calls and thus exclude them from benefices."

But Robertson, as we have seen, found other fields for the display of his abilities besides Church courts. Edinburgh was then the centre of a brilliant literary coterie, which comprised names that stand high in the annals of English literature, and could rival the metropolis itself in the ardour with which every variety of literary effort was pursued. The members of that coterie were able by education and by genius to extend their range far beyond the limits of their own country, and were the friends and intimates of men of similar pursuits in every European capital. No development of literary and philosophical activity was ever more sudden and more far-reaching; and the result was that Edinburgh in the course of one generation advanced from the position of a comparatively small and un-

important town, whose political influence had decayed, and which had never advanced a claim to be a centre of thought and literary influence, to become the chosen resort of all who were interested in philosophical speculation, in historical research, or in the advancement of literary culture. This influence penetrated into all the leading ranks of society. The landed aristocracy, who had hitherto nursed the decaying embers of their former power in ignorance, overbearing tyranny to their inferiors, and political intrigue, now began to take their part in a more liberal scheme of thought and life, and found their advantage in admitting other claims to social recognition than those of a long and not always a very illustrious pedigree. The lawyers began to find that law was not merely a clumsy and mechanical apparatus composed of lumbering precedents and whimsical theories, but a system which had its base in principle, and might be expanded and developed on philosophical grounds and linked to every form of intellectual progress. And it is no small praise to Robertson and his party that they managed to secure for the Church its share in this general expansion, and to prove that its clergy might be men of such scholarship and literary achievement as to entitle them to take their place amongst the leading men of the nation, and to make their influence felt even in the southern metropolis.

In 1754 there arose in Edinburgh one of those institutions which were characteristic of last century, and which did much to affect its development. In that year the Select Society was formed by Allan Ramsay, the portrait-painter and son of the poet, whose courtly manners, versatile genius, and wide and varied experience had made him the favourite artist

of the most select clique of London society, and had endeared him to the choicest spirits of many lands. The Society met at first in the Advocates' Library, and began with a membership of fifteen, but soon increased. It comprised, indeed, all that was most choice in a circle that has rarely been excelled, or even equalled, in any town of the same size as was Edinburgh in the middle of last century.

There were gathered together men not only distinguished by every variety of talent and distinction, but whose characters presented that endless diversity of humour and of taste that give to any society its chief relish and delight. We are apt to picture to ourselves the eighteenth century as the age of formal manners and conventional ideas, settling down into a dull sedateness after the feverish political struggles of the preceding century. We see its leaders stalking, with grave demeanour and in stately dress, through the ample space which they kept for themselves by holding far aloof the vulgar herd, with whom they sought no contact, and in whose fate they took an interest that seems but cold and remote, if compared with the energetic and fussy benevolence of our own day, with its imagined millennium when all classes will be fused. The echo of their voices seems to fall on our ears in measured tones, and in turns of phrase that sound conventional and insincere. We read of their aims in philosophy, in religion, and politics with the suspicion that they are all selfish and superficial, and that they never reached to the kernel of the human interest involved. We look back upon their literary achievements, and, while we are forced to admire their easy extent of range, we still nurse a satisfactory pride in our own specialising and minuteness of research. But

it is only when we come to see them as they are that we realise how closely many of their phases of mind approach to our own, how strong and permanent has been their influence, and how full they were of that strong and lusty impulsiveness which gives its chief charm to any human society. The Select Society which Allan Ramsay founded soon embraced all that was worthy of notice in this much diversified group. Within a year its numbers rose from fifteen to more than a hundred, and comprised the leading members of the aristocracy, of the legal profession, and of the clerical order. Amongst these Robertson and his *confrères* took no mean position; and, from being a despised and inferior class, the clergy were now found to be worthy combatants either in the debates of the Society or in the friendly rivalry of conversation at the convivial parties with which its meetings concluded. To shine in such a galaxy was no easy task.

There was David Hume, about whose name there gathered a suspicious cloud of atheism, which did not weigh with undue heaviness either on himself or his companions, and which seemed only to serve as a subject of easy banter, the extent and sincerity of his doubts being only vaguely guessed, and the strictness of his heterodoxy being open to suspicion. His facile and genial philosophy was much more of a literary interest than an anxious attempt to solve metaphysical questions, or to frame a new speculative theory. It did not detach him from his fellow-men, who were content to follow in the beaten tracks, and to accept the ordinary notions of current orthodoxy as, on the whole, a sufficiently satisfactory basis for the conduct of life. It gave him, indeed, a bond of sympathy with those around him, because they, like him, were anxious

to escape from the trammels of a narrow and confined theology, and to accept their share in the larger speculations which were going on in the world beyond their own circle, and were not prone to be timid before speculative questions which, a generation before, it would have been held an act of daring impiety even to broach. They did not, indeed, extend any sympathy to his assaults on revealed religion, because they felt that such assaults were only too likely to arouse the fanatic enthusiasm which it was their chief business to combat; nay, even that assaults on revealed religion were apt, in the hands of less equable and fair-minded apostles than Hume, to partake of the spirit of that fanaticism, and to borrow many of its weapons. They felt that their strength lay in avoiding all such questions, in entrenching their own freedom by the laws of the Church which involved the orthodoxy of her doctrines, in promulgating a code of less restricted morals, and in strengthening and extending their influence by excursions into the domains of secular literature. Hume wore his heterodoxy lightly. He did not refuse to conform to the ordinances of the Church; and he would rally the preacher of the new school, in a friendly banter, upon the parallel between his sermon and one of Cicero's Academics, and regret that "such heathen morality should pass in East Lothian."[1] On the Monday morning another tone would appear; and the appearance of a Bible in the breakfast-room would move a simulated dread, and lead him to beg that "the enemy might be taken away." It is evident that Hume and his friends, however sincere might be their own tenets, and however heartily they might have maintained them

[1] Dr. Carlyle's "Reminiscences."

in serious combat, would find little difficulty in adjusting their intercourse, and were at one in their sympathetic hatred of a narrow or fanatical bigotry.

No man could have sought for a companion more delightful or entertaining than Hume. With wide experience, with the dignity of an independent thinker, with the concentration and abundant stores of the student, he united a simplicity which thought no evil, and an almost childlike pleasure in the happiness of social intercourse. He fenced himself in with no artificial barrier of haughtiness or reserve. He had an easy flow of humour, which was in his case accompanied, as it not always is, by that social tact which is rooted in good-nature and benevolence. "His conversation," says one of his friends, "was truly irresistible, for while it was enlightened, it was naïve almost to puerility." He excelled above all in that perfect form of raillery which Swift has described—the art of making apparent sarcasm suggest the best qualities of those against whom the sarcasm appears to be directed. No man could attract more successfully all characters and all ages. He could soothe the aged or the unfortunate as happily as he could please the young and frolicsome. With all his calmness of temper, and all his boldness of speculation, he was like a child in his discernment of character, and partook in no degree of that useful but not altogether pleasant faculty of reading character with a judicial eye. If he was an object of suspicion to those whose peace might be disturbed by rumours of his atheism, they were quickly disarmed by his irresistible personality. The mother of Adam, the architect, welcomed to her table all her son's friends, but warned that son against bringing the atheist within her doors. But Hume was brought into

the circle under another name, and his identity was carefully concealed. "Your companions are all agreeable," she told her son, "but the large jolly man who sat next me is the most agreeable of them all." "This is the very atheist, mother," answered Adam, "that you were so much afraid of." "Bring him here," was the answer, "as much as you please: he is the most innocent, agreeable, facetious man I ever met with." No wonder that his companions loved him, that the younger clergy found his attentions to them flattering, and that they rejoiced to find a fount of sympathy in one whom their predecessors one or two generations before would have judged fit only for the gallows or the stake. No wonder that they refused to believe the worst that was said of his unbelief, and encouraged the notion that his calm and almost indifferent scepticism covered an underlying faith which seemed a necessary ingredient of a character so lovable.

Another of this circle was Dr. Alexander Carlyle of Inveresk, whose "Reminiscences" have preserved for us a wonderful picture of the society in which he moved. In a long life he combined a marvellously wide range of experience. In his youth he had been witness of the stirring scenes of the Rebellion, and had been an actual spectator of the battle of Prestonpans, which took place close to his father's manse. His knowledge of political parties extended from Walpole to Pitt, and his literary interest embraced all the wide range from Allan Ramsay to Burns and Southey, and Wordsworth and Scott. He had seen the rout of Sir John Cope, when the whole power of the British Crown was shaken by the onslaught of some three thousand undisciplined Highlanders, and he lived to hear of the battle of the Nile, when England

became mistress of the seas. As a boy he had seen Lovat in his cups, and as an old man he discussed with his correspondents the merits of the *Anti-Jacobin*. He had entered into every circle of society, from that of the Covenanters, still lingering in the south-west in the days of his youth, to the coteries of Bond Street and Piccadilly. Throughout the whole of the last half of the century we see him pursuing one persistent aim —that of liberalising the Scottish Church, promoting, by every means in his power, her close connection with the State and the Law, and combating all that savoured of the barren and bigoted code of morals that regarded all that was secular as wicked, and all that appertained to the embellishment of life or the amusement of its leisure as the manifestation of the powers of evil and as a tampering with the accursed thing. The incidents of the struggles in which he and his sympathisers were involved will emerge as we survey these years.

On the other side in the Church were some men of note who represent characteristics that are marked and interesting. The Church was now freed, for good or ill, from those who dissented from her new spirit and felt themselves bound to resist her new policy. More than one seceding sect had formed itself outside her pale; and as time went on, the propensity to find new causes of discord grew by exercise, and led to new swarms forming hives for themselves, whence they denounced in no measured terms the lax tenets of those with whom they had been associated up to a certain point in their secession from the Establishment. Thus the Associate Presbytery, which had been formed after the expulsion of the Erskines in 1739, soon broke up into

two sects—the Burghers and the Anti-burghers—according as they judged the Burgess oaths, which affirmed the duty of maintaining the religion established by law, to be such as a nice conscience could accept or reject. Gillespie and his adherents formed another sect, which called itself the Relief, and which did not view its separation from the Church on the question of patronage to be a matter which need involve a permanent banishment from her fold. Once begun, the genius of dissent multiplied itself rapidly, and each phase repeated only the spirit of resistance to an Erastian establishment, but found elements of discord in subtle degrees of the variation from her discipline which they represented.

But even within the Establishment there were men who sympathised in spirit rather with the seceders than with the party to which men like Robertson and Carlyle adhered. The chief of these was Dr. Alexander Webster, minister of the Tolbooth Church, whose leading traits we have already touched upon, and whose varied characteristics serve as an epitome of much that was distinctive of the time and scene in which he played a conspicuous part. In 1745 he was in the prime of his life and influence, and had many natural gifts that made that influence a powerful one. He was a man of striking and imposing appearance, of abundant mother-wit and natural eloquence. The most learned could not but admit the force of his pulpit oratory, and to the mass of his audience he had an irrestible attraction. But, on the other hand, he was rough and unpolished in manner, and frequently degraded himself and his position by coarse horseplay and by unseemly conviviality. Not that the latter altogether detracted from his influence, or was without

its use. In an age when hard drinking was the fashion, it was no small matter to possess a head strong enough to preserve its clearness after prolonged potations, and to have a well-earned reputation for being able to drink the strongest topers of the day under the table. It was said, indeed, that in such scenes he preserved his decorum and restrained the outbursts of his boon companions. But even in that age the fame of a seasoned reveller could at least be used to a man's detriment by those who had other reasons for detraction; and the nickname of Dr. *Magnum Bonum*, which his potations of the favourite Scottish drink—claret—won for him, was banded about not altogether to his credit. Added to this, he was a sedulous spiritual adviser of wealthy dames, and was remembered by them in legacies which were quickly spent in that easy if not spendthrift way of life in which his soul delighted. All the stranger is it that such a man should for many years have occupied the position of leader of the High-flyers, or strictest party in the Church, who adhered most tenaciously to Calvinistic doctrines, resisted the encroachments of patronage, and welcomed the popular and enthusiastic preaching of Whitfield. It would be wrong to accuse Webster of conscious insincerity. He was a man of ardent temperament, impassioned eloquence, and keen sympathy. To such a man the attractions of the society in which he lived were irresistible. It was a part of his character—perhaps a part of his better qualities—that he cared little for his own self-respect, and threw himself with zest into the vigorous and unrestrained conviviality that was the fashion of the day and place. As he found himself forced into the position of leader, he was compelled to adapt himself

to the exigencies of that position, to the sacrifice at times of strict consistency and of high-toned honour. He was alternately in opposition to, and a supple supporter of, Lord Islay, as Walpole's representative in Scotland, according as the lofty themes of the patriot party stimulated him to opposition, or the interests of his own party in the Church made it necessary to cultivate the reigning power. While the ostensible leader of the High-flying party, he was not insensible to its weaknesses; and it is recorded of him that he lamented the necessity which he was under of voting with fools while he drank with gentlemen. His opponents did not spare his weaknesses; but, on the whole, we may fairly judge him to have been a man of generous sympathies and warm aspirations, who was forced into a position for which he cared little, and who was indisposed to press harshly the asperities of ecclesiastical controversy. He was by no means an edifying specimen of a Christian clergyman, and his energies were too often devoted to purely secular business—as his connection with the building improvements in Edinburgh, where he advised the magistrates over copious libations—or to the financial rather than the religious interests of the Church, as in the settlement of the Clergy Widows' Fund, which owed much to his tact and energy. But it was plain that the remnant of the stricter party in the Church, which had remained within her borders after repeated secessions, were not a powerful or very enthusiastic faction when they found their leader in such a man. Partly from disinclination, partly from the pressure of circumstances and the loss of influence, he gradually withdrew from ecclesiastical disputes, and for many years before his death, in 1783, he had ceased to play

any leading part in them. It is characteristic of him that the last night but one before his final illness was spent in prayer at the house of one of his wealthy lady friends, and the night which succeeded in carousing at the tavern with a company of his friends.

Amongst the men whose position was not so well defined, but who wavered between the two parties, were Dr. Robert Wallace and the two brothers Wishart —the Principal of Edinburgh University and his brother George. The first was chiefly distinguished as a mathematician; but into his ministrations he brought more of the ardour of the poet and of the high aspirations of the philosopher than of the hard and dry intellect of the mathematical professor. He entered the lists of controversy with Hume, roused the patriotism of the nation by his political dissertations, and indulged a certain vein of religious philosophy when the Scottish philosophical school was in its infancy, and when its assaults on religious orthodoxy were hardly anticipated. It was, indeed, chiefly by his amazing versatility that he was characteristic of his time; and in the midst of all his various activities and speculations, he found time for the delights of social intercourse, of which Edinburgh was then the choicest of centres, and left behind him, when he died in 1771, a memory of the most cultivated, the most ingenious, and the most courteous of companions.

The Wisharts were men of good family who had the benefit of an English education, and who brought to the Scottish Church something of the spirit of English dissent in which they had been bred. Both were men of high scholarship, but it was Dr. George Wishart who attracted the larger following and won the largest share of affection and respect. It was characteristic of

the man and of his earnestness as a parish priest that he bound himself but slightly by the ties of party allegiance, and found it easy after the death of his brother, who had belonged to the popular party, to draw closer the ties of sympathy that drew him towards the moderate party.[1]

Such were some of the men who formed the society of the Scottish capital in the years that followed the Rebellion—a society singularly rich in interest, and at the same time singularly marked by the strong and vigorous contrasts among its elements. There was a powerful strain of the old enthusiasm and high-strung ethical strain of the Covenanters, mixed with a free and almost boisterous love of social enjoyments, which that Covenanting spirit had never expelled, but which it had forced into a certain semblance of decorousness which might strike a stranger as hypocritical, but which was in truth only the effervescence of a perfervid vigour of life. There was a substratum of rigid Calvinism side by side with a philosophical spirit which treated religion as only one phase of philosophical discussion, and which looked with some leniency, if not with actual sympathy, upon systems which inevitably assailed religious orthodoxy. There was a sturdy adherence to Presbytery, as the ecclesiastical form distinctive of the nation's history, joined to a wide toleration for other systems of ecclesiastical polity, which it held to be matter of secondary importance. There was a tenacity in maintaining Scottish modes of diction and Scottish methods of thought, while at the same time there was enough of literary interest and literary acumen to see

[1] We learn this from the Recollections of Ramsay of Ochtertyre, a rambling but rich mine for the study of Scottish characteristics of the latter half of the eighteenth century.

that the dialect and expression of the southern nation must be acquired—although with the labour necessary to acquire a foreign tongue—before any impression could be made by Scotland upon the prose literature of the combined nations. The revival of the Scottish vernacular, which was to find its culmination before the century closed, and was to leave its mark on poetry, was as yet only in its infancy, and awaited a stronger genius to give to it its full force and influence. There was a society, rough indeed, and almost primitive in some of its phases, but rich in natural energy and variety, and abundant in its opportunities of quick and varied suggestiveness. There was a spirit of Whiggish independence that exaggerated the tenets of the revolution, and was bold in its schemes of national development; and side by side with it there was a quaint and romantic strain of Jacobitism that did not cease to penetrate the spirit and affect the tone of society, even although it had abandoned any practical scheme of making itself politically operative. The politics of the central government were regarded from afar, and the view of them was singularly unlike that of the petty factions which struggled for power about the waiting-rooms of the Pelhams and the purlieus of St. James's and Leicester House. Particular acts of the Government were indeed criticised or scanned with jealousy; but in the main that Government was supported by the most stable elements of Scottish society as a bulwark against disorder, a sound helper towards national prosperity, and as a tolerant and unprejudiced, even if not a cordial or enthusiastic, supporter of the Scottish Church. Only slowly and by degrees were the later distinctions between the Whig and Tory parties to find their counterparts in Scotland.

In this society the Church undoubtedly held a predominant influence. Within the Universities there was little idea of combating her influence. Her clergy were gaining day by day an advance in social consideration and in influence. More and more they were discarding the narrow and fanatical spirit that had distinguished her adherents under the pressure of resistance to tyranny. Their culture was wider, and they were asserting for themselves a more indubitable position in the world of letters.

And in addition to this, the Church courts were attracting more and more the attention of the leading laymen, and especially of the lawyers. Her Assembly was an admirable school of debate, and the Scottish Bench and Bar were well represented in its discussions. This drew together more closely the lay and clerical elements of society, for the advantage of both. The parties in the Church had their lay as well as their clerical adherents. The contact broke down, on the side of the clergy, any spirit of ecclesiastical domination, and, on the side of the lawyers, it inspired an atmosphere of less pedantic and cramped discussion, and inculcated a more popular and direct method of oratory. The spread of literary and philosophical discussion widened the range of legal argument, and substituted a more free and a more liberal treatment of legal questions, and one which dissipated the narrow and scholastic methods of the older legal school. Lawyers and clergy alike found themselves associated in common projects of national improvement, and in common topics of literary and philosophical interest; and the association boded well, not less for the nation than for the two professions.

The various phases of Scottish society in the period

of George II.'s reign which followed the Rebellion of 1745 are indeed bewildering in their diversity; and before summarising the principal topics of these years it is necessary to give some picture of them. First came the territorial aristocracy, stript of much of their power, and with no wealth that could compensate its loss. Many of the leading families had paid the penalty of political defection in the forfeiture of their estates; but the attachment to the old families was still so great, little as they did to deserve it, that we find many of them managing by one means or another to recover a portion at least of their hereditary property, even where a skilful distribution of the family between the different sides in the civil war had not enabled some member of the house to pose as its representative, and prove a sufficient modicum of loyalty to furnish out a claim for possession. By various deftly contrived alliances with the leaders of English politics, the remnants of the territorial aristocracy contrived to maintain some influence and importance, and they still enjoyed a social predominance to which high notions of the dignity of birth gave a certain solid value. But as yet they had but little notion of cultivating their estates to profit. Agriculture was in its infancy, and the innate conservatism of the national character made the struggle of agricultural reformers a slow and arduous one. Beyond agriculture hardly any means of money-getting was open to them. Mercantile pursuits were still despised; nor were they indeed more than sufficient to satisfy the wants of the urban population. For the younger members of the territorial families almost the only resource was foreign service and the British army, and those who did not pursue such a career

did their best to eke out a livelihood in such callings as would now be deemed derogatory to their rank—those of petty tradesmen or innkeepers. The latter calling especially, strange as it may seem to our ideas, yet retained enough of the dignity of the Boniface, exercising a genial hospitality with something of independent authority, to enable it to claim some social consideration. It was no uncommon thing for a poorly provided younger son of some noble family to be found as the keeper of some petty hostelry.

In their manner of life there was a strange mixture of rustic simplicity and social pride. The domestic arrangements of the Scottish mansions were such as would be deemed sordid by the moderately prosperous tradesman of our day. Fresh meat was rarely seen in the houses of the moderate laird between December and midsummer. The language of ordinary intercourse was that of a primitive provincial dialect. Down to 1754, and even later, the use of a carriage was deemed an effeminate luxury, and a few carried their disdain of such a conveyance down to much later years. The education of the better class was meagre, and they knew little of the affairs of the world beyond their own immediate surroundings. With occasional bursts of extravagant display, they lived for the most part with the simplicity of Canadian settlers, and the plainest and most homely fare was only at rare intervals exchanged for an abundant, if not elegant, hospitality. To close the day in their cups was considered not only as involving no disgrace, but as a becoming sign of social complaisance without which the character of a gentleman would have been incomplete.

On the other hand, on special occasions, to which

their keen participation in social life made them susceptible—particularly at marriages, christenings, and, above all, at burials—there was much lavish display. The copious and often coarse hospitality of the Scottish funeral has become proverbial. It was indeed a necessary concomitant of their social tastes. The boon companionship which played so large a part in their life was not to be forgotten in its last scene, and the pervading sense of the closeness of the ties of kinship made the death scene of any prominent member of society a chosen and peculiar occasion for the cementing of these bonds. The honour, nay, even the respectability of the family was bound up with the observance of a lavish hospitality on such occasions, which led too often to scenes of coarse brutality and ruinous extravagance. Even of so eminently respectable a family as that of Forbes of Culloden it is related that at the funeral of a revered and much loved mother, the whole company was so drunk that they proceeded to the grave without bringing with them the coffin of her in whose honour they had met. Estates were crippled and tenants burdened for years by the lavishness of these displays; yet to have omitted, or even restricted, the expense would have implied a slur upon the family name which might have been more intolerable than debt or poverty.

So it was in dress. Ordinarily the dress of the landlord differed little from that of the most humble of his tenants. But on great occasions an expenditure on a lavish scale was considered necessary. Bridal dresses and trousseaux were furnished with much magnificence, and no little money was spent on rich materials and costly lace. The only check upon such expenditure was the fact that such rich apparel—towards the fabri-

cation of which the art of the dressmaker went for little, and which was little affected by the vagaries of fashion—was commonly transmitted from generation to generation, and formed no insignificant part of the "tocher" or dowry. The ladies' dressmaker was commonly the tailor, the niceties of whose art were small and scanty. Not until the middle of the century did the calling of the milliner become common even in Edinburgh.

The fashion of moving from place to place was necessarily restricted. The state of the roads was an effectual bar to the use of carriages, and when these were first introduced in any numbers, about the middle of the century, they were signs of state and dignity rather than accessories of comfort. For the most part such rare journeys as were performed were accomplished on horseback, and the ladies rode on pillions behind their spouses.

The habit usual amongst the aristocracy of spending a certain part of the year in Edinburgh gave to that city something of the dignity of a social centre, and brought the landed gentry into the closest contact with a highly cultivated circle of men whose learning and talents made the northern capital no unworthy rival of London. Nowhere were a larger number of men rising rapidly to fame for their genius and their learning gathered in the easiest habits of social intercourse. That circle had its attraction not for Scotsmen only, but for notable visitors from England and the Continent, and the genial gatherings in the old tenements that towered on either side of the High Street in a long line from Holyrood to the Castle, were known by the accounts of many from all lands who had found there an interest and a zest which were not surpassed in the

most brilliant coteries on the banks of the Thames or of the Seine.

Of this society perhaps the chief interest was contributed by the dominant section of it—the legal profession. The leaders of that profession still retained a close connection with the territorial aristocracy. Its gains were not large according to modern computation. The salary of an ordinary Judge of the High Court, even as recently augmented, amounted only to £700 a year. But the dignity of the office was great. The occupants of the Bench were entitled to the euphonious title of "Lord," and designated by the names of the estates which they had inherited or acquired. The older habits, which had made the judge to a large extent the henchman of the Government, and had linked their acquirements to the dusty learning of the civil law, which they expounded in a series of wire-drawn disquisitions, were now passing away. The study of the Pandects and the application of cut-and-dried maxims of the schools no longer absorbed the attention of the legal profession. An approach was made to the study of English legal principles, and without yielding any jot of the independence of Scottish national jurisprudence, the necessary intercourse between the leading lawyers of both countries, which was involved in a single Supreme Court of Appeal, insensibly brought about new sympathies and gave expansion to traditional methods. The heads of the legal profession were now men of great independence and of high spirit, but at the same time of wide interests, who were gradually enlarging the scope and adaptability of the legal system which they administered, and who often brought to its exposition an abundant equipment of general learning which enabled

them to associate on equal terms with the greater lights of literature, scholarship, and philosophy. There were men amongst them whose homeliness of manner and of phrase, and whose rugged nationality made them quaint and interesting members of a strangely mixed society; but their peculiarities were the result of a sturdy and masculine originality, or of an eccentricity which was too proud to conceal itself, and only in rare cases of a mere provincial ignorance and pedantry.

But high as was the dignity and independence of the bench, and wide as was its learning, the administration of the law presented some strange contrasts. The functions of judge and jury were only slowly becoming defined. The principles of the law of evidence were only vaguely grasped. Commercial law was only to grow with use, and where it was now called into requisition it was interpreted largely according to the obsolete maxims of the older writers on the civil law. The rules of criminal procedure were but loosely observed. It appears to have been no uncommon matter for a juryman to absent himself during the hearing of the evidence, and after he had refreshed himself at a neighbouring tavern to return and give his verdict in the light of such knowledge of the case as he might have gathered in the gossip of Parliament Close. Where there was, according to the phrase, "a famine of evidence," it was no uncommon thing for the public prosecutor to bargain with the prisoner that he should receive a sentence of transportation instead of running the risk of a trial where the odds were almost evenly balanced between an acquittal and the gallows. In a trial which engaged much attention in 1752—that of James Stewart for the murder of Campbell of Glenure, and which resulted in the conviction and execution of

the prisoner, a man of high character and good birth—it appeared that the procedure had been hopelessly faulty. The jury had been composed of men belonging to the Clan Campbell, whose head was the Duke of Argyle, and with such a jury no Stewart stood a chance of acquittal on the charge of the murder of a Campbell. Callous as it was, the public conscience received in this travesty of justice a shock from which it did not soon recover when the proof of a miscarriage of legal procedure, resulting in the judicial murder of an innocent man, became more and more overwhelming. The legal administration of the country was in the hands of men for the most part of high character and principle, and almost invariably of acute and keen intellect; but all that can be said of it is that it was approaching, but was still far from attaining, the standard necessary for a settled and expanding society entering upon new and complex activities, which demanded a humane and enlightened application of fixed legal principles upon well-regulated methods.

Besides the landed gentry, the clergy, and the law, there was another section of society which was rapidly advancing in position. At the beginning of the century, commerce, except in the narrowest sense, scarcely existed in Scotland. By the middle of the century it had not made any great advance, and nothing is more noteworthy than the fact that by far the most rapid advance of Scotland in wealth has occurred almost within living memory. But in 1750 the first movements of commercial enterprise were already set on foot. The mineral wealth of the country had already been tapped. The trade with the American colonies was established on a sound foundation. The linen manufacture was rapidly

expanding. No great fortunes were yet made, but it was of the first importance for the future of the country that the leaders of her earliest commercial efforts were men of shrewd character and of enlightened public spirit, whose sense of political responsibility had been developed by a very carefully organised system of municipal government—not popular, indeed, in its basis, but calling for very considerable discernment in its administration. That municipal government contained, indeed, much that was corrupt, and it was to all intents and purposes entirely irresponsible. But it placed authority in the hands of men who were often keen-sighted and prudent, zealous for the welfare of their town, and confining the advantages which they reaped from its administration within well-defined limits. Faulty as it was, no one could ever assert that Scottish unreformed municipal administration contained within it the widespread and flaunting political corruption which has in modern days, and in other countries than our own, given to popular municipal government an unenviable notoriety. The style of living amongst the citizens was plain and unpretentious, but their perseverance in thrift found an ample reward. As they advanced in wealth and in position, they did not hold themselves, and were not treated, as a class altogether apart from that of professional men. They attended the universities, they encouraged literature, they were even tolerated, where personal merit warranted it, within the intimate coteries of literature and of science; and in the ensuing century not a few of the leading families in Scotland owed their origin to some forebear who had played a worthy part in the first movements of Scottish commercial enterprise.

Of the prevailing tone of politics it is somewhat difficult to speak definitely. There was still a vague and hazy background of Jacobite feeling, but it was little more than a feeling, indulged in partly by way of romance, partly by way of a national protest. To those who shared in it, it seemed to impart a certain touch of aristocratic bias, and soothed susceptibilities that were irritated by the aggressive Whiggism of more modern spirits. It had about it a halo of fashion and an aroma of gentility, which affected especially the female section of society, and which kept it alive long after it had lost all active power, and when the romance of loyalty had become only a memory, to be revived, when the recollections of civil strife had become cold enough, to serve as safe material for the hand of genius to work upon. To the southern Scot the mountains of the Highlands were no longer an almost fabulous region, peopled by dangerous and lawless neighbours. They were a part of the nation, for the help and improvement of which new schemes were started, and over which the Church spared no pains to extend her hold. Measures of repression were occasionally resorted to, and the Act forbidding the wearing of the Highland dress was enforced with somewhat senseless rigour. But the conviction was slowly gaining force that the question of Highland pacification was not one for the military authority, but for the philanthropist and the economist.

Nothing in the history of Scotland during the last half of the eighteenth century is more important than the perseverance with which a policy of conciliation, combined with a strong but relentless pressing of the influence of the dominant Scottish creed, was pursued. Difference of race and religion com-

bined with a policy of repression would have bequeathed an undying hatred, and would have made of Scotland a second Ireland. The difference of religion might easily have continued. That it did not so continue is due mainly to the enlightened policy which led the Scottish Church to spare no pains to spread its influence, and which based that influence on the parish school, and hardly less to the generous determination to share with the Highlands, as far as possible, the advantages of improved economical conditions. The landed aristocracy were selfish, but they never repeated the errors of absentee landlordism and of alien sympathies which compassed the lasting injury of Ireland.

Apart from this question of Jacobitism, which was retreating into a shadowy distance, the political divisions of Scotland were in no way parallel to those of England. The party terms Whig and Tory had never borne the same meaning north and south of the Tweed. On the whole the balance of moderate opinion in Scotland gave a general support to the successive ministries of Walpole and the Pelhams and the elder Pitt. No wide body of opinion was affected in Scotland by the violent invectives of the fiercer faction fights which agitated England. If we examine the correspondence between the political managers of Scotland and their chiefs in the Government, we are constantly struck by the vainness of their efforts to explain Scottish topics in language that could be intelligible to men who were immersed in the toils of parties at Westminster, and to whom Scotland was a problem which they neither understood nor sought to understand. No country was ever helped less by its responsible Government than

Scotland was by the English ministries of the latter days of George II. The attacks upon and the defences of Walpole, which to the Englishman seemed the very kernel of politics, fell in Scotland upon listless ears, and the denunciations of the patriots roused there no enthusiasm. There was a chronic grumbling against the Union, but its outbursts were only occasional, and it required some special episode to arouse them. In the main the Government was represented by the Argyle family and their adherents. John, Duke of Argyle, who had entered more fully into English politics, died in 1743, and his brother and successor, Archibald, Earl of Islay, retained his connection with English parties only as a means whereby he might maintain his complete hold over Scottish affairs, as he continued to do until his death, at the age of eighty, in 1761. It will be our business hereafter to trace and to account for the growth and increased bitterness of two obstinate contending factions in Scottish politics. But for the present, if we set aside the vague and only half-acknowledged presence of a Jacobite element, sentimental rather than practical, we shall find that the most hotly contested wrangles in Scotland, during the closing years of George II., turned rather upon ecclesiastical and social than upon political questions, with an occasional interlude in which the spirit of Scottish nationality was aroused by some real or fancied insult. It is therefore in the social aspect of these years, and in the intellectual and material development which they witnessed, that their chief interest lies.

From the earliest years of the century, when the universities were acquiring greater influence and further

expansion by the substitution of the professorial for the tutorial system, a custom sprang up which had important results in stimulating intellectual activity. This was the formation of clubs, beginning amongst the students, but developing into associations of men of mature years and busy lives. Some of these we have already mentioned. But the list was long. Amongst the earliest of these was the Rankenian Society, which had much to do with the impulse towards philosophical speculation which formed so marked a feature of the century. This club continued to flourish from 1716 to 1760. A more important body was the Select Society (already named), founded by Allan Ramsay, the painter, in 1754, which speedily comprised all the leading men in Edinburgh. Amongst its members were enrolled Hume and Robertson, Adam Smith and Fergusson the historian, John Home, the author of "Douglas," and Professor Wilkie, the author of the "Epigoniad," besides Lord Hailes, Lord Monboddo, and Lord Kames, all men who joined to high legal position an active and keen interest in historical and philosophical questions. It did not last so long as the Rankenian Club, but it transmitted its spirit and its aims to other societies that sprang from its example. It was largely due to this society that a literary undertaking called the *Edinburgh Review* started in 1755 upon a brief career, which ended after two numbers had been published, but which, after the lapse of half a century, was to bequeath its name to an organ destined to a long and an eventful history.

A later society was that called the Poker Club,[1]

[1] From its stirring the embers of a keen contention about the organisation of a Scottish Militia.

which was started in 1760. The Medical Society was first set on foot in 1731, and was enlarged in membership and in scope by Maclaurin, the celebrated professor of mathematics, in 1739, so as to embrace all subjects of literary and philosophical interest. It was then called the "Society for Improving Arts and Sciences," or the "Philosophical Society," and in 1783 was extended into the Royal Society of Edinburgh. From an early period in its existence it offered premiums for various practical improvements and for essays upon subjects of economic interest; and its influence on the development of new systems of agriculture and new methods of manufacture was wide and lasting.

All these and other similar societies were important, not only for their active encouragement of all schemes of national improvement, but also for the powerful impulse which they gave to intellectual development. Their chief feature was the intermixture of all classes, political, legal, and mercantile, and the free footing upon which the territorial gentry, the representatives of the aristocracy, and the clergy met with those whose claim to consideration rested only upon professional merit or upon sincere interest in intellectual problems. To a certain extent they were symptoms only of the keen and quick intellectual interest which was characteristic of the society of the Scottish capital in these days, but none the less they played an important part in fostering that interest. It was in the tavern where they met for the exchange of serious argument and lively repartee that the stranger visiting Edinburgh was best able to appreciate the peculiar charm of its society—so famed for its comprehensiveness, its energy, and its matchless versatility.

The stage upon which they acted may to our eyes seem a small one. The nation had as yet made little way upon the path of national prosperity. Its material development was as yet but small. The range of intellectual interest was comparatively limited, and the methods of last century may seem to us to take insufficient account of the vast variety of popular wants. But weighed simply by their advances on the previous age, we shall find rather matter for astonishment in their many-sided activity. The Board of Manufactures owed its origin to a stipulation in the Treaty of Union, by which a certain sum was to be allowed for the encouragement of fisheries and manufactures in Scotland, as an equivalent for the custom and excise duties imposed upon Scotland towards the payment of the English national debt. Commissioners were appointed to administer this fund, and in 1727 letters patent were issued constituting a Board of Trustees for managing the revenue upon a settled plan. That Board was composed of men of the highest station in the kingdom, and it was zealous in its efforts for the encouragement of every form of commercial enterprise.[1] Men whose occupations seemed likely to engross them in altogether different pursuits threw themselves, in their leisure hours, with enthusiasm into schemes for the improvement of agriculture. In Edinburgh there were new efforts towards founding a satisfactory system of poor relief. The Infirmary was established on a scale before undreamed of. The embellishment of the capital—favoured by natural situation beyond any capital of Europe—was the aim of a large and com-

[1] Owing largely to their encouragement, the annual value of the Scottish linen manufacture rose from £103,000 in 1728 to £424,000 in 1758, and doubled the latter value in the next thirty years.

prehensive association, which did not scruple to propose the hazardous legislative experiment of compulsory purchase—then deemed to be a dangerous and revolutionary interference with the rights of property—in order to accomplish its aim. Nor were schemes of improvement limited to the capital. The nation felt that a new responsibility was placed upon it in the administration of the Highlands—subdued indeed, and stript of their ancient clan system, but as yet centuries behind the world in all the essentials of civilised life. The administration of the forfeited estates, which from 1745 to the restoration of these forfeitures in 1784, remained in the hands of the Commissioners of Annexed Estates, was conducted on enlightened principles. The Commissioners took account of the needs of the native population, and spent freely from their revenues in promoting the religious and intellectual welfare of that population. New roads were to be made, new manufactures encouraged, new outlets opened, and capital, trifling to the estimate of to-day, but unduly extravagant according to the more timid critics of 1750, was to be spent in cutting new waterways through the length and breadth of the land.[1]

Nor were the softer sciences for the lightening and brightening of life neglected. Literature was not to be confined to grave and serious subjects. Mechanical and inventive genius was not to be spent only on the

[1] The project of a canal between the Forth and the Clyde is said to have been suggested by Charles II. At that time it was abandoned, but revived in 1722. At length, in 1762, it was taken up by the Board of Manufactures, and was carried into execution in 1768, at a cost of £300,000. This was more than double the whole revenue of Scotland at the time of the Union. In 1706 that revenue was £100,000; in 1800 it had grown to £1,790,000; and at the latter date it was only entering upon its period of greater expansion.

useful. Religion was not to wear only an aspect of grim and dogmatic repulsiveness. The nation was not only entering upon a period of material advance after ages of stress and poverty; it was also emerging into a period of cheerfulness after a long era of gloom and depression. In its grim and serious mood it had stripped life of its ornaments, identified religion with the sad weeds of mourning, and looked askance upon all that might seem to allure its thoughts from the asperities of existence. Its task was now not only to increase its store and to extend its enterprise, but also to lift a heavy load off its own mood, and weave with its life something that might give it new brightness and new elasticity. The fine arts found their patrons; schools of design were opened under the patronage of those to whom commerce was slowly bringing her rewards.[1] A lighter note was heard in her poetry, and the echoes of distant ages, when Scottish song was more light-hearted, were beginning to be heard. Scottish prose was beginning to escape, not only from the trammels of provincial dialect, but from the even more dangerous pitfall of undue and affected imitation of English models, which had been a marked feature of the style of Scottish writers in the earlier part of the century. The great difficulty with Scottish authors was to handle English style otherwise than as a language studied only from books. "Our greatest difficulty," says Beattie, in a letter quoted in his Life by Sir William Forbes, "is to give a vernacular cast to the English we write. . . . We who live in Scotland are obliged to study English from books, like a dead

[1] Mr. Robert Foulis, printer to the University of Glasgow, opened a school for painting and sculpture in his own city about 1750. The same object was attained in Edinburgh in 1758.

language. Accordingly, when we write, we write it like a dead language. . . . Our style is stately and unwieldy, and clogs the tongue in pronunciation, and smells of the lamp. . . . In a word, we handle English as a person who cannot fence handles a sword." To perceive this besetting error was to go a long way to curing it.

The fanatical fervour which deemed that religious worship was sincere only in proportion as it was uncouth was losing its force, and schools were established in various towns in which some musical instruction could be obtained, and the services of the Church rendered less repellent to any ear save that of the chastened enthusiast. Scotland had once given token of a popular taste for music, Might not the faculty dormant only since the early years of the sixteenth century be once more awakened?

By-and-by, even more questionable allurements were flouted in the eyes of the people, to stir the ire and awaken the opposition of those who looked askance upon such dangerous innovations. In 1755 we hear of entertainments at Comely Garden, near Holyrood, in the fashion of those at Vauxhall. Dancing assemblies became frequent. Theatres were opened and received abundant patronage.[1] It is true that a potent reason prevented even highly flavoured comedy from exercising any very deleterious effect. Being acted in English, they were not understood. A lady of the day was questioned as to her feelings in listening to some play of doubtful propriety. "There

[1] Theatrical entertainments had been given from 1719. "Macbeth" was one of the plays most liked by an Edinburgh audience; and the Jacobites used to find allusions in the scene between Macbeth and Malcolm which were accentuated by significant applause.

was nothing wrong that I saw," she answered; "and as for what they said, it was high English, and I did not understand it." Lastly, and worst of all, a dramatic play was actually produced by a minister of the Church, and its rehearsals were followed with eager interest by some of his fellow-clergy, who did not scruple to show themselves at its first representation, having previously, it was whispered, personally assisted at the rehearsals, and caroused with those scapegoats of society—the actors and actresses. It was time for offended propriety to rouse itself to resistance. The descendants of John Knox, the grandchildren of the Covenanters, might well deem that the iniquities of Babylon were coming upon them in a flood.

It was in 1757 that this episode, which stirred abundance of feeling at the time, took place. John Home, the minister of Athelstaneford, was a young clergyman of a singularly simple and lovable character, but quite unfitted for the rough and acrid warfare of the ecclesiastical arena. His experience had already been a strange one. He had taken an active part in the Rebellion (of which he afterwards wrote an account) on the side of the Government, and owed his life, when taken prisoner by the rebels, first to the magnanimity which led the Chevalier to deal leniently with his captives, and then to the dexterity with which he and some companions managed to escape from the castle of Stirling. He had now produced a play, under the title of "Douglas," of which the literary merits are not so apparent to modern readers as they were to his contemporaries, but which had its own literary importance as a precursor of the romantic revival which was ere long to make itself more dis-

tinctly felt. The play was refused by Garrick; but under the patronage of the leaders of Edinburgh society, and with all the curiosity naturally aroused by a bold innovation, it was represented on the Edinburgh stage, and enlisted on its behalf not merely the sympathy of a society anxious to escape from the trammels of conventional propriety, but a full measure of patriotic ardour. This was in the autumn of 1756; and strange stories were current of how the most notable of Edinburgh citizens had actually played at the rehearsals, and had hob-nobbed with actors whose very names were an embodiment of licentious disregard for all wonted proprieties. In the early months of 1757 a coalition was formed between the High-flyers of the Church and those who had other causes of jealousy, with the view of exercising condign discipline upon the bold innovators. At the head of the denouncing phalanx was the leader of the stricter party in the Church, Dr. Webster, whose lack of personal austerity, as we have already seen, had procured for him the nickname of Dr. *Magnum Bonum*. Like others of his party, Webster was scandalised by any indecencies except those of the table, copious indulgence in which was not held to detract from the sacred character. But they had some unwonted, strange allies. Dr. Cumin, who was still the nominal leader of the older Moderates, joined forces with Webster, partly from a fear that his own party might be compromised, and partly from jealousy of some of the younger adherents of that party. Dundas of Arniston, then Lord-Advocate, whose life and character, with due allowances for the idiosyncrasies of the time, entitled him to all respect, but who had some hereditary leaning to the High-flying party, and

who was not more averse than they from the pleasures of the table, joined in their opposition. He was moved thereto largely by the fact that the Duke of Argyle and his henchman Lord Milton, who belonged to the opposite political party—so far as political parties could be said to be opposed, when they rested on very little basis except that of personal connection—were pronounced patrons of Home.

It is to be noticed that the habit of attending the theatre on the part of the clergy was not entirely new. It had already been usual for the country clergy, when visiting Edinburgh, to relax their habitual restraint to the exigencies of public opinion, and to spend an occasional evening in the theatre, where, as they were not known, their presence could cause no scandal. But now the attendance was open and avowed: and the chief culprits were some of the younger clergy, whose attitude was one of pronounced defiance to the stricter brethren. Some half-dozen of these clergy belonged to Presbyteries in the immediate neighbourhood of Edinburgh: and the influence of Webster induced the Edinburgh Presbytery to address remonstrances to those neighbouring Presbyteries against their peccant members. The threat of proceedings appalled some of the weaker brethren, who pleaded inadvertence, and promised to amend their ways—and excused themselves on the strange ground that they had done all they could to elude observation. Others took a bolder line, and amongst these the chief was Dr. Alexander Carlyle of Inveresk, who was the centre of the more liberal party in the Church. While he boldly maintained the moral rectitude of his action, he was skilful enough to take his stand upon every technical plea which the laws of the Church furnished,

and which he knew to have a peculiar charm for the ears of his ecclesiastical brethren. He found support in his own congregation, and while he yielded all outward tokens of respect to his clerical critics, he made no secret of his intention to be the sole judge of his own conduct, and professed no repentance for his error. The boldness of his attitude had its reward. The Presbytery of Dalkeith, before which he was libelled, found its action questioned, and was glad to temporise. In the end a mild sentence of rebuke was passed by the Synod, to which the case was appealed, and this was finally approved by the Assembly. Carlyle "trusted that he would not give cause of offence in future"—but left it vague, whether that offence would be avoided by an alteration in the views of the Church, or by a restraint upon his own liberty. A resolution was passed that ministers should not attend the theatre. Both parties were glad to avoid extreme measures: but it was fully recognised that the resolution was a *brutum fulmen*. Those who wished to attend the theatre did so as they pleased, and the freedom of action thus vindicated led to such a change of habit and of judgment that in 1784, when Mrs. Siddons was playing in Edinburgh, the Assembly held its meetings on the alternate days when she did not perform—as on the other days no quorum could be brought together. Even lax interpreters of the dictates of ecclesiastical decorum might doubt whether such compliance was altogether decent, or was demanded in the interests of private relaxation. It is only a new proof that the Scottish character is somewhat prone to extremes. On the whole, the triumph for Carlyle and his party was complete. Cumin's trimming lost him the leadership of the Moderates, which passed to Robertson. John Home,

the first cause of all the hubbub, who had no taste for ecclesiastical strife, retired from the ministry, and took leave of his congregation in a sermon which moved his flock to tears. The episode is interesting in itself as an illustration of the change of manners. It is interesting also as showing how the Moderates were at this time so little identified with the Tories, that they acted in alliance with the Whig ministers against the Tory Dundas, who was courted by the High-flyers —the lineal descendants of the old Covenanters of the hills.

It may, not unreasonably, be said that a Church which thus occupied its thoughts and the energies of the younger men in securing a certain relaxation in a not very important point of social practice, was not deeply interested in the more serious problems of religious thought, and was not profoundly imbued with any far-reaching question of social ethics. The excellence, as literature, of Home's tragedy has not been accepted by posterity; and its importance as an instrument in affecting thought may well be doubted. But each age has its own work to do: and while we may not claim for the more liberal party in the Church of Scotland in the middle of last century any lofty appreciation of the more complex questions of social morality or the more abstruse problems of religious belief, we must at the same time remember what were the conditions of the time; how needful it was to break the bondage of a narrow-minded convention, and to open the door to some wider literary influence: and as a forerunner of what was to come the work of Carlyle and his friends was not without its solid weight. They were not great or heroic reformers: they were simply men of the world, conscious of a certain rectitude of purpose,

bold enough to resist a cramping convention, asserting in their own way, and for their own time, a liberty which was to have far-reaching results. They put forward no claim to profound admiration, or to enthusiastic elevation of purpose: but none the less they played a manly part, from which men less conscious of their own sincerity of purpose might well have shrunk. He understands but little of the weightier issues of Scottish history who sees in the stern creed and ascetic manners of the Scottish Covenanters nothing but an erroneous code of morals, and a narrow scheme of religion. That code and that religion had impressed themselves upon the national character, and given to it much of the dignity and tenacity, much of the singleness of purpose, to which it owed its strength. But these had done their work: and it was no small thing that a body of men now became a dominant power in the Church who were bold enough to look beyond her borders, to recognise new influences, and to resolve that to her service there should be attracted talents and tastes which had long been weighed down by the sterner mood which her stormy history had forced upon her. With many opinions and many principles which separated them from the speculations of the philosophers, and which made them unable to embrace all the new views that were approaching in the domain of literature and of thought, they were nevertheless able, across these differences, to join hands with men of diverse cast, who were advancing on lines that affected a wider arena than that of Scotland.

This struggle had concerned Scotland alone, and its object had been to keep Scotland abreast of her southern neighbour. The next question which agitated the

minds of Scotsmen was more directly political, and the same impulse which had prompted men to shake off an outworn convention now prompted them to claim for Scotland her part in a great national movement, which might help to bury in oblivion the memories of recent political events. However much Jacobitism might remain, as a more or less romantic memory, tinging the feelings of many members of Scottish society, it was none the less clear to men of discrimination that its day of active energy was past. The existing dynasty had lost for Scotsmen much of its personal aspect, and had gathered about it a certain feeling of general loyalty to the Crown, which was perhaps not the less strong that it was not based upon familiarity with the court of George II. There was no party in Scotland that bore any resemblance to the Patriots of England, who were believed to be imbued with something like Jacobite principles, chiefly because they gave point to a virulent opposition to the existing government. In Scotland that government was looked upon with no enthusiastic devotion certainly, but with a sort of modified respect that invested it with high functions as maintaining the law, and as a bulwark against any extremes of opinion or any disturbing elements which might prove dangerous to national prosperity. On the whole the Hanoverian dynasty towards the close of George II.'s reign found more consistent support in Scotland than in England. If its distance made it a somewhat shadowy entity, it at the same time served to conceal its weaknesses. If the power of Parliamentary management was felt less in Scotland than in England, so also the weakness and vacillation of a Newcastle was less readily made the theme of sarcastic

denunciation there. And now a more powerful luminary was rising in the Parliamentary firmament, and the achievements of Pitt were to be acclaimed with scarcely less fervour north than south of the Tweed. The loyalty of Scotland to the existing dynasty was sufficiently strong to be beyond suspicion; but it was presently seen that such suspicion was entertained.

The threatened success of rebellion had taught the nation that the internal defences were less powerful than they ought to be, and that if the Government was to be strong it must organise the instruments of its power. It was in obedience to this warning that the militia was organised by the Act of 1756 for England. It was a citizen force, resting entirely upon the territorial interest, and through it, basing the stability of the Government at home upon a new and strong foundation of quasi-military discipline. Some were inclined, upon what were probably insufficient grounds, to doubt its usefulness as an effective force; but it certainly gave to the territorial interest, as the most permanent element in the nation, a new sense of its importance, and it soothed the fears of a standing army, which had as yet by no means vanished from the breasts of constitutional sticklers. But a deep feeling of resentment was aroused throughout Scotland when it was found that the memory of the Jacobite rising was too vivid for the same measure to be attempted there; and that the distrust of her loyalty was too strong for her to be permitted to have a militia of her own. It was not only the deprivation of a doubtful privilege, but the undeserved suspicion that was cast upon her that stimulated many of those most confident in her real loyalty to feel indignant at the slight thus

shown.[1] The topic was felt with sufficient strength to arouse very considerable discontent, and to lay the foundation of a very real opposition to English administration in the minds of many leading Scotsmen. We shall subsequently see how strong this feeling grew.

[1] It was argued with some force that even in the disarmed counties, where Jacobitism had been most rife (Perth, Kincardine, Aberdeen, Inverness, Nairn, Cromarty, Argyll, Banff, Sutherland, Caithness, Elgin, Ross, and part of Forfar and Dumbarton), out of 120,000 men fit to fight, only 2500 had joined the Chevalier, or 1 in 48.

CHAPTER XII.

SCOTTISH NATIONALITY AND ENGLISH JEALOUSY.

For some years before the end of George II.'s reign Jacobitism had lost its serious aspect. Its associations were not without much that was attractive even to those who might have been startled had their half-romantic sympathy been translated into practical shape. The honest burgher was not averse to the suspicion of sympathy with a cause that recalled his own distant relationship to some family of great and ancient traditions. His womankind knew that such sympathy would not render them less welcome in the eyes of some ancient dame who was their neighbour, and whose friendship, in spite of her poverty, and pride, and caustic tongue, was cherished as reflecting a social glory which the mere smug respectability of civic prosperity would not yield. The sympathy, perhaps, went no further than a nod or a wink, a quiet toast to the king over the water, or a sentimental pity for those whose name and honour had not gone with their power and their domains. To have been "out in the '45" involved no social disgrace; to have been a traitor to the cause, like Murray of Broughton, involved an indelible stain, even in the eyes of the most ardent Whig. Scott's father was no Jacobite, but the

presence of Murray in his family circle, even for a few minutes, was felt as a pollution. The burgher and the small tenant did not find it always to his disadvantage, even from a practical point of view, to cultivate a sly tenderness for that cause which had once commanded the adherence of the vast majority of the Scottish aristocracy. But he would have listened to no appeal to his pocket, still less to the instincts inherited from his fighting forebears; and he would have checked with much indignation any too outspoken utterance, in a mixed company, of sympathy with a cause for which he indulged a discreetly veiled tenderness.

But there was another cause, hopeless, indeed, and far from any likelihood of practical realisation, which found much more outspoken and independent support. It was the cause of Scottish independence as opposed to the Union. For more than a generation after the Union had been passed, there can be little doubt that the immense majority of the Scottish nation would have eagerly seized any opportunity for its dissolution. Men of prudence and foresight; those who could weigh dispassionately the tendency of modern politics; those who had studied the condition of the nation, and knew what might contribute to her commercial prosperity—all these were decided supporters of the Union. But to those moved more by prejudices and impulses than by reason—naturally a considerable majority—the Union was a matter of undying regret. Its advantages seemed remote and problematical; its injury to the national pride, and the yoke it laid upon national independence, were palpable and evident. It seemed to presage the loss of all that was distinctively Scottish—in legal institutions, in ecclesiastical politics, in social customs. The Scottish capital became less

and less a centre for the aristocracy, and Scottish rents were too often spent in an attempt to vie with the magnates of London society. But a generation had wrought a great change. As Scottish commerce developed, and Scottish wealth increased, there was less and less disposition to quarrel with the conditions under which they had thriven, distasteful as these conditions might in certain aspects have been. Those who desired to go so far as the breaking of the Union were probably now a small and insignificant minority. But grumbling did not cease. Murmuring against the Union might now and then be taken as a sign of Jacobitism, but it was by no means tabooed, and those who indulged these murmurs made no secret of them. To dissolve the Union was not a scheme which came within the range of practical politics. But Scottish independence was a plant of vigorous growth, and from its branches there could be hung any amount of discontent with the errors of English administration, and the injustice of English parliaments. A Jacobite restoration and the repeal of the Parliamentary Union were both causes which could lead to no practical result. Those who drank, in the company of their boon companions, to the king over the water, were quite aware that he was likely to remain there, and would have been much perplexed by his sudden reappearance on their shores. Those who lamented the days when the Parliament House in Edinburgh was the cradle of Scottish law, knew that its walls would never again echo to the angry debates which their grandfathers had followed, and that the armed retainers of the Parliament men would never again gather in its Close. But the Jacobite concealed his sympathies; the grumbler at the Union made a boast

of his. To own Jacobite sympathies too explicitly was still dangerous; to disown some lingering regret for Scottish legislative independence would have been a reproach to any Scotsman.

But when Scotland settled down after the echoes of clashing armies had died away, she had reached to a practical if not a very clearly defined compromise on this matter. The Union was a garment which had been forced upon her, which was at first ill-fitting and irksome, and which she would fain have thrown aside. But habit had fitted it to her limbs, and made it natural and convenient. It was aggravated by no agrarian difficulty, and by no division of the nation into opposite religious camps. In spite of all its partition into diverse dissenting sects, the broad basis of Presbytery practically dominated the nation. The Roman Catholics were powerless. The Episcopalians did not belong to that section of society from which sedition springs. Scotland was naturally slow to admit any ground for gratitude as due to the event, which brought the loss of her independence; but none the less the weightiest part of the nation was quite conscious of the boon, and would have resisted any attempt to reverse the policy, or to relax the closeness of the legislative partnership. Commerce had grown by leaps and bounds. New harbours were built; new facilities for transit were promoted; new schemes of material improvement set on foot, with the help and under the auspices of the Imperial Parliament. Intercourse, and the interchange of services between the nations, increased. Scotsmen found their way to the colonies, and there, as members of one empire, the distinction between North and South Briton was weakened, if not obliterated. The great professions in

England were freely open to Scotsmen, who, as they attained to the prizes of these professions, did not lose their prime interest in Scotland, but drew the relations of the two countries closer than before. Many of the upper classes of Scotland sent their children to England for education, and, on the other hand, it was no unusual thing for wealthy Englishmen, attracted by the high reputation of some of the Scottish professors, to arrange that their sons should spend a year or two under their charge before entering on the business of life. British armies were led to victory by Scottish as well as by English generals. The wealth of the East Indies was shared by Scotsmen, and the Nabob became a distinctive feature of Scottish even more than of English society. Scottish literature did not lose its individuality, but its chief representatives in history and in philosophy felt that it could advance only by adopting an English dress, and they sedulously set themselves to acquiring, almost with the labour which the study of a foreign language involved, the niceties of English style.

By the time that the century had run little more than half its course, the barriers between the nations had been in great measure obliterated. The two streams were to run in the same course. But it did not follow that the two currents should not preserve their identity, so far as to be distinguishable even although they flowed within the same channel. Scotland had, in fact, settled for herself a convenient compromise between her own national existence and that history which she shared as the partner of her southern neighbour. It is our business to describe the forms of that compromise, and to trace its practical working throughout some three generations. In doing so we must

follow a method widely different from that which we would employ were the subject of these pages the history of an independent and self-contained nation. A great part of such a history is excluded from our purview. The larger constitutional questions are no longer to be fought out on Scottish soil. The vicissitudes of government have now another scene, and their effects in Scotland are to be traced only as reflections of what was passing on a larger stage. The exciting contests of the Legislature only awoke faint echoes in Scotland; and upon the decision of momentous questions which during that period settled the position of Great Britain in the world, Scotland could only exert a comparatively small influence. But none the less during these three generations Scotland has a history of her own. She had a Church, a legal system, above all a national life and national tradition.

That national life still lingered in the close-pent purlieus of Edinburgh, which was only gradually beginning to extend herself beyond the narrow ridge that ran between the palace of Holyrood and the castle that crowned the rocky height that now rises in the centre of a city spread round it for miles in every direction. Between that palace—the scene of dramas that have wakened all the chords of romance and poetry—and the castle that serves as the most august monument of the nation's history, there ran one long street, flanked by lofty tenements, to which access was gained by grim, narrow, and noisome passages. Along that street the pageants of centuries had passed; high festival and darkest tragedy had been enacted on its causeways; struggles that had shaken all modern nations had seen many of their most exciting episodes transacted there; and the annals of some of the most

illustrious houses of Europe must recall that street in telling of the fates of their most conspicuous members. And in the middle of last century the very houses which had been tenanted by the nobility of previous centuries, and which, in their almost barbaric grimness, seem a faithful picture of mediæval times, still housed the aristocracy, the landed gentry, and the great lawyers of the Scottish capital, who were slow to alter even the outward semblance of that life that had been handed down to them by their ancestors, and who clung to the sordid surroundings that a few years later would have been despised, as habitations, by their own menials. There, in houses piled storey upon storey, whose only access was by a foul-smelling common stair; in airless filth,[1] and in darkness to which the sun could rarely penetrate, there congregated a proud, albeit a poor aristocracy, a gay and most sprightly society, one of the most learned and witty professional circles of which Britain could then boast. A few bold and ardent projectors were indeed planning new and visionary developments of the city. To the north of the narrow ridge of rock to which the city clung, and along the back and side of which its lofty tenements were perched, there lay a deep valley at the bottom of which there was a muddy swamp

[1] The simplicity of the means by which the most offensive household refuse was got quit of in Edinburgh has been often described, and the warning cry which assailed the ears of the nightly wayfarer, "Gardyloo" (*gardez l'eau*), which presaged an unsavoury avalanche. In 1758 the Edinburgh Town Council made some feeble efforts after sanitation, or at least superficial cleanliness. Household nuisances, it was ordained, were to be laid down only between the hours of 11 P.M. and 6 A.M. Householders were to keep the gutters clean, and no nuisances were to be thrown from the windows. These rules were probably more honoured in the breach than in the observance; and generations were yet to pass before any system of drainage was adopted.

called the Nor' Loch. It was proposed to span that swamp by a bridge which was to be a triumph of modern engineering, and beyond that bridge to extend the city across the spreading fields that reached to the Firth of Forth—those fields over which the beleaguered citizen from the rock-perched city had but a few years before seen the dragoons of Sir John Cope flying in disorder before the Highland hordes that had scattered them at Prestonpans. The older citizens shook their heads at such rash designings. Their city would no longer be the same if they deserted the grim abodes that had housed their fathers for generations back. A new and altered city would then replace the ancient capital. The past was too closely present with them to allow them to share in such a sacrilegious pilgrimage. Fairer and more convenient mansions; the more luxurious appurtenances of modern civilisation; the exigencies of sanitation; even the necessities of cleanliness might be obtained in the new faubourg—which certainly were impossible in their present abodes; but at what cost of simple and inexpensive society, with what break-up of old conventions, with what fatal effects upon that homely, dirty, unwholesome, but withal sprightly, vivacious, and intensely social life which they had inherited from their fathers, and to which they would fain cling, in spite of all the allurements of sun, and air, and sanitation? In such a society, were national traditions likely to die?

Nor was it so in Edinburgh alone. Even where commerce throve, and with it the new influences that commerce brings, it was not at any sacrifice of national characteristics. The shrewd citizens of Glasgow did not wait until new men with new-fangled notions came

to exploit their fresh opportunities of colonial enterprise. They knew how to combine their old modes and ancient usages, with a commercial alertness well adapted to work a fresh market with advantage. Their municipal customs were the slow growth of centuries, and time, as well as the uncertainty of their origin, had involved them in hopeless confusion. In the case of the Royal Burghs, it was assumed—even although the assumption had little basis—that charters had at one time or another been granted. But the privileges rested upon little else than prescription, and formed the subject of constant litigation. These privileges comprised an exclusive right of trading which operated most harmfully upon the advancement of commerce, and which had in great part fallen into desuetude. A jovial body called the Convention of Royal Burghs assumed to itself a right of supervision and of settling disputes: and to its action, soon after the Union, was due the settlement, in some sort of order, of the "setts" of the Royal Burghs—the name given to the ordinances which established their privileges, and ordained the manner of electing magistrates, &c. Subsequent litigation (in the latter part of the eighteenth century) proved the authority of the Convention to have been illegally assumed: and the law of Scottish municipal government remained in a very chaotic state until the Municipal Reform Act of 1846. But on whatever basis it rested, this at least was common to all,—that the administration of the Scottish burghs was in the hands of purely co-optative bodies, and that the general body of the people had no power to interfere. Municipal administration remained the closest of unreformed governments—narrow, strict, conventional, and even bigoted, but in the main honest and upright — a

business which could be done with clean hands and sound consciences. Had the magistrates of Glasgow been merely dullards, clinging to old habits, they might have let the new harvest pass to other hands. Had they been men who knew no ambition but that of gain, recognised no distinction but that of comparative commercial acuteness, and who governed themselves by no inherited traditions, and were fired by no national pride, their city might have sprung up with mushroom-like growth into the ignoble magnitude of some cosmopolitan caravanserai in the Western States of America. As it was, it grew steadily but surely, from the trim little town nestling in green fields and washed by a limpid but shallow river, that had moved the admiration of successive travellers for its well-ordered and cleanly picturesqueness. The account of all of them is the same. Defoe tells us in his "Tour in Scotland" that "Glasgow is one of the cleanliest, most beautiful, and best-built cities in Great Britain." "Glasgow," says Captain Burt a few years later, "is to outward appearance, the prettiest and most uniform town that I ever saw, and I believe there is nothing like it in Britain." So Pococke in 1747 finds it equally striking in its beauty. "The old town stands on the hill at some distance from the river, and bounded to the east by the Molendinar rivulet in a rocky glen. The Cathedral is at the east end, and the rest of the hill, formed into gardens to the south, has a pretty effect." These are scarcely the terms in which a traveller would now describe Glasgow, which, with all its signs of wealth and in spite of its spacious and imposing streets, can scarcely be deemed a model of cleanliness and beauty. Of what it was to become the beginnings were already made, and its progress was rapid. It had

not, however, as yet deserted the douce manners nor abandoned the decent observances of its many prototypes of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, although it was making its first steps towards the vast and solid expansion that in a hundred years was to convert it into the second city of the Empire, receiving at its quays freights from every part of the world, and distributing its manufactures into every known mart. Not less than the capital, Glasgow learned how to rise to new opportunities while preserving the characteristics of the soil.

The same spirit is found amongst the territorial magnates of the Lowlands; keen to appreciate, and prone, almost beyond the bounds of prudence, to adopt all the newest methods of English agriculture, and vying with one another in an eager pursuit of all the latest improvements; exploiting, in obedience to a new demand, the riches that lay beneath the surface of the soil, and which were to make the wealth of Scotland independent of an inclement climate; yet all the while preserving with absolute fidelity the ancient usages, religious, social, economical, that were linked with the life of the nation, and constituted its central fibre. So also in the remote fastnesses of the Highlands, where an ancient system was crumbling into ruins in the fall of the hereditary jurisdictions, but was, all the while, establishing a new hold upon the imaginations and the sympathies of the nation, by its traditions of romance, of poetry, of the undying instinct of race—a hold so strong, indeed, that a somewhat clumsy literary fiction, under the name of the "Poems of Ossian," gained great vogue, only because it seemed to reflect with some truth the ancient traditions of their race, and to clothe them in a dress of weird

and picturesque language. In every aspect we may trace this double tendency of Scottish life: the desire, on the one hand, to cling to old traditions, to hug to its breast all national characteristics, to remain staunch to national usages and customs, and on the other to grasp the spirit of the new age, and to adapt itself to the functions which it had to play as a partner in an expanding empire. Material changes, the preponderance of common interests, increasing intercourse, were already bringing Englishmen and Scotsmen close to one another, and as time moved on were to bring them much closer still. But in 1750, in spite of such attractions, they still stood leagues apart, sundered by tradition, taste, sentiment, language, and all the conditions of life. Individual Scotsmen penetrated into English society, and made of themselves its intimate members. The nation as a whole shared in a business partnership with England, but the untravelled Scot knew nothing of the Englishman and shared none of his thoughts; and the nation lived its domestic life altogether apart from its political partner.

The sphere of general administration is that in which Scotland approached most closely to the main stream of English politics. But even here it would be a total misconception to suppose that the vicissitudes of parties in each country have any very close association. Those chiefly responsible for Scottish administration had to be more or less in touch with the leading English Ministers. From them, or at least through them, they received directions, and to them they transmitted reports and obtained the royal sanction for their acts. In regard to principle they were supposed to be in sympathy with the English

Ministry, although this did not prevent occasional opposition on the part of the Scottish Minister to the action of the English Government, and did not necessarily imply that he implicitly followed them in regard to imperial questions. But the practice of the English Government varied in regard to this from time to time. Sometimes the practice was to deal with Scottish affairs through various London offices, according to the nature of the business that had to be transacted. The Secretary of State for the Home Department, for instance, frequently assumed into his own hands the management of Scottish business. The tendency of this was, of course, to lessen the distinctively Scottish element in administration, and to force her into conformity with English methods. At other times Scottish administration was mainly in the hands of one Scotsman, or of one set of Scotsmen, through whom all reports were received, on whose recommendation appointments were made, and upon whom an independent responsibility rested. Without the name he necessarily occupied the position and wielded the power of a representative of the Crown. The extent of his general agreement with his English colleagues was somewhat indefinite, as was also the extent of the confidence they reposed in him. Occasionally—and for the last time in the case of the Marquis of Tweeddale in 1744—this independent responsibility had been recognised by the nomination of the Scottish Minister as Secretary for Scotland; but Tweeddale's administration was coincident with the outbreak of the Rebellion of 1745; his capacity was unequal to the task of dealing with it; he fell with the short-lived Ministry that had replaced Walpole,

and his was the last nomination to this office, until it was revived in recent years. For the most part the responsibility for Scottish affairs was a matter understood rather than definitely defined, and its extent depended more upon the character and ability of the agent than upon any fixed arrangement.

During the reign of George II. the chief direction of Scottish affairs rested in the hands of Archibald, Earl of Islay. He was a man of marked ability, high attainments, and great energy; and on the whole, although he often stooped to the devices of political intrigue,[1] and was distrusted by many, he maintained a high character for honour and rectitude, and exercised vast influence in Scotland. His part in the administration continued to be the largest one throughout the whole Ministry of Walpole, although Walpole suspected him of having betrayed him and sided with his enemies, and although both he and his brother, John, Duke of Argyle, had on several occasions—notably in regard to the course of action after the Porteous riot—strenuously opposed the views of English Ministers. In the later years of the reign, after a short interruption, he recovered his supremacy, and preserved it amidst all the vicissitudes of Administrations to his death in 1761. In these later years the English Government had neither time nor power to interfere much in Scottish affairs. The Duke of Newcastle was busied with all the pettiness of personal squabbles, and was only too ready to rid himself of a branch of ad-

[1] He obtains a mixed character from the caustic pen of Horace Walpole, as "a man of parts, quickness, knowledge, temper, dexterity, and judgment; but of little truth, honour or principle, and no attachment but to his own interest. A pedantic, dirty, shrewd, unbred fellow of a college, with mean aspect, bred to the duplicity of the common law and made a peer, would have made such a man."

ministration for which he had not the necessary knowledge, and which could not aid him in the lower devices of parliamentary corruption. Pitt was absorbed in the weightier questions of foreign wars and in the direction of imperial policy. In steering his way amidst the changes and vicissitudes of party government in these later years of the reign, Argyle had to deal with no strong predilection for either side on the part of the Scottish nation. On the whole, that nation was content to accept the general policy of the Whigs; but the intrigues of the Court, the selfish combinations of various cliques, and the restless struggle for place and power passed almost unnoticed, and for the most part disregarded, by the Scottish people. Their interest centred in questions relating exclusively to Scotland, although at times the eagle-like supremacy of Pitt and the glory of his conquests roused them to enthusiasm on personal and patriotic grounds. The remnants of the Jacobite party hated all political combinations alike, whilst the vast majority of the nation were sincerely attached to the Hanoverian dynasty, and were impatient of the political intrigues which troubled the peace of a monarch of whose foibles they knew nothing, whose reign had added much to the greatness and glory of the empire, and whose Ministers they were prepared to support so long as Scottish interests were not disturbed. And for the most part they found these interests unassailed and secure. The close of the reign found a Ministry in power which rested on the broadest basis of party. It united Newcastle, with all his wide-spreading system of parliamentary management, and his great Whig connection: Pitt, the idol of the nation, whose genius raised him head and shoulders above all competitors; the Grenvilles and the Bedfords,

and a long list of men who secured the allegiance of almost every type of political opinion: men who had basked in the sunshine of Whig prosperity in the past, and men who were in the near future to be the leaders of the Tories. Opposition was practically hushed to silence. Even for an English politician it would have been hard to describe the complexion of the Government; to Scotsmen it was simply His Majesty's Government, into their loyalty to which no party spirit intruded. The only topic of criticism was their administration of Scottish affairs, and that was satisfactorily managed by Argyle and his henchmen.

It would be hard to say whether in 1760 the balance of Scottish opinion inclined most to the Whigs or to the Tories, if we regard these parties as representing any set of principles. Anything like republican or subversive opinions, although at a rather later day they secured some adherents, would probably now have received but short shrift in Scotland. The landed interest was strong, and no question of social or political reform had presented itself to the nation. While a large number were in favour of some alterations of the law of patronage in the Church, yet the Moderate party, which was then dominant, strongly opposed it; and whatever its tendency might be, there was little likelihood that such a question should be a crucial one in the division of parties in the Imperial Parliament. On the whole, the instinct of the nation was for settled government, although amongst the educated classes there was a large infusion of a speculative spirit which might easily develop into a movement towards political reform. It was easy to foresee that the bent of Scottish feeling would be decided by the treatment which might be meted out to questions of

purely Scottish interest, and not by any strong sympathy for or against the main political parties in the Imperial Parliament.

Such was the position when George III. came to the throne. His accession involved, almost necessarily, a recasting of the Ministry. By temperament, by education, and by conviction, he was inclined towards the firm maintenance, at least, if not the extension, of the authority of the Crown. He was resolved, not from ambition, but from dogged and conscientious obstinacy, to be no king in name alone, and to allow no overshadowing of his own power by the dominant influence of his Ministers. The fact that he was the third of his family to ascend the throne, that by birth, by association, and by sympathy he was entirely English, and that with him the foreign element, which had inspired distrust and fostered unpopularity, came to an end—all gained for him a secure loyalty which had been accorded neither to his grandfather nor to his great-grandfather. This concurrent loyalty added weight to his own bias in favour of increasing the personal element of the throne in the Administration.

Other circumstances contributed to the same end. The very strength of the Ministry hastened its fall. It comprehended so many shades of opinion that divergence was sure to show itself within the ranks. The triumphs of the war blinded those whose share in these triumphs was greatest to the burdens it imposed. They forgot that throughout the nation there was increasing grumbling against taxation, rendered necessary chiefly by the foreign connections of the Hanoverian family—connections of which the people fondly hoped that they were now to be set free. But if some of the Ministers were disposed to ignore these

grumblings, there were others who shared the feeling of uneasiness and discontent and who longed to see some period to the war. The rifts in the Ministry began, and they soon widened until what had been a compact and secure citadel became a rickety shed through which every wind could blow. Other adverse influences told in the same way. The loyalty which the young king commanded had rallied round the throne a Toryism of a deeper shade than was represented in the Government—the Toryism that found a home in the breasts of those who had cast their Jacobitism, but were ready to find a new centre for their hopes and their loyalty in the person of their youthful sovereign. It was a Toryism which drew its chief inspiration not always from very well argued political theories, but chiefly from a sturdy and undying detestation of the Whigs, under whose domination and whose arrogance they had groaned for more than a generation. It was shared by all classes, and it represented not so much a divergence of political opinion as a fundamental discordance of temperament. The Whig attitude—limited, selfish, conventional, and centred in a little clique that had personal aims to serve—could not permanently attract the nation. The honest albeit bemused brain of the country squire moved him to welcome the discomfiture of the Whigs and to hope that their supremacy was at an end. Once more the older landed gentry were seen at Court, from which they had been virtually banished during all these years when placemen and the moneyed classes had pushed them aside. Fashions that had not been seen for twenty years—and then only for a brief period—again crowded the anterooms of St. James's. But the simple squire and the old-world dowager would not have

accounted alone for the change of feeling. Men of brains, too, welcomed the break-up of an intolerable thraldom. What was hated by the country squire was despised by the intellect of a Johnson and a Wesley.

It is easy to sneer at the illogical loyalty which could find in a Hanoverian sovereign a centre round which advanced monarchical principles could gather. But human nature is not constructed upon logical principles; and yet, even were logic in the case, the Tory squire, who was just casting the slough of Jacobitism, as well as the deeper thinker who refused to accept the Whig theory of the constitution as a sound one, might perhaps find a consistent defence for clothing a Hanoverian king in the garb of monarchical theories. If it was only that thereby the reign of Whiggism might be ended, the principles which underlay the ideals of Strafford and of Clarendon, and had found exponents in Swift and in Bolingbroke, were not without attraction in 1760 for intellects brighter than that of the honest but prejudiced Tory squire.

But before the actual break up of what had been a strong and a triumphant Ministry could come, a practical ground of dissension must present itself, and this was speedily found in the desire of a large section to bring the war to a conclusion. Its glories had been great, but its cost was overwhelming. It was easy to arouse a storm of indignation against any possible peace. To the conquerors, unless they have absolutely crushed their foe, any terms appear inadequate as an exchange for a long series of victories. In proportion as the area of warlike operations has been wide, so the aims that should be attained are vague and indefinite. The burdens that were lately so galling are soon forgotten, and popular opinion is apt to think of peace as

a boon only to those who have had the worst of the war. A few more efforts, a few new victories, it may well be argued, would clinch the triumph and leave the enemy ready to accept any terms of surrender. It was only natural that to Pitt the peace should seem a poor exchange for triumphs in which his own part was the greatest, and those who had no real share in these triumphs shared his disappointment because peace involved the loss of their own power. The moneyed men of the city, who found their profits in an increasing national debt, and the crowd in the street, who missed their accustomed bonfires on the news of victory, swelled the outcry and stormed against what they represented as a shameful betrayal of the nation's hopes.

After a lapse of fifty years history strangely repeated itself. In 1710 as in 1760 a seemingly impregnable Whig Ministry had crumbled to its fall. The Tory party in each case made a bold bid for power, and endeavoured to cement that power by bringing to a conclusion a war which had been conducted with signal success, but with somewhat dubious results, by the Whig Government. In 1763 as in 1713 the peace was obtained in spite of the rabid denunciations of those who had found in the war the best buttress of their own power. In the earlier case the charge of Jacobite intrigue had been added to that of betrayal of English interests; in the later case, the added charge had been not that of Jacobitism, but of designs of arbitrary straining of the royal prerogative. The parallel was so far curiously exact. But there was one important difference. In 1713 the Tory Government had on its side a master-hand, who could place at its service the mightiest satirical power that English

literature had ever seen. In 1763 the Tories had no Swift, and the most vigorous pens and voices in the nation, inferior as they were to his, were the devoted slaves of their opponents.

To examine in detail these disputes would lead us far beyond the sphere of Scottish history. But one very prominent aspect of this furious faction fight, into which the nation was plunged before the new reign was many months old, directly and immediately concerns Scotland. The defeated party were shrewd enough to see that an outcry becomes much more popular which has a personal object. Those who had stood closest to the young king before his accession, and whose counsels were believed now to be his chief guides, were his mother, the Princess of Wales, and the Earl of Bute. Upon them the whole storm of popular fury was skilfully directed. The most atrocious scandals regarding the relations between Bute and the Princess, which in the confidence of private talk were mentioned only with a smile of absolute incredulity, were studiously spread abroad for popular consumption.[1] By those whose business it was to inflame the English crowd, no representation of Bute's tyrannical designs was held too absurd for grave recital. It was nothing to them that this respectable and high-minded, but by no means highly-gifted, nobleman showed none of the usual signs of ambition; that he had reached more than middle age without any interference in politics; that he sought the first opportunity of retiring from ministerial responsibility, and,

[1] Wilkes, to his friends, did not hesitate to declare his absolute disbelief in such ignoble stories, but this did not prevent him from insinuating them in the *North Briton*; and even Macaulay, who cannot seriously have given to them a moment's credit, mentions them with a rhetorical phrase that might easily imply belief.

in order to dispel the charges of underhand influence, lived largely in those southern countries of which the climate suited his precarious health, and where those masterpieces of art which were his chief delight were mostly to be found. Even in the limited sphere of Scottish politics Bute was hitherto unknown save as the nephew of the Duke of Argyle, who had no high opinion of his abilities. That such a man should suddenly develop into an ambitious, bold, and ruthless conspirator against the constitution of his country; that he should have sought retiral just when his schemes were, in the judgment of his enemies, crowned by complete success; and that he should have retired without any of those rewards which were held by most Whig statesmen to be the chief end of statesmanship—these were indeed prodigies in the world of politics little short of miraculous. But yet not only was this portentous fiction gravely concocted out of the simple fact that an early friend and adviser continued to exercise considerable influence over the mind of his youthful pupil, but its acceptance has become a fixed article of belief with every Whig historian.

But the anger of the Whigs at their discomfiture did not expend itself entirely upon the Princess and the favourite. The ribaldries vented upon them were ignoble enough. It was bad enough that the mother of the King could not show herself at a theatre or in the street without being assailed by foul-mouthed indecencies which passed uncondemned by eminent statesmen who found a sweet-smelling incense in the flatteries of the same crowds. The rancour of faction could hardly go further than when the King and his Ministers could not reach the Mansion-House without

military protection against a crowd that reserved its cheers for the statesman who had retired, but had retired covered with marks of his sovereign's favour and the recipient of his lavish bounty. But the rage of popular frenzy did not stop here. It was not satisfied without involving in the howl of indignation against Bute the whole Scottish nation. The insanity of factious prejudice could go no further. It is true that the Earl of Bute was a Scotsman, a Scottish landlord, and a Scottish peer. But his family connections were very largely to be found in England; in his own country he had lived a retired life and he did not even hold the very modest political distinction of being a representative peer. Whatever his supremacy in the councils of his sovereign, it certainly brought no accession of favour or of influence to Scotsmen. Many of that nation already occupied the highest positions on the English Bench; amongst English politicians, and in the English Church, their number was neither increased nor diminished by any act of his. Amongst men who adorned literature at the beginning of the reign an astonishing number were Scotsmen whose merits were acknowledged quite apart from any national feeling on one side or the other. A few of these shared the favours of the Crown, but the number who owed such favour to any intervention of Lord Bute was exceedingly small. One of his chief Scottish protégés was the very orthodox Whig, John Home, the author of "Douglas."

All this is not matter of conjecture, still less an inference drawn from any prejudiced view of facts; it is a truth too evident for proof. It is equally true that the intercourse between Englishmen and Scotsmen was becoming day by day more close, and that such inter-

course was darkened by no mutual repulsion or scorn. Scores of the most representative men of either nation indulged in the most cordial correspondence, into which the thought never intrudes itself that any barrier of racial difference came between them. There were occasional outbursts of jealousy, but these took more often the dress of banter and of jesting than of rancour or of spleen. Even Wilkes, who revelled in abuse of the Scottish nation, and returned weekly to the congenial task of bespattering the nation with petty insults, could nevertheless write with consummate cynicism in a letter to a friend: "I love the people of Scotland for their hospitality and friendship, as much as I admire them for their strong manly sense, erudition, and excellent taste. I never was happier than when in Scotland last." The half-bantering abuse of Scotland and Scotsmen was doubtless a tradition of some standing which could occasionally assume some bitterness of expression and was confined to no one party. The Tory thought it right to decry Scotsmen because they were Presbyterians, and therefore irreligious or hypocritical; because they were poor, and therefore turbulent and discontented. The rugged prejudices of Dr. Johnson made him assume towards Scotland a tone of contemptuous intolerance, but it did not prevent him from forming ardent friendships with Scotsmen, admiring all that was romantic in her history, and rousing himself in his old age to explore her remotest regions at the cost of much irksome labour and unwonted fatigue. But all this half-jocular abuse amounted to very little. It was in the mouths of the more virulent amongst the self-styled patriots that it developed into studied insult such as might well have planted seeds of enduring enmity. No party pamphlet was complete without its

quota of virulence hurled against a nation with every device that might make it the more galling to national pride. The Court was represented as crammed with needy Scotsmen eager to clutch the spoils of England. The darts of the witlings were sharpened at their expense. "He could not," wrote one,[1] "go to the Court for fear of the itch, which would reduce him to go to the Princess's Court for brimstone." The long catalogue of insults which the drunken fury and coarse wit of Churchill strung together in the "Prophecy of Famine" met with rapturous applause. No Scotsman could attend a popular assembly in London or pass along its streets without meeting on every side tokens of the bitter hatred and contempt of his country which had been sedulously spread abroad in order to take vengeance on a Minister to whose influence the fall of the lately dominant Whig party was ascribed.

Throughout all this, the attitude of Scotland in the main was one of contemptuous indifference. The struggles of English parties were very little to her. The foul-mouthed vituperation of a Wilkes or a Churchill she could afford to despise. When we look for any decided signs of contemporary Scottish feeling, what strikes us most is the calm ignoring of the attacks which seemed to prevail. Occasionally there were reprisals or isolated bursts of angry retort. Wilkes received a challenge—which he managed with some adroitness and detriment to his honour to elude—to answer for his insults in a duel; but it was sent, not by an inhabitant of Scotland, but by an obscure scion of a proscribed Scottish family of the name of Forbes, who had enlisted in the service of the French king.

[1] Sir W. Stanhope.

Although an attitude of dignified contempt was the best treatment for such Billingsgate, these insults were not without their permanent effect. In 1760, as we have said, it would have been hard to say towards which side of English politics the prevailing Scottish feeling lay. As time went on its sympathies became much more marked. It was inevitable that Scotland should associate the political principles of those who posed as the friends and vindicators of liberty against the aggressions of the Crown with the venomous abuse that had slandered Scotland, because it chanced that a Scottish nobleman did for a few years command the confidence of the king. Fortunately these slanders bred no perpetual jealousy between the nations. But the rabid arguments which sought to maintain that the liberties of the country were in danger from which it could be preserved only by defenders with the cynical effrontery of Wilkes, the besotted rancour of Churchill, or the vulgar braggadocio of Alderman Beckford, were involved in the same contempt with which the abuse was received. The "patriotism" which found such representatives did not prove to the taste of Scotland; and from the rancour of agitation which for ten years disturbed England and made her party politics a by-word and a reproach—which cloaked the most sordid devices of faction under the specious name of a defence of liberty—Scotland, fortunately for her honour, stood proudly aloof. Naturally this stirred the bile of all who found the touchstone of political rectitude in firm adherence to the prime article of their creed—the immaculate virtues of the Whigs. It would be amusing, if it did not reveal the depths to which political hypocrisy might sink, to find Horace Walpole gravely concluding a tirade against the encroachments of tyranny

with these words: "The Scotch were whatever their masters wished them to be, and too envious of the English, and became too much provoked by them, not to lend all their mischievous abilities towards the ruin of a Constitution whose benefits the English had imparted to them, but did not like they should engross."[1] But it is perhaps a mistake to attach to any political utterance of Horace Walpole more weight than might fairly be ascribed to the chatter of a sprightly monkey. Scotland might at least be grateful to the abuse of Wilkes and of Churchill if it saved her from any sympathy with their sordid and hypocritical defence of liberty.

Withdrawn from all but a half-scornful contempt for the rabid faction fight which absorbed English politics, Scotland was occupied chiefly with her own affairs. The accession of George III. made no change in the administration of Scottish affairs, which remained in the hands of the Duke of Argyle. Stable as was his influence, he learned before his death that it might be strained too much, and his last nomination of a domiciled Englishman as member for Edinburgh met with a rebuff. His power continued, however, until his death on 15th April 1761, when it naturally passed to his nephews, Lord Bute and Mr. Stuart Mackenzie. As usual, the influence of the "favourite" was exaggerated by those who saw no scheme of ambition too great to be attributed to him. "The crown of Scotland, too, has fallen on Bute's head," are the words of Walpole on the effect of the death of Argyle. The belief in Bute's all-pervading influence was too firmly implanted in many Whiggish breasts not to lead to the direct and immediate conclusion that every change in

[1] Memoirs of George III., vol. iv. p. 84.

Scottish administration must tend to place the direction of Scottish affairs in his hands. As a fact, the threads of Scottish administration remained in the hands of his brother, Stuart Mackenzie, for some three or four years. He was naturally in constant communication with Lord Bute, who took the interest in Scottish affairs that was inseparable from his position as a Scottish landlord and nobleman, but whose influence was necessarily bounded by the limitations of his knowledge. In tracing the course of Scottish affairs for the next ten years, the part which Bute has to play in the narrative is of the very smallest.[1]

It would indeed be a serious error to suppose that the trend of Scottish history is to be learned by tracing the designs or following out the machinations of those who from time to time had charge of Scottish business. This is not without its interest, and occasionally it illustrates the progress of events; but we must not forget the peculiar conditions under which

[1] Scotland was so much involved in the assaults upon Lord Bute's Administration that it has been necessary to refer in some detail to the circumstances connected with it. To follow all the Ministerial changes of the next ten years would be to write the history of the United Kingdom, not of Scotland. But for convenience of reference it may be well to summarise these very shortly. Pitt's resignation in October 1761 left Bute virtually Prime Minister, free to carry out the negotiations for the peace. That peace was arranged before the close of 1762, and was signed in February 1763. Within a few weeks Bute resigned, and for the two years which followed George Grenville was Prime Minister. The period was memorable chiefly from the passing of the Stamp Act, which first stirred the discontent of the American colonies, and also for the prosecution of Wilkes, and the important question it involved as to the legality of general warrants. In July 1765 Grenville's Administration was replaced by that of Lord Rockingham, which repealed the Stamp Act, and did something to soothe the irritation which Grenville's arbitrary measures had provoked. But Rockingham was unable to withstand the attacks of a varied but powerful opposition; and in 1766 the King had recourse to the more powerful assistance of Pitt, whose influence in the nation surpassed all others. In July 1766 Pitt became Lord Privy Seal and Prime Minister,

these Scottish agents of the Government had to work. They served in a double capacity: to a certain extent they were the representatives to Scotland of the principles of the party which for the time were dominant, but to a far greater extent they were the representatives of Scotland to the executive at Westminster. Whatever Cabinet was in power had to find agents more or less in sympathy with its views to deal with Scottish questions. But the tie of party allegiance was not very strong in the case of such agents, and on more than one occasion they had, as representatives of Scottish feeling, to take an independent line of their own. This might be irksome and inconvenient to their principals, and such independence was occasionally resented; but it was found difficult to govern Scotland in any other way. The Scottish members of Parliament were either keen and quick-witted advocates steeped in the traditions of their profession, seasoned representatives of the society to

and was created Earl of Chatham. But his acceptance of a peerage vastly diminished his influence in the nation, and failing health had weakened his powers. From the spring of 1767 he virtually ceased to play any part in the Administration of which he was nominal head, and finally retired in October 1768. His colleagues, the Duke of Grafton and Lord Camden, the Chancellor, remained in office for more than a year longer. But they became gradually estranged from the policy of the King, who exercised a predominant influence, and whose most trusted Minister was Lord North, the leader of the House of Commons and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The bitterness of faction was never more intense; the attacks upon the Ministers of the Crown were never more fierce, culminating as they did in the powerful and scathing satire that poured forth at rapid intervals during the three years from January 1769 from the mysterious pen shrouded under the name of *Junius*. Office was no restful haven, and for those who felt that their influence upon the Administration was virtually gone, it became a galling and intolerable burden. At length, in January 1770, the Duke of Grafton and Lord Camden resigned; the Whig element was virtually excluded from the Administration, and Lord North entered upon his long and disastrous Administration as First Lord of the Treasury.

which they belonged, and reflecting in every trick of speech and manner its racy characteristics, or they were landowners of old family whose affections were rooted in Scottish soil. From among these the agents of the Government had to be selected; but these were not men who could quickly learn the shibboleths of English party, or who were disposed to forget that they were Scotchmen first and members of His Majesty's Government only in the second place. A few of them, no doubt, entered more deeply into party bonds, and sought preferment in wider and more ambitious scenes; but as they did so, they gradually drifted away from Scottish administration and their names no longer belong to Scottish history. At times, no doubt, this sturdy independence was resented, and the English Government endeavoured to merge Scottish administration in the English executive, so that no single man or set of men should assume a separate responsibility or acquire the weight that attached to the representative of Scotland.[1] But for the most part that tendency was resisted, and English Ministers were taught to understand that Scottish representation must remain in Scottish hands, and that those responsible for it must not forget in the ties of party allegiance the separate duty that lay upon them as the representatives of Scottish interests. It is this which makes the contrast between the Scottish and

[1] It is curious how far this feeling prevailed in England. The dismissal of Mr. Stuart Mackenzie from the office of Privy Seal by Grenville in 1765 was strongly denounced by Pitt. But even when he denounced that dismissal, and made it a reproach to the Marquis of Rockingham that he did not replace Mackenzie, he was careful to add that the restitution was not to involve his restoration "as Minister for Scotland" (Caldwell Correspondence, Part II. vol. ii. p. 79). The concentration of Scottish administration in one hand was felt to be a dangerous element in the balance of English parties.

the Irish executive so marked. The Scottish Minister owed allegiance to his English colleagues, but he was never allowed to forget that he was also the protagonist for his own country. The Irish officials too often limited their duty by the allegiance which they owed to those whose subordinates they were, and neither knew the feelings, nor cared to risk their position in defence of the interests, of the country that they had to administer. So arranged, Irish administration proceeded smoothly, but it sowed the seeds of rebellion and gave nurture to disaffection. The government of Scotland gave occasion to much friction, and its footsteps were often dogged by outspoken grumbling or angry assertions of divided views and interests, but it left room for the plants of national independence and imperial loyalty to grow and flourish side by side.

Whatever the provocation given or felt as a consequence of the rabid invective with which the very name of Scotland had been pursued in the heat of English faction, it produced no tendency towards a sulky isolation. With an intelligence that accepted, with cordial admiration and abundant gratitude, much in English modes and usages that a jealous eye might have deemed alien to her own traditions, Scotland knew how to combine a temper sensitive to any slight, and alert to detect anything that might injure or impair national independence. It is just this combination that gives character and interest to Scottish history. Even the year 1761 saw a striking illustration of it. In August we find the Select Society of Edinburgh promoting a society for improving the reading and speaking of the English language in Scotland. The society was to be supported by voluntary subscrip-

tion, and it had the patronage of Lord Auchinleck (the father of James Boswell), Lord Aylmoor, Sir Adam Fergusson, Dr. Blair, Principal Robertson, and the great architect, Adam. It is curious to notice that the elocutionist employed—to whose instigation, indeed, the scheme was chiefly due—was Thomas Sheridan. No illiberal or bigoted Scottish prejudice would have prompted such a plan; nor would it have thriven had the prevailing feeling of Scotland been one of jealous provincialism. All that was intellectually strongest in Scotland felt that her proper place in general literature could only be attained by learning an adept use of the tools of the literary trade, and that the most essential of these tools was English style, and not any pedantic or perverse preservation of the vernacular. It was in no way inconsistent with this that the poetic genius of Scotland should spend its best energies, as it was now doing, in the revival of the vernacular language and the native spirit of her song. Still less was this liberal acceptance of a style alien to her own inconsistent with a vigorous assertion of Scottish privileges. The same winter which followed the foundation of this society for improving the reading and speaking of English saw the renewal of the long-standing struggle for a Scottish militia. England had now obtained a militia of her own, which was felt to be not only a defence against disorder, but a safeguard of liberty. To Scotland a similar privilege was denied. Was Scotland, it was indignantly asked, not to be trusted with such a safeguard? Was she a conquered country, to be denied the organisation of a constitutional force so successful in England? Was the memory of a rebellion, of which no renewal was possible, to be an everlasting bar against a privilege which was her due?

The irritation which the refusal caused was not confined to one class. Citizens and countrymen, landowners and merchants, professional men and farmers, clergymen and lawyers, all banded together to assert the rights of their country. Meetings were convened, clubs were formed, pamphlets were written, every national sentiment was appealed to, in order to press for a right the denial of which implied a mean and unworthy suspicion of Scottish loyalty. All this vigorous lashing of the tail of the Scottish lion was useful enough in its way. It was absurd to argue that the danger of Jacobitism forbade the organisation of a militia. The mingled feelings of jealousy and timidity that led to its refusal were contemptible, and time was certain to dissipate them, as in truth it did. But meanwhile Scotland did not greatly suffer. The lashing of the lion's tail is at no time an unhealthy exercise, and if it produces, for a time, no very practical effect, this is frequently because there are divided feelings even in the breast of the noble animal. So it was now. It might to a casual observer seem as if there were no discordant counsels, and as if Scotland were roused as one man to the indignant assertion of her rights. But in truth it was not so. The wave of popular anger was not unbroken. The meetings were not all of one mind. If most of the towns and counties were loud in their demand for a militia, a large and powerful minority were inclined to doubt, and even to oppose. Jacobitism was doubtless a mythical danger, but was Scotland rich enough to bear such an expense? Had she a sufficient number of leisured and moneyed men to officer such a force? Was her commerce sufficiently secure, and had it so safely weathered its infant stages, that it could suffer

such a serious competitor as a citizen militia with its many distractions? Was the population sufficient to support it, and could the labourers be spared from agriculture, where generations of arrears had to be overtaken? All these were doubts which might and did enter into the minds of some patriotic Scotchmen, and till they were removed, Scotland might well content herself with a vigorous assertion of her rights, but await with patience the fitting moment for their practical assertion. That moment came in good time.

These two contrasting movements are typical of much in the relations between Scotland and England at this time. Proud of her traditions, Scotland was not so foolish as to let that pride blind her to what was to be learned from her neighbours. Determined to assert her rights, she took care to let no injury pass unnoticed, even though the moment might not be propitious for their practical assertion. If doubts appeared even in her own domestic circle, she allowed time for these doubts to be removed. She could be patient because she had confidence enough in her strength to secure ultimate relief.

But such international questions which had one aspect for home and another for external application really occupied only a small part of her attention. She had home affairs which absorbed her more completely, and which could be discussed with no interference from outside quarters. Of these the principal was the Church.

Little profit and still less entertainment could be gained from pursuing into their details the various ecclesiastical divisions into which successive secessions had torn the Church of Scotland. By the beginning of the reign of George III. the chief dissenting bodies

had taken up a position from which no return to the central body was possible. They were riveted fast to their own notions of ecclesiastical government, and of the proper relations between Church and State; and these inevitably drove them further and further apart, as they were matters not of speculative theology, as to which men's minds must necessarily vary as time passes, but matters of daily practical life, differences on which must bring men into constant collision, and on which divergent opinions become more and more antagonistic as the actual struggles sharpen the tempers of those engaged in them. The peculiarity of dissent in Scotland is that it rarely arises from doctrinal or speculative disputes. In regard to such matters there was seldom any difference of opinion, so far as the formularies of the different bodies were concerned. The prevailing theological views were Calvinistic, and amongst all who adopted the Presbyterian form of Church government, there was no professed or ostensible variation in regard to this. Different sects might indeed doubt one another's orthodoxy, and might impute to one another a laxity which, in the abstract, they unanimously condemned. Their fundamental ground of division was as to the title-deeds of the ecclesiastical domain, and the rights which that domain could claim against the State and the Civil Law. This is a feature which due consideration will show us to be essentially characteristic of a Church where disputes were fought out, not in the writings of theologians, but in the heated arena of ecclesiastical courts. There had indeed, as we have already seen, been disputes in Scotland as to the fundamental doctrine of salvation by faith or by works

—one of those topics which, in one form or another, are typical of contradictory views of human destiny and of the foundation of human ethics. But it is worth observing that the main weapons of that controversy had not been of home manufacture, but had been imported from other armouries; and such disputes had all merged themselves in the more practical and better defined struggle as to the relations between Church and State.

While, however, this struggle indicates no professed divergence as to the criterion of orthodoxy in Christian belief, it must not be supposed that the dominant party in the Church was not divided from the Dissenters by wide variety in tone and feeling. The Dissenting bodies had, indeed, by this time, stripped off much of their wilder extravagances. The antic speech, and uncouth demeanour, which had, only a generation before, been typical of them, and had linked the idea of religious fervour and strict orthodoxy with the upturned eyes and sing-song drone of the religious enthusiast, had in great measure been dropped. The younger generation of dissenting clergy were, like their predecessors, men who were respectable by the strictness of their lives, but, unlike these predecessors, they had discarded many of the signs by which that earlier generation had gained their popularity, and increased their hold over a people with whom the frenzy of an enthusiastic religion was an inheritance of the past. They had retained, however, a formality of tone in which those ill-affected to them discovered something of hypocrisy, and they rejoiced in a behaviour and in a mental attitude which divided them sharply from the more secular spirits of the day. With

them the rigours of ecclesiastical discipline suffered no relaxation. They clung to the habits of extempore prayer and preaching, and were ready to pardon or even applaud uncouth eccentricities which were accompanied with the proper unctuousness of tone. Orthodoxy in points which to others appeared trifling was to them a standard from which no deviation could be permitted without bringing down upon the unwary divergent all the terrors of a religion of which the sanctions were revered only in proportion as they were appalling. Even within the Church there were those who sympathised with such an attitude, and who, while they found no reason for an absolute break with the National Church, yet deplored the laxity that prevailed within her borders. But such men were now in a minority. The dominant party in the Established Church were now the Moderates, who, after a severe struggle, had succeeded in bringing her in line with the more liberal thought of the day. Their principal tenets are easily described. Proud of their Church, and determined to maintain her privileges, they intended to rest these privileges on the firm foundation of the law. They sought to make her respected, not for the fanatical zeal by which she was animated, but by the learning, the dignity, and the liberal spirit of her clergy. In order to stay the spread of popular fanaticism, they adhered to the principle of lay patronage, and refused to place the independence of the clergy at the mercy of an enthusiastic but unlettered mob. They sought to make her influence felt, not by peculiarities of demeanour, nor by tabooing ordinary topics of intellectual interest, but by encouraging sympathy with all the intellectual movements of the

day. They disliked and resisted a code of morality which, in their opinion, encouraged hypocrisy rather than sound social virtue; and they believed that the influences of the Church might be most wholesomely exercised if she descended into the arena of secular life, and showed that she could hold her own amongst the learned, the intellectual, and the cultured classes of the day.

Under the guidance of this party the Church took up the position of a general supporter of the Ministers of the Crown, when the Government was attacked with all the fury of faction, and when the throne was not spared in the diatribes of Wilkes and his confederates. In no case could these excesses of virulence have obtained much sympathy in Scotland. The objects for which they strove—if, indeed, they had any consistent object—were not such as stirred any interest there. The character of Wilkes was not one which the Scotchman was likely to stomach.[1] The Church, at least, was not to be shaken from its attitude of independent support of the Government and of the Crown, which meant more, perhaps, then than any special set of Ministers. We may take the appointment of Dr. Alexander Carlyle, one of the most pronounced members of the party, to the Moderatorship of the Church in 1770, as marking the full triumph of those with whom he was associated, and the Assembly by whom he was elected to the chair passed a loyal address to the Crown, in

[1] We must not forget, however, that amongst speculative politicians in Scotland Wilkes found a certain modicum of commendation. Adam Smith found his views not altogether unpalatable, and was not ashamed to own a certain sympathy with his attacks.

which the prevailing virulence of political agitation was expressly condemned.

Such support, however, was an independent one, and did not prevent the Church from asserting with force and authority claims which touched her much more nearly than the disputes which raged between the House of Commons and the City of London.

We have already seen how a vigorous, and, it would seem, a well-grounded attempt had been made some years before to secure a more adequate payment for the clergy. The demands had been moderate. The project was defeated, but the Church retreated without dishonour. She withdrew none of her claims. When the window-tax was established, she successfully vindicated, by the aid of Dr. Alexander Carlyle, the legal exemption of the clergy. Within a few years she again stood forward to claim for the schoolmasters of Scotland some addition to the miserable pittance which the niggardliness of the landed gentry had assigned to that class. The Church could fight for her helpmate, the school, with more effect than she did for herself, and the boon was at last extorted from the reluctant heritors.

In all this, indeed, the Church only reflected the general feeling of Scotland. It is amusing to find the agents of the Government in Scotland perplexed by the absence of that discipline which would have made their task a comparatively simple one. "I don't believe," says Mr. Stuart Mackenzie, writing as Lord Privy Seal to his friend Baron Mure,—"I don't believe there is a country in Europe where the want of that quality (obedience) is almost uni-

versal, except Scotland."[1] It would, no doubt, have been more pleasant if Scotland had given her support unaccompanied by any conditions and hampered by no inconvenient assertion of her claims; but it is none the less certain that in such a case her future place in the partnership would have been much less considerable than it actually became.

[1] Caldwell Correspondence, Part II. vol. ii. p. 183.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS.

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on 27 November, 2018